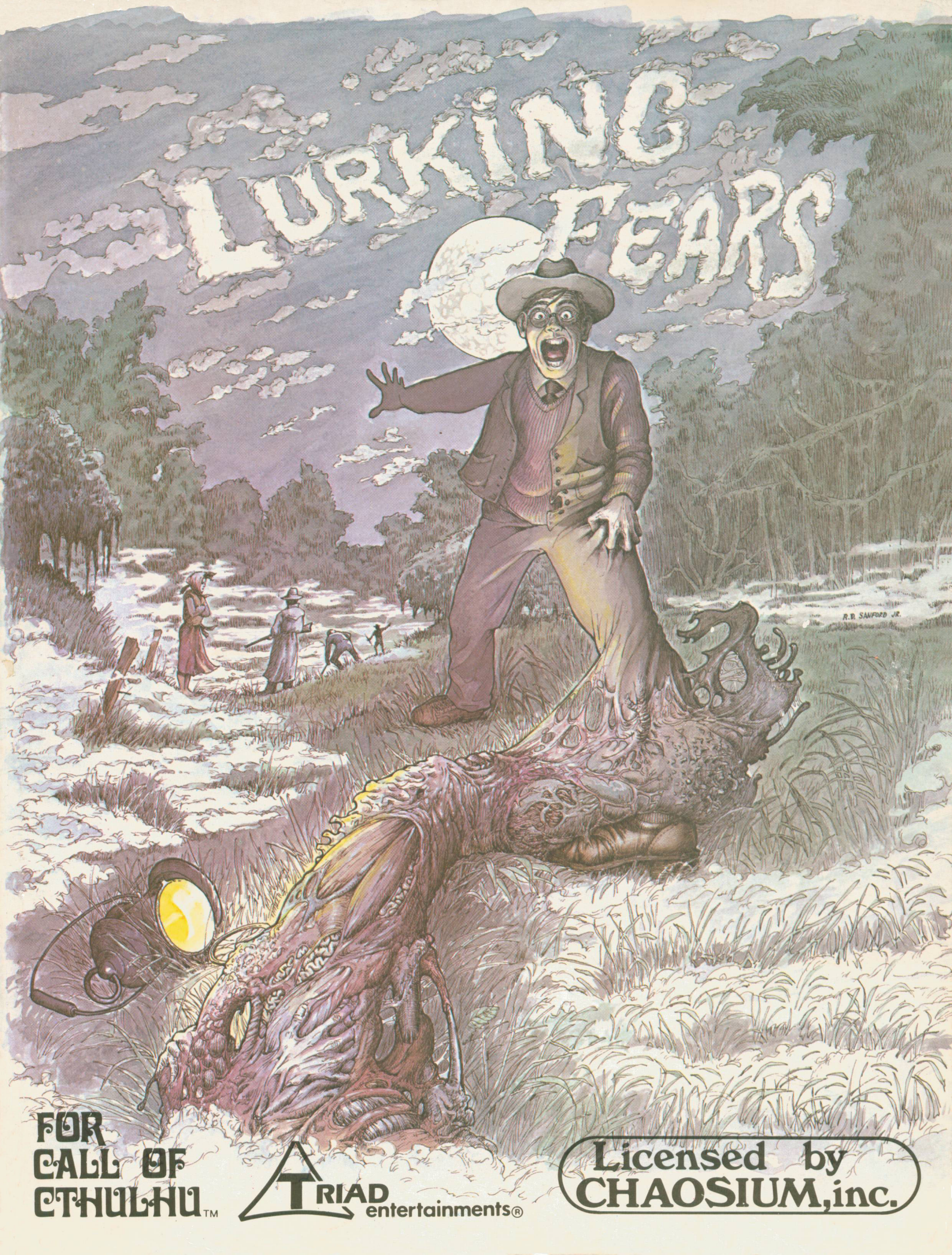


LURKING FEARS



R.D. SANFORD JR.

FOR
CALL OF
ETHULHU™

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LURKING FEARS

Six harrowing encounters with the Cthulhu Mythos

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special thanks to Rob Watkins for his helpful suggestions and assistance behind the scenes

TRIAD ENTERTAINMENTS

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WELCOME.....

Fear lurks in the dark corners of the world, where those who are ignorant of the dangers which threaten our earth seldom tread, and where those who are aware of those dangers pray they never have to tread.

Between these covers are a number of fears which lay lurking for your party of stolid Investigators, from the humid morass of the Florida Everglades to the blistering desert of Egypt.

Many of the creatures and deities featured here have rarely, if ever appeared in a scenario package, thus enhancing the chilling atmosphere of the dread Unknown which is unique to the Call of Cthulhu system.

Where deemed appropriate, descriptive paragraphs have been included to aid the Keeper in describing various locations, and to assist in creating the eerie mood of a Lovecraftian tale. We hope you will find them useful as well as entertaining.

Caller in the Desert, Sorrow's Glen, and The Starshrine are all interconnected to some degree, and should be run in that order, but they need not be run consecutively. The other scenarios in this booklet could be run to provide breathing space between the chapters of this epic adventure.

RISE OF THE SLEEPER

By Scott David Aniolowski

In which an unexpected inheritance leads to a nightmare of undeath in the Florida Everglades.

INTRODUCTION

The date is October 3, 192_. The autumn sun has long since set as one of your number prepares for a relaxing evening with a good book – or perhaps even a favorite radio drama – when a knock at the front door announces an unexpected visitor.

KEEPER: Select the player who will receive this visitor, and read the following paragraph to him.

Upon answering the persistent summons, you find yourself facing an elderly gentleman nattily attired in grey suit and black fedora. This solemn, silver-haired personage introduces himself as Ezekiel Rosenwald, and states in a quite business-like manner that he is looking for (give the Investigator's full, proper name).

Should the Investigator deny being the person in question but inquires as to the stranger's business with said person, he will be handed a business card which reads as follows:

EZEKIEL ROSENWALD

Attorney at Law
363 Trinity Circle
Boston, Mass.

When the Investigator has read the card, Mr. Rosenwald will ask that the object of his search be notified of this visit, and will request that a meeting be set up "with all possible urgency". With that, Rosenwald will turn and walk off into the cool fall night, returning the next day and every day thereafter until he meets with the person he seeks.

If the Investigator identifies himself to Rosenwald, the lawyer will ask to come in, stating that he has urgent business to discuss with him.

Once inside, Rosenwald will explain that he has been searching for the Investigator for the past three years, ever since the Investigator inherited a parcel of property in Florida.

Rosenwald will go on to explain that he has overseen the estate of the Investigator's cousin, Brandon Young, since the time of his death, three years past. Brandon, last of the Young family line, decided that he would pass on his earthly wealth to a distant cousin, whom he knew to be living, at the time, "somewhere in New England."

KEEPER: Refresh the Investigator's memory by telling him that he vaguely recalls Brandon from the days of his youth, but otherwise he knows nothing about him.

Rosenwald in fact knows very little about the property in Florida, and has never actually seen it. He does know that it consists of a large house with several acres of land in a tiny settlement called New Dunwich, which rests several miles from Florida's west coast, in the heart of the Everglades.

The lawyer can provide an accurate – if crude – map to guide the Investigator to the town, and the only other thing he knows about the property is that Brandon Young inherited it in 1908, but did not lay claim to it until approximately three years ago; he died three weeks after moving into the house.

With that, Rosenwald will present the legal documentation for the Investigator to sign, upon which he will wish the Investigator good fortune and take his leave. The Investigator is now the proud owner of an estate in Florida.

Keeper's Note: Should the Investigator prove reluctant about going to Florida, the Keeper should attempt to convince him, through Rosenwald or another NPC, that even if he does not intend to live on the property or does not want it, he should at least go down to examine the estate to determine a fair sale price.

As a further inducement, the Investigator may uncover in the papers left by Rosenwald hints of a family fortune hidden away somewhere in Harlow House. It may be difficult inducing the Investigators to venture to New Dunwich, but that is where the dark fun will begin!

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

The house which the Investigator has just inherited was built in 1830 by Septimus and Hepzibah Harlow. The Harlows, along with a dozen other families from Dunwich,

Mass., moved from New England and into Florida to establish a new settlement removed from civilization, so that their degenerate worship of Great Cthulhu and the Great Old Ones could continue unmolested.

The migrating families plunged deep into the Everglades, feeling in their dark and loathsome hearts that there they would find a haven in which to continue their darkling worships.

At first they found life in the marshy backlands quite difficult but eventually, and with the aid of an escaped slave named Papa Jobe, they managed to adapt, to clear and drain a small plot of land upon which they constructed a tiny New England-esque village whose main industry was the lumbering of the Cypress trees which grow in abundance from the tea-colored waters of the marsh.

Papa Jobe was a witch doctor of sorts, but more accurately, he was also a worshiper of the Great Old Ones. After brutally murdering the overseer and owners of the plantation where he had been enslaved, Papa Jobe had fled into the Everglades, guessing rightly that the men who pursued him would not dare enter that murky wilderness.

Jobe had been mysteriously drawn to the future site of New Dunwich, and after but three days, he came upon an ancient, moss-encrusted idol of profoundly ancient origins on an overgrown hummock where no other traces of civilization could be found, not even an arrowhead from the furtive, hostile tribe of Seminole Indians who made the Everglades their home.

The idol was a monstrous thing, depicting a being that was an insidious cross of turtle and sea urchin, a foul artifact which gave off a stench of unhuman evil that was curiously appealing to Papa Jobe; and so it was that the escaped slave became the high priest of Glaaki.

Wary at first of the newly arrived whites, Jobe soon discovered them to be kindred spirits. So he offered them his advice and assistance – and slowly turned them away from worship of Great Cthulhu, supplanting that dread god with that which the ancient idol represented. Thus was New Dunwich set on the road to doom.

The villagers conducted their hideous ceremonies with vile reverence until, in 1890, their prayers were answered by the appearance of Glaaki in the foul worship pool into which they had thrown their many sacrifices. From that time the Old One appeared at regular intervals to accept unholy tribute, and to remorselessly transform the foolish human cultists into undead Servants of Glaaki.

In 1908, when the news of the “death” of Rebecca, the last “living” Harlow, reached Boston, Brandon Young was named heir to the Harlow estate, which he claimed just three years ago. Young eventually traveled down to Florida to claim his prize, but soon discovered what had been taking place in New Dunwich for the past 90 years.

When Glaaki and his undead Servants attempted to “convert” Young to their abominable religion, he hanged himself rather than join the ranks of zombie slaves serving a god of the undead.

The ghost of Brandon Young now haunts Harlow House, its sole purpose to frighten away any foolish outsiders who might claim the house and so place their very souls in jeopardy.

OFF TO FLORIDA

The journey to Florida will most likely be a long one, especially if the Investigator resides in Massachusetts; from there to Florida will take 11 long and arduous days by car, about four days by ship down the east coast, or about two days by train.

Note that these times may be longer, depending on the speed at which the Investigator wishes to travel if driving, how often the ship or train stops along the way, or if a tropical storm calls halt to travel altogether.

In any case, the final leg of the journey to New Dunwich must be made by boat, since there are no roads or rail lines which penetrate the Everglades that deeply. This three-hour trip will begin in the small lumber town of Ochopee, where a guide can be found to escort the Investigator and his friends over to New Dunwich; he will not be the most savory of characters, but he is the only one willing to take the job.

ARVID DELP

Arvid is a drunk, a thief, and – some say – a killer, but he is also the only guide willing to take the party over to New Dunwich. For this dubious service he will charge \$10; an outrageous sum, but he does have the corner on the market.

Delp is a totally disagreeable sort, prone to belching and other less dignified sounds. He will leer and wink at all female members of the party, even as he spits out another mouthful of chewing tobacco, sometimes even getting it to land in the water rather than the boat.

Arvid will never be without a jug of moonshine which, thankfully, he will never offer to anyone. As he gulps down this potent swill, he will keep up an endless monologue about his life in the Everglades, and how he has been sorely wronged by those he feels are “out ta git me, know whut ah mean?” However, with a successful Fast Talk roll and a \$5 inducement, Arvid’s drunken meanderings can be turned to more useful subjects.

If asked about New Dunwich and the Harlow family after a successful Fast Talk – and once the \$5 is safely tucked away in Arvid’s grubby overalls – the guide will belch forth the following information. If the roll and the bribe are not made, he will simply keep rambling about his imagined

woes.

KEEPER: Read the following aloud to the party:

"T'aint much call fer anybuddy be goin out ta New Dunnich, seein' as how the mill closed down an' the town's fallin' apart, know whut ah mean?"

"Ol' Bogtown, that's whut they be callin' it now. Ev'yboddy stays cleara it now, on accounta they sez its kinda mysterious an' evil. Plain fact, they be skairt o' the place, an' tain't many as 'ud blame 'em.

"Now Crawford Slater, he be onliest one from New Dunnich as anyun ever sees these days. Comes into town fer supplies onct a month, an' whilst he acts all frenly-like, he ain't much ov a talker, know whut ah mean? Place hasta be a ghost town, 'cause Slater only buys fer hisself.

"Don't know whut he want out there, all by his lonely — been fixin' t' find out fer m'self, but ain't never had time ta get around on it, know whut ah mean?"

The trip into the fastness of the Everglades will be an uncomfortable one – and not merely because of Arvid's presence. A wide variety of biting insects swarm constantly around the boats, while several species of serpents can be seen slithering through the overhanging branches and swimming sinuously through the dark brown water.

From time to time large, hungry-looking alligators will slip from the mossy shores, their shadows moving through the murky waters beneath the boats the Investigators are traveling in.

The air itself is thick, heavy with moisture and the pungent odor of rot and stagnancy. The temperature is well into the 90's, and any Investigator not dressed accordingly must make a CON X3 roll or temporarily lose 1 point of CON per hour until nightfall.

Upon reaching New Dunwich, the Investigators will be left with one boat, a gallon of lamp oil, and food enough for one week, plus any other items they have decided to bring along.

LIFE IN THE EVERGLADES

The Florida Everglades present an eerie but fascinating picture to even the most casual visitor – tall and slender, streamlined cypress form a canopy of foliage overhead, while Spanish Moss, ferns, orchids, and even birdnests hang from the high branches.

Roots of the ancient cypress trees writhe ominously out of the still, tea-colored water, which gets its tint from the tannic acid given off by extensive peat bogs. Amidst these roots swim a number of poisonous snakes, as well as alligators and crocodiles, who make their dens in the banks of ponds and waterways. This massive marshland consists of one and one-half million acres of hummocks, ponds, streams, lakes, and lagoons of both fresh and salt water. The total area covered by the marshes is nearly twice the size of the state of Rhode Island.

The climate is tropical; hot and extremely humid, with but two seasons – dry and wet. The dry season lasts from December to May, when torrential rains and hurricanes return to flood the land. During the dry season, only about 10% of the Everglades is actually covered by water, while during the wet season, nearly 90% is submerged. During the wet season, water lies on the ground for months at a time, despite tremendous evaporation and run-off.

The wet season is typified by shrouding morning ground fog, which swiftly burns off with the arrival of the blistering sun. Thunder and lightning constantly tear the heavens, sending down sudden fierce downpours on an average of one and a half hours a day.

It was in the late 1800's when the first white men ventured into the Everglades, but it wasn't until 1905 that serious efforts were undertaken to drain and inhabit the area with the construction of a system of canals which served a number of moderately successful lumbering concerns. Yet even with the advances of technology, the Everglades remain a virtual wilderness to this very day, and the greater portion of it is now a National Park.

ANIMAL AND PLANT LIFE

The Everglades holds one of the most diverse ecological systems in the world. The area teems with over 300 species of birds, from the common bluejay to the more exotic Ibis. Some of these birds dwell there year 'round, while others make it a stopping place along their migration routes.

Beyond the mundane creatures such as deer and black bear, the Everglades is home to the mink, otter, and panther. Both fresh and salt water life can be found here, from catfish to dolphin and, of course, alligators and crocodiles. Plantlife is equally diverse here, including orchids, spanish moss, strangler figs, cypress and mangrove.

NEW DUNWICH

KEEPER: Read the following to the players after Arvid has left them on the dock at New Dunwich:

With a slurred promise to return in one week, Arvid Delp and his boats chug off into the mist-laden waterways of the Everglades, leaving you standing on a rickety, teetering dock whose planks are so softened by rot they hardly seem capable of supporting your weight.

As the last of Arvid's boats vanishes around a curve of the channel, you turn at last to take your first good look at New Dunwich. The town is a sad collection of rundown shambles, rotting remains which seem more in keeping with their surroundings now than they ever could have when newly erected. Age and neglect can be read in every sagging roof, every unpainted plank, every broken window.

New Dunwich is laid out in a circular pattern, the crumbling domiciles of a dozen or so families arranged around what must have been the town hall, which looms like a wounded giant at the hub of the town. The streets, probably no more than cleared paths in the dirt, are now overgrown and eradicated by the lush growth of the marshes. Here and there trees have taken root and thrived, adding to the out-of-place impression that the entire colony exudes like some thick vapor not meant to be breathed.

A nearly capsized boathouse stretches out over the waterway near the dock; but it will suffice to contain your one remaining boat. This is as much as you can see from the dock, and it is surely enough to make you question the wisdom of this entire expedition.

Welcome to New Dunwich.

If one of the newly arrived Investigators can successfully make both a Listen and Idea roll they will shortly become aware of the eerie, unnatural silence which shrouds the town; not even the faintest of insect buzzings can be heard here.

Other than the rampant growth of vegetation, New Dunwich appears devoid of life. A stagnant, rotting stench hangs in the air, pungent and powerful, similar to the rest of the marsh, but much more intense.

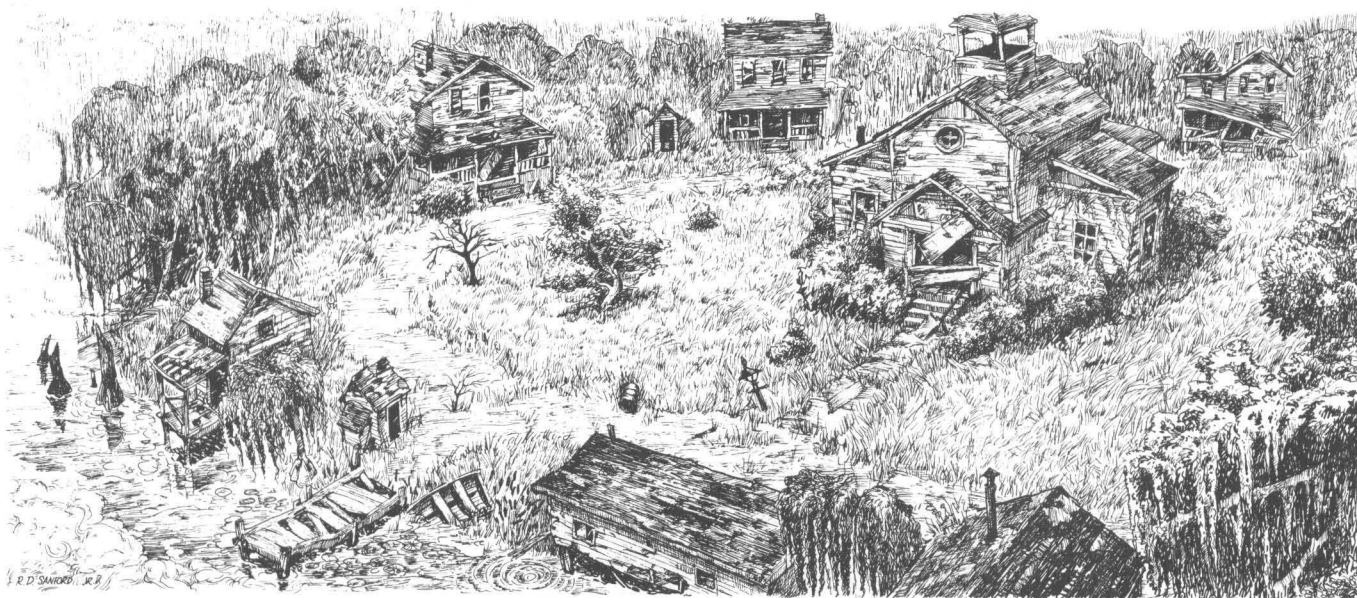
The town is comprised of a boathouse and dock on the shore of the waterway which brought the Investigators to New Dunwich, a large town hall, and 13 crudely-constructed homes situated in a rough circle around the hall.

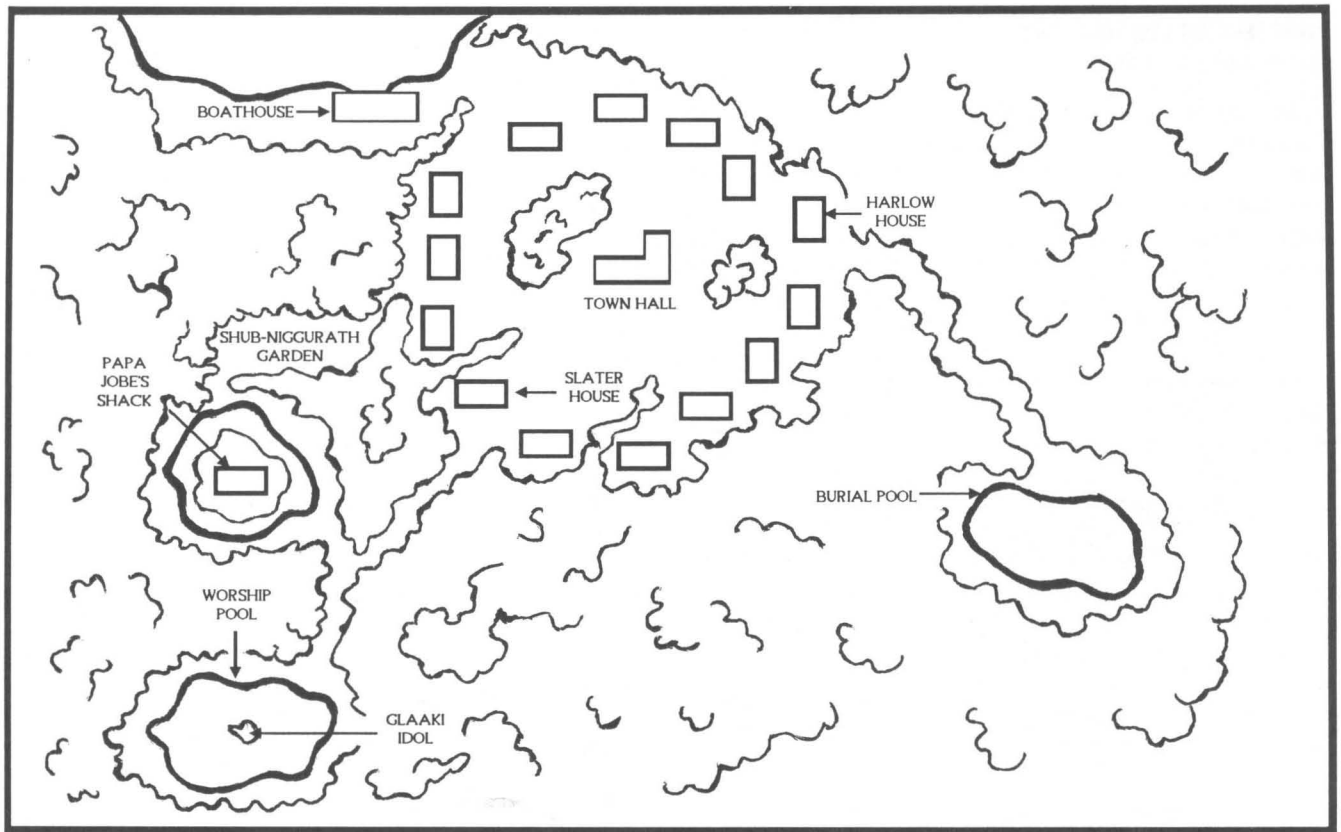
If the Investigators explore, they will find a few well-worn trails leading out of the town and into the depths of the Everglades. These trails lead to the burial pool, Papa Jobe's shack, the witch doctor's vile garden (Shub-Niggurath's garden), and the foul worship pool with its looming idol of Glaaki.

Within 1d10 minutes of the Investigators' arrival, they will be approached by a tall, gaunt man wearing gardening gloves, who will introduce himself as Crawford Slater and inquire as to the purpose of the Investigators' visit.

When told of the Harlow inheritance, Slater will smile and shake the heir's hand, welcoming him to New Dunwich. Slater will then escort the party to Harlow house, showing them much of the town along the way.

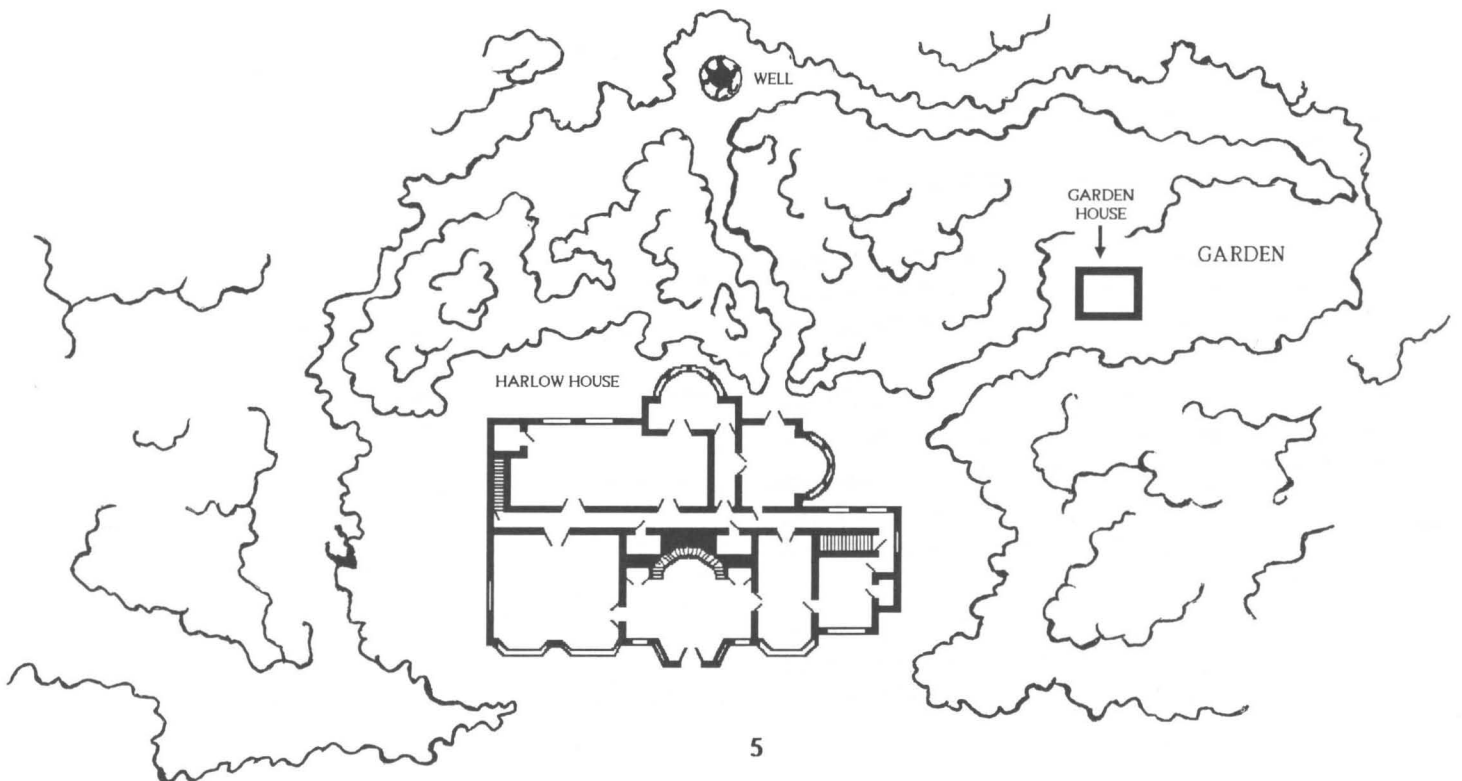
He will answer the party's questions convincingly, but none of his replies will be truthful. He will mention that the other inhabitants of New Dunwich prefer to remain indoors during the day when the temperature and humidity





Above, Area map of New Dunwich.

Below, Grounds around the Harlow House.



soars; this to allay any suspicions the Investigators might harbor along that line.

As they are being shown around, the Investigators will notice that Slater has a strange odor about him. The only way to identify this odd scent is with a successful Chemistry roll, which will identify the scent as that of formaldehyde. Slater, if asked about this, will say that he practices taxidermy.

Upon reaching Harlow House, which stands slightly isolated at the far end of town, Slater will bid the Investigators good day, but will caution them not to wander too far from town, reminding them that the Everglades is home to many harmful creatures, and that medical assistance is quite some distance off.

The Investigators are now free to explore if they wish, although Slater will be watching; should they head off into the marsh towards the worship pool he will politely attempt to desuade them. If the Investigators persist, he will not stand in their way, for fear of drawing suspicion on himself.

THE BOATHOUSE

This decrepit wooden structure houses 13 rowboats, of which only two are in useable condition. The rest are either partially submerged beneath the swampy water or hanging on the splintered walls of the building, huge and gaping holes rending their hulls. There are four oil lamps hanging one on each wall, but all are empty and dry.

If the Investigators wish to store their boat inside the boathouse, they must maneuver their craft around the sunken wrecks which litter the watery bottom, and into an unoccupied stall.

TOWN HALL

This huge wooden building stands shakily at the center of New Dunwich. The exterior is badly weathered, moss and fungi thriving on the warped, cracked planks which comprise the structure.

All the windows are broken or at the very least cracked, and the place has the look of haunting desolation. A large, tarnished bell can be seen hanging neglected in the building's steeple.

The interior of the building is divided into several small rooms, including what must have been a meeting room, general store, schoolroom, town storage, and a jail.

The meeting room is empty save for 30 wooden chairs, many broken, and a crumbling podium. Empty oil lamps hang from all the walls.

The room used as a general store is lined with shelves, most of which are filled with dust-encrusted cans, bottles, and assorted supplies. There are no guns, bullets, or any

other sort of weapons here.

The schoolroom is in much the same state as the meeting room - empty except for the desks and chairs of long-forgotten students. As with the rest of the place, all is layered with dust and grime, and dry oil lamps hang from every wall.

The jail consists of one very sturdy barred cell (STR of 45). This chamber, unlike the others, shows signs of upkeep; little dust is present, and the cell door has been kept in near-perfect condition. There are two full oil lamps hanging on either side of the door.

The unhuman townsfolk use this cell to hold sacrificial victims until the arrival of Glaaki. Should any of the Investigators prove too troublesome, they will very likely find themselves guests in this chamber.

CRAWFORD SLATER'S HOUSE

This cold, forboding domicile has suffered severely from the harsh elements; the exterior is cracked and warped, with assorted slimey molds, mosses, and fungi taking nourishment from the damp and rotting boards.

The humid Floridian winds blow torn and dusty curtains through shattered, empty windows. Splintered shutters flap lazily, and the entire structure exudes an alien, malign aura unique unto itself.

FOYER: *The entrance to Slater's home is cluttered with dry leaves, wind-blown litter, and other bits of assorted trash which the wind has deposited here through broken windows and open doors. There is a layer of dust and grime on the floor and walls, though there is a fairly clean path to the winding stairway which seems to indicate heavy traffic. There are two sets of double doors off this room, and both are tightly closed.*

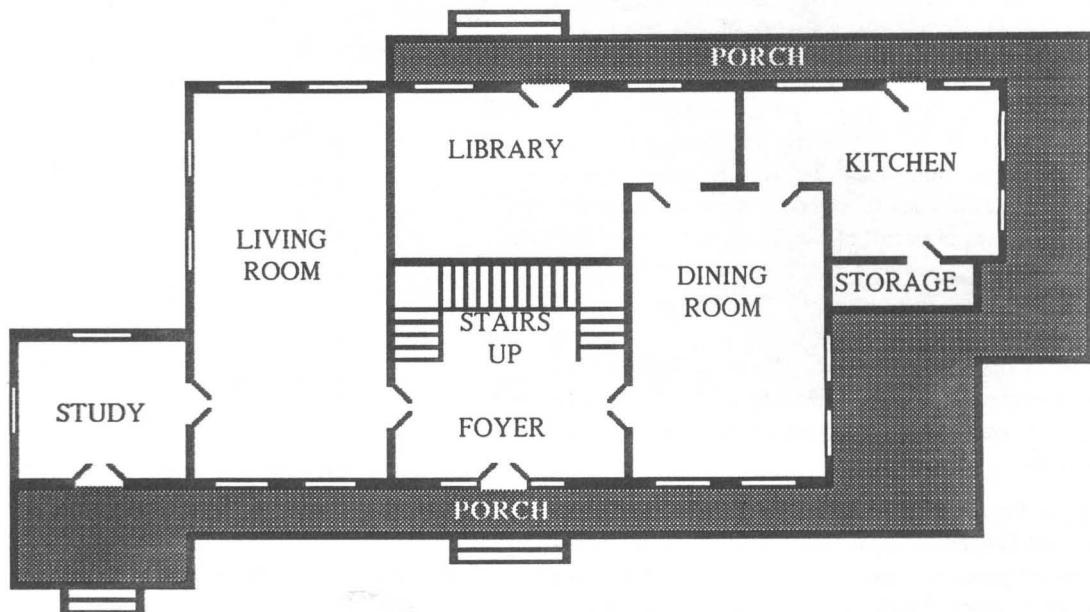
LIVING ROOM: *This spacious chamber contains once-opulent furniture which has rotted into little more than splintered wood and decayed fabric blanketed in a thick layer of dust and grime.*

Above the black and sooty mantle of the fireplace hangs a mildew-shrouded portrait dated 1879. The subject of the portrait is not identified, but it is of a man in his early thirties.

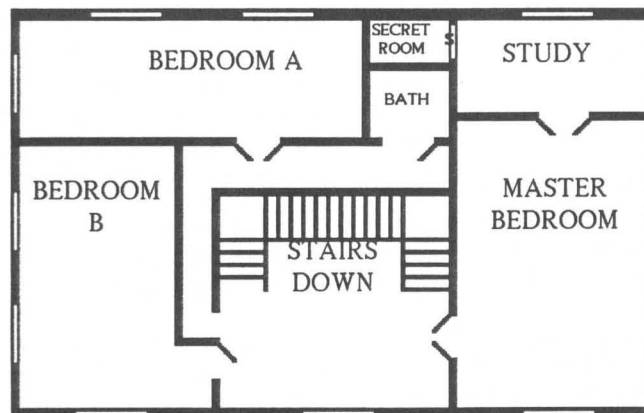
Any Investigator who can make a successful Idea roll will notice that the man in the painting looks almost exactly like Crawford Slater. Since the picture is over 40 years old, that would put Slater well into his 80's, though he appears no more than 50.

STUDY: *This room is in a state of utter ruin; windows*

Crawford Slater's House First Floor



Crawford Slater's House Second Floor



are shattered, small trees grow through the bulging, broken floorboards, and curtains of wraith-like spider web drape the decomposed furnishings.

LIBRARY: *The doors to this large room creak gratingly on their hinges, protesting the many years of their disuse. The walls are lined with bookcases, all filled with moldering texts.*

A quick perusal of volume titles will display a wide variety of subjects, from medicine to life sciences and accounting and mathematics to classic literature. There are, however, no volumes of occult or Mythos origins.

DINING ROOM: *A large, ornately carved oak table rests in the center of this room, 12 similar chairs arranged around it; all are wreathed in spider webs and dust, and several large, bloated arachnids grope sluggishly across their glistening webs.*

On the table there are 12 place settings, each plate oddly stained. A Spot Hidden along with a successful Idea roll by the same Investigator will allow him to notice that there seems to have been food left on the plates, which obviously has been sitting here for several years. Indeed, it seems as though whoever sat at this repast suddenly left, never to return.

KITCHEN: Pots with dried, hard, unidentifiable lumps sit atop a sooty, blackened wood-burning stove. As in the dining room, a successful Spot Hidden and Idea roll will cause an Investigator to realize that the food must have been left on the stove by someone who never came back to tend it.

There are other signs of abandonment here; assorted cooking utensils are strewn about as if laid down during normal preparation of an evening meal.

KITCHEN STORAGE: The pantry is stocked with assorted canned goods and home-canned produce which has turned rancid as years of fermentation and bacterial decay have done their work. Any Investigator foolish enough to sample any of this spoilage will contract food poisoning, which will make itself felt the following day.

First will come headaches and queaziness; then, in 2d6+2 days it will be as though the Investigator had ingested a poison with a potency of 20. Unless the afflicted Investigator receives medical treatment (in the form of Treat Disease or Poison), he will most certainly die an agonizing death.

BEDROOM A: *This crypt-like room is kept in darkness by shutters which have been nailed securely shut. The air*

here is very still, and thick with the noxious stench of something long dead.

During the day there are 4 Servants of Glaaki in this room; they will appear to be week-old corpses, grotesque but harmless — until they are molested in any way, in which case they will spring suddenly to 'life' and attack the human intruders.

Servants of Glaaki	1	2	3	4
STR	12	12	13	16
CON	16	13	14	14
SIZ	18	13	16	13
INT	10	9	15	12
POW	9	18	11	10
DEX	4	3	6	4
Hit Points	17	13	15	14
MOVE	5	5	5	5

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Grapple	20%	Special
Finger Nails	30%	1d3+1d4

Armor: None

Spells: None

SAN: 1d8 or 1 point on a successful SAN roll.

BEDROOM B: This chamber is devoid of anything but dust, grime, and spider webs.

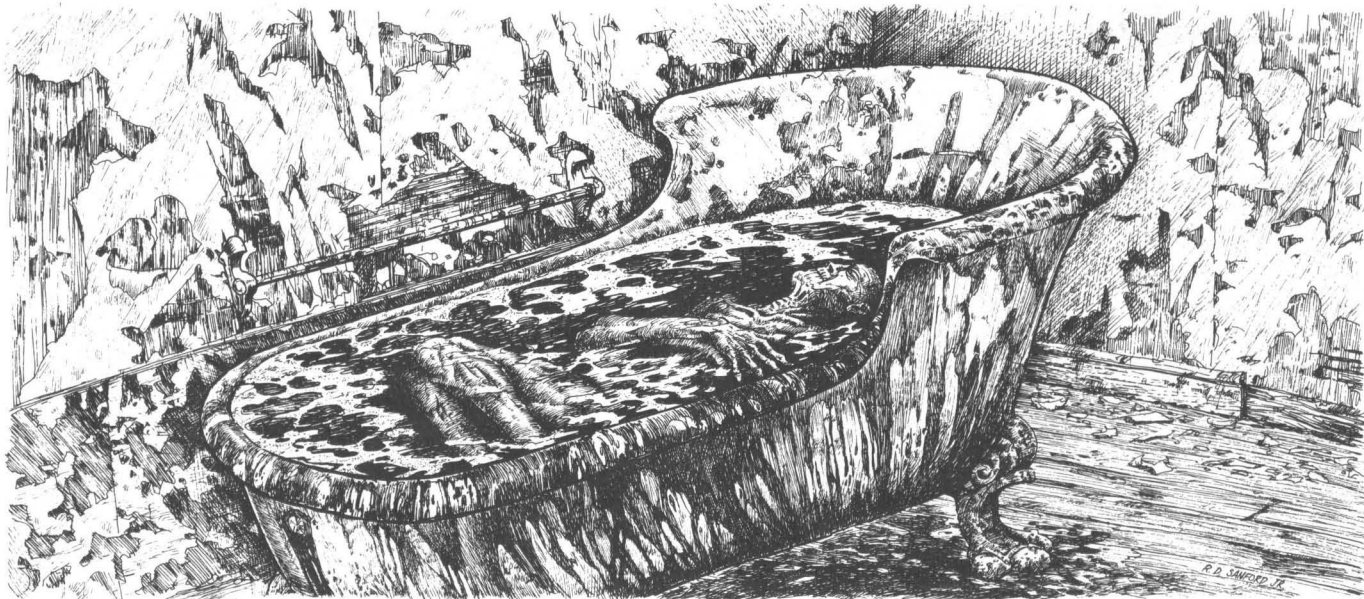
MASTER BEDROOM: *This room is in better repair than the rest of the house, but just barely. There is a small table set in front of a large mirror that is the one object free of filth and cobwebs. The table is littered with a variety of makeup, mostly in skin tones; this makeup shows signs of recent use.*

In the center of the room is a large, vat-like tub which holds a clear fluid that fills the chamber with a pungent, powerful odor reminiscent of the scent of Crawford Slater.

A successful Chemistry roll will identify this fluid as formaldehyde, used in the preservation of medical specimens.

Should the Investigators explore Slater's house during the day there is a 50% chance that Crawford Slater will be in repose at the bottom of this vat.

Slater's dead-white body is completely naked, revealing a gaping wound in its chest, from which run several red, vein-like growths. This mind-wrenching sight demands the



loss of 1d8 SAN points unless a successful SAN roll is made, in which case the loss is but 1 point.

If the Investigators examine the vat, there is a 75% chance that he will arise and assault the party. Witnessing this additional horror will cost another 1d4 points of SAN, or no loss on a successful SAN roll.

Should any of the Investigators prove bold enough to actually touch the cold, stiff form, Slater will most assuredly arise from his preserving bath to deal with his unwelcome guests.

The formaldehyde bath is Slater's means of staving off the dissolution of his body – though even this has not proven totally effective. To cover up this fact, and to appear normal to outsiders, Slater applies flesh-colored makeup to give his skin a tone other than the sickly green-white of death and decay.

SLATER'S STUDY: *This room has been kept in a condition similar to the master bedroom. There is a roll-top desk and several bookcases here and all are in fair condition.*

A successful Spot Hidden roll will allow the Investigators to find a well-read book on vampires and other undead creatures hidden amidst the other books on the shelves.

A second Spot Hidden will locate a second book, titled *Life After Life*. A quick perusal of this tome will show it to concern living on after the body has died. It contains many bizarre theories in regards to maintaining the corpse after death, bringing one's self back to life, and the like.

A third successful Spot Hidden roll will reveal the presence of a sliding wall which gives access to the secret room behind the study.

THE SECRET ROOM: This dark, windowless chamber contains Slater's ceremonial robes, and a yellowed copy of the horrid *Revelations of Glaaki*, which has been reverently placed on an onyx pedestal.

This particular copy holds the following spells: Contact Cthulhu, Contact Glaaki, Contact Y'gononac, and Call Glaaki. There is a 2d6 SAN loss for reading this volume, as well as a +15% increase to Cthulhu Mythos Knowledge, along with a +3 spell multiplier. Fortunately (?), the book is an English translation.

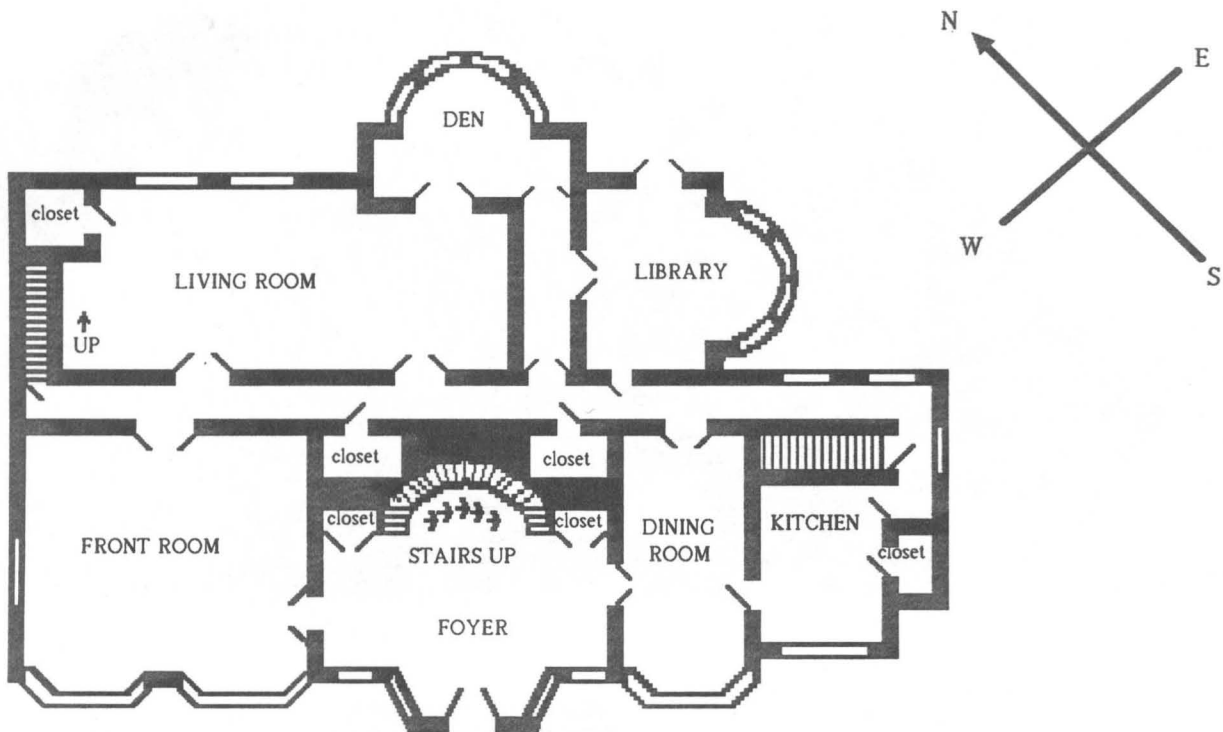
One item a devious Keeper might keep in mind concerning the *Revelations of Glaaki* is that bloated Y'gononac is free to attack anyone who has read even one page of this tome in which he is thoroughly delineated. This could give rise to a follow-up scenario to spring on the already-shattered Investigators.

HARLOW HOUSE

Harlow House was constructed in 1830, and in its day it was a monument to New England architecture; beautiful, elegant — though now long since fallen to degenerate decay.

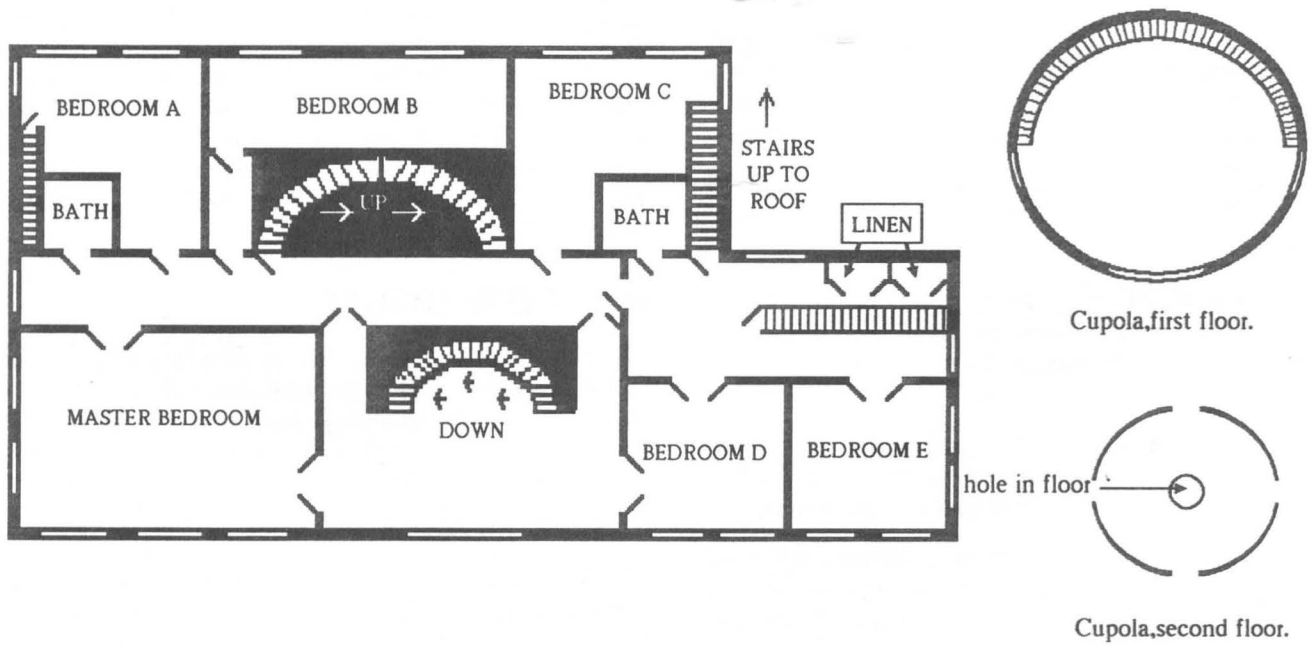
THE FRIENDLY GHOST

While all else is transpiring, the ghost of Brandon Young will be trying to frighten the Investigators out of Harlow House and, hopefully, out of New Dunwich, so that Slater and his ilk cannot 'initiate' them into the service of their dark master. The following room descriptions are accompanied by suggestions as to the sort of spectral pranks the ghost may pull on the Investigators in its



Above: The Harlow House's first floor.

Below: The Harlow House's second floor and cupola.



attempt to drive them out.

FIRST FLOOR

FOYER: *As the large double doors at the front of the house are opened, a whirling cloud of grey dust wafts out to greet you. Dim, eerie light filters in through the sheer, web-like drapes hanging limply in the windows, silhouetting your figures in dusky auras of cyan illumination.*

An ornate circular staircase winds up and into the haunting darkness of the second floor, and two large closets flank these stairs, their doors open and framed by cobwebs.

A once plush divan rests to the left of the front doors, while an empty table stands on the right. Directly across from the entrance, in the tiny rotunda formed by the spiralling stairs, rests a small stand atop which sits an intricately patterned Oriental vase.

Ghostly Occurrences: Here the ghost might use its powers to slam the front doors shut once everyone is inside, or cause the old wooden stairs to creak as if something invisible were descending towards the party. It will not smash the vase, for it was one of Brandon's prized possessions.

FRONT ROOM: *This large, once comfortable chamber contains several rickety but serviceable chairs, a silent grandfather clock and a sooty fireplace. A faded Oriental carpet covers much of the warping hardwood floor. There is a sense of calm in this room that will be filled only by a thick cloud of dust produced by any Investigator who tries out the furniture!*

Ghostly Occurrences: Brandon Young will attempt to frighten the party by causing the grandfather clock to chime, or cause the pendulum to swing silently back and forth until someone catches the movement with a successful Spot Hidden. It will then cease its motion before anyone else can witness it.

LIVINGROOM: *A beautifully carved fireplace is the centerpiece of this room. The ornamental stonework extends right to the ceiling, consisting of assorted faces, gargoyles, and figures formed of rock by the hands of a brilliant artist. The mantle stretches a full 12 feet and is similarly carved, as is the equally massive hearth.*

On the mantle are arranged a number of old photographs, the oldest of which depicting a man and woman in odd black robes. The man is stern, almost evil-looking, while the woman appears cold and possessed of dark wisdom. On the back has been scrawled the words "Septimus and Hepzibah, 1830."

A second photo depicts the same couple with three boys in their mid to early teens. The scrawl on the back reads: "Septimus and Hepzibah with Ahab, Harrison, and Seth, 1830."

A third photo shows two young men in military uniforms, (which a successful History roll will identify as Confederate Army.) The men are identified on the back of the picture as "Lyle and Jed, 1861."

Other items on the mantle include two large brass candle holders with partially melted black candles, two crossed swords of the Civil War era, a cracked and blackened pipe, and a contemporary lamp (left there by Brandon).

If an Investigator makes a successful Spot Hidden roll at half his normal skill level while investigating the fireplace, he will notice that one of the faces on the side of the mantle seems a bit crooked. Twisting this grimacing visage will produce a heavy grinding sound as a section of the stonework slides back to reveal a secret compartment.

Within the hidden niche rests a black laquered chest, which is locked – and trapped with a poisoned needle triggered when the box is unlocked. To spot the needle, another Spot Hidden at one half is required. To deactivate the trap calls for a Mechanical Repair roll, and a second Mechanical Repair roll to actually open the lock.

Should an Investigator be stung, he will be injected with a poison of Potency 6. Once sprung, the trap must be reset and fresh poison applied to the needle.

Inside the box is a black robe, a chalice made of a strange black metal which cannot be identified with a Geology roll; a Mythos roll will reveal the substance to be similar to that used in the construction of drowned R'lyeh. This chalice bears an inscription in Latin.

A successful Read Latin roll will translate the inscription as: "Behold, the Sleeper awakens and rises from the deep."

There is also a ring made of the same ebon material, and a thick book containing pages and pages of ancient glyphs, pentagrams, triangles, and other assorted symbols. A successful Occult roll will reveal a similarity between these and many classic symbols of witchcraft, though those in the book show the influence of some other, unidentifiable culture.

Ghostly Occurrences: The ghost will cause the stone figures on the fireplace to move, most often the ugliest gargoyles – and particularly the carving which opens the concealed compartment. The figures will remain a part of the fireplace, but they will skreech, hiss, and flap their wings, snapping at any Investigator who gets too close.

As a variation, it will cause all the human faces to contort in agony as they emit horrible, keening moans. This experience should cost the Investigators 1d6 SAN points, or 1 point if a successful roll is made.

DEN: *This room is perhaps in the worst state of all – small trees grow up from splintered floorboards, windows are shattered, and moss and fungi grow in profusion all about.*

A successful Spot Hidden and Idea roll will bring to light the fact that there seems to have been a fierce struggle in this room long ago – furniture is overturned and broken, and there is what seems to be a small pool of dried blood staining the dusty floor.

A second Spot Hidden and Idea roll will show that the windows were all broken inwards, as if something had been thrown against them.

A third Spot Hidden will reveal three bullet holes in the wall near one of the smashed windows, while a fourth Spot Hidden will turn up the gun, buried under a pile of dead foliage and litter deposited there by the wind.

There was indeed a great struggle here. When the Servants of Glaaki came for Brandon Young they found him here, broke through the windows and attempted to wrestle him to the floor. Young, fearing the worst, was prepared for the undead things, and so had armed himself with bullets made of pure silver.

Ghostly Occurrences: This is the room most hated by the ghost, and so Brandon will avoid it; there will be no hauntings here.

LIBRARY: *This room is shrouded in unsettling gloom by tangles of swamp vines that have encroached upon this section of the house, engulfing most of the windows and the doors out to the back.*

To break through this nest of twisted foliage, the Investigators must overcome the vines' STR of 25 with their own, either singly or combined.

As expected in a library, the walls are lined with bookcases. Topics to be found here range from classic literature to volumes on science, the occult, gardening, wine making, architecture – in fact, every subject imaginable, save for those in any way connected with Christian religions.

On a small podium in the center of the room rests what appears to be a family Bible, covered by years of dust. Closer examination will reveal that its pages are completely black, and covered by thick, slimy soot which, if brushed aside, will reveal pages which have been charred and blackened from within.

There is only one intact page, and it may be of some interest to the Investigators, for it contains the family tree from Septimus and Hepzibah through their great grandchildren. Unless the Investigators spot it themselves, a successful Spot Hidden roll will point out the conspicuous absence of the dates of death for Septimus, Collin, Lyle, Rebecca, and Elvira.

There is no ready explanation for this, and the distantly-related Investigator will know nothing; in fact, this should be the first he has heard of most of the Harlow family, for no records were kept of this branch since they left New England.

Ghostly Occurrences: After the Investigators have had ample time to thoroughly peruse the bizarre 'Bible' – which is in fact a Satanic Bible – the ghost might pluck the tome from the Investigator's grasp and cause it to suddenly burst into flames, destroying the book unless the fire is quickly extinguished.

DINING ROOM: *The centerpiece of this chamber is a large, cobweb-shrouded table set with 13 chairs in a similar state. A large, peeling painting of a stern, cruel-looking man hangs on the wall behind the head of the table. (This is a portrait of Septimus Harlow.) The only other item here is a laquered cabinet containing 13 sets of cracked china.*

Ghostly Occurrences: Brandon's shade might cause the painting of Septimus to fall from the wall, or fling pieces of china at the Investigators. The massive dining table could levitate and attempt to herd the party out of this room.

KITCHEN: *There is a long-cold wood-burning stove here, unburned wood still in its chamber. Here also is a rusted water pump and the usual kitchen furnishings. A single set of dishes lies unwashed at the bottom of the dusty sink (where Brandon left them before he hung himself).*

Ghostly Occurrences: This room leaves much to the Keeper's imagination – anything from flying, threatening knives to shattered dishes, slamming doors, or water suddenly erupting from the pump and turning to blood.

THE SECOND FLOOR

STAIRCASE: *A large iron chandelier hangs above the circular stairs, its crystal beauty dimmed by grime and cobwebs. The creaking, bowed stairs wind 'round and up into darkness.*

Ghostly Occurrences: The most obvious thing for the ghost to do is drop the chandelier, just missing the Investigators as they approach the stairs. Or, the spirit may wish to "enlighten" the party by causing the candles to burst into flame.

MASTER BEDROOM: *This room is the best-kept of them all. It is obvious that Brandon Young must have stayed here, and so had cleaned it thoroughly – though three years' time has done its work. There are two huge beds in the room, plus a dresser and nightstand for each.*

In one of the dressers are Brandon Young's earthly

possessions, including a bedroll, clothes, wallet, spoiled provisions, and a backpack which contains a map of New Dunwich, a letter from Ezekiel Rosenwald informing Brandon of his inheritance, and a notebook.

This notebook details Young's journey from Boston to New Dunwich, and contains a few passages which may prove interesting to the Investigators. These passages are reproduced as **"Brandon Young's Notebook"** in the Handout Section.

Ghostly Occurrences: The ghost could cause hideous faces to appear in the windows when only one of the Investigators is looking, or perhaps even cause the furniture to slide across the floor.

BATH: *This tiny, musty chamber shows some signs of attempted repair – cracked fixtures have been replaced, floors retiled, and walls painted, all done about three years ago by Brandon, no doubt.*

There is a large and bulky water pump here, and with some effort and a good deal of pumping, cool water will be pulled up from the well to trickle into the receiving basin, but the water is tainted, and bears a foul stench.

Ghostly Occurrences: An Investigator looking into the cracked mirror could see a skull in place of his face, or even the shade of Brandon Young shaking his head.

BEDROOM A: *This room looks like all the others – dusty and hauntingly uninviting. A door to a staircase leading back to the first floor stands slightly ajar, but in all other respects, it is completely ordinary.*

Ghostly Occurrences: Desperate, the spirit might push an Investigator down the stairs. Anyone getting such a "helping hand" will suffer 1 point of damage from assorted bruises and splinters.

BEDROOM B: *This room is equipped with a small fireplace, above which hangs the stuffed and mounted carcass of a six-foot long alligator. There is also a stuffed vulture perched on a branch nailed to the nearby wall. Both creatures are old and decayed; portions of the bodies have fallen away, and scales and feathers are very dry and brittle.*

Ghostly Occurrences: Here Brandon's ghost would certainly animate the stuffed animals; the vulture would flap its wings and screech horribly, while the alligator would snap at the Investigators.

BEDROOM C: *This room, above the library, is similarly engulfed in swamp vines. The windows are broken,*

allowing wild vegetation to creep into the room to partially cover the walls. Because of this, the room is cloaked in the same haunting, shadowy light as the library.

Ghostly Occurrences: The ghost could animate the vines, having them wrap around the Investigators' arms and legs. Should this happen, the entangled Investigator must match his STR against that of the vines (1d6+6 each) in order to break free. Anyone failing to win this struggle will be flung bodily from the house through a broken window, and deposited in a convenient – but stagnant – pool of water nearby.

STAIRS TO THE ROOF: *These rough-hewn stairs show the signs of much wear, and the narrow passage, which is clogged with spider webs, will permit only an ascent in single file.*

Each Investigator must make a LUCK roll as they ascend and descend the steps in order to avoid having one suddenly give way, sending the unlucky Investigator crashing down to the first floor level with 1 point of damage.

Ghostly Occurrences: In this webby passage, the ghost could take advantage of the cramped, web-encased space by causing the first Investigator in line to see a human corpse hanging helplessly in the mass of webs, thick, bloated spiders crawling around – and through – it.

THE ROOF: Should the Investigators venture here, they will find themselves in a precarious position, for the roof has suffered most and longest the passage of time, and each Investigator must make a LUCK roll at one half normal for every five minutes spent here.

Failure indicates that an Investigator has stepped on a rotted area and has fallen through the roof and into the house, taking 1d4 points of damage. There is a 10% chance that an Investigator failing his LUCK roll will instead fall off the roof to the ground, thirty feet below, sustaining 3d6 points of damage.

From the roof, the Investigators can get a clear view of all of New Dunwich, but little else, for the tall cypress hides everything else in the surrounding marshlands.

Ghostly Occurrences: The ghost could knock an Investigator off balance (though not off the roof), or knock something out of the Investigator's hands so that it falls off the roof.

Another, more tangible and frightening occurrence would be to actually spot the ghost, which will occur only 25% of the time, and even then the Investigators must make a successful Spot Hidden roll to see the misty figure looking down at them from the top of the cupola.

BRANDON YOUNG'S NOTEBOOK

October 12 - Have arrived in New Dunwich -- what a dump! The whole place seems to be falling apart at the seams. Very strange here; I've only seen one person so far, a creepy old coot named Crawford Slater. He seems friendly enough, but I get the feeling there's something not quite right about him -- maybe it's his breath.

October 13 - My first night here and it wasn't a pleasant one. Had bizarre dreams and woke up to some weird noises coming from the swamp. Could be I'm just jumpy; this place is spooky enough to do it to anyone, but I really could swear I'm not alone in this house.

October 18 - My first week is drawing to a close and so far I haven't had a single night's decent sleep. I feel like I'm being drawn towards some place out in the Everglades - pulled there by some hostile force. Guess they'd say I was acting like a scared kid back home - but then none of them are here!

October 21 - I asked Slater about those strange noises today. He gave me some runaround fairytale about bullfrogs and night birds, but that sounds like a lot of hokum. I'm becoming very suspicious of Crawford Slater and his town. I mean, I hardly ever see anyone, and then only at night. What is this, a town full of vampires?

October 24 - When I was out back today cleaning up the yard, I was sure I caught a quick glimpse of someone in an upstairs window, but when I checked I found no one. Maybe Slater is checking up on me. There's definitely something about Crawford I do not like -- something that just gives me the willies!

October 26 - There must be something out in the swamp that the townfolk are hiding, because every time I start out along that one path Slater is there to stop me. He tells all kinds of stories about gators and crocs, but that's exactly what I think it all is -- a crock!

October 27 - Still haven't had any decent sleep. The heat is horrendous, and the smell -- my god -- the smell of something long dead and rotting has filled this town; bad enough during the day, but in the night...! I heard that same weird noise again last night; in fact, I woke up from a really bad nightmare screaming like the devil was after me, soaked in a cold sweat - and there was that damnable noise! I don't recall much of the dream, just that I was standing on the shore of a lake or pool, and something came up out of it after me - something long dead and buried and smelling... like that smell!

October 30 - I stayed up last night, and I saw the strangest thing. Just after midnight the townspeople left their houses and tramped off into the swamp. Shortly after I heard that odd noise, and I saw a weird glow coming from out there where those people were. It was then that I felt an incredible urge to join them, but something held me back, made me resist. A little while later the noise faded, and everyone came back home. I think tomorrow night I'll follow and see where they're all going - and what they could possibly be doing in the middle of the swamp in the dead of night.

October 31 - My god! Horrible... vile! Insane things are done out there, and I saw it! What are they? Now I understand what's wrong about Slater; I only wish I would've guessed sooner. The chanting... That strange black man... My god, that thing that answered their calls! A huge spiny blotch in the darkness, but nothing this world could've birthed... Sweet mother of Jesus help me! They tried breaking into the house to get me, but I fought them off -- for now. They want me, want me to be one of them, and they'll never let me out of this cursed town. There's only one way out for me, one way to at least preserve my soul from this thing, and I beg forgiveness for what I'm going to do. But you must understand what's waiting for me in that putrid lake out there! I'm going up to the cupola, where it'll take them longer to reach me, and if they do, it'll be too late. The rope is strong and the drop is a long one if I want it. If you are reading this, get out of New Dunwich!

Pray for me.

BEDROOM D: *This room appears to have been a nursery; there are three cribs in the middle of the room, surrounded by antique baby toys.*

Ghostly Occurrences: The specter could make phantom babies appear in the cribs, then transform them into hideous monsters, or it could animate the toys, chasing the Investigators with tin soldiers and dolls.

BEDROOM E: This room had been taken over for storage, and so is cluttered with assorted items from clothing to furniture. A successful Spot Hidden roll will unearth two military uniforms of the Confederate Army. A second Spot Hidden roll will find a trunk with 5 black robes inside. (If the Investigators have found the trunk hidden in the fireplace, they will immediately recognize these robes as being of the same sort.)

Three of these robes have large, blood-stained holes in the chest area. These were worn by the Harlows who were impaled by their cruel god.

Also in the trunk is a small black book, into which has been inscribed what seems to be some sort of song or poem. This is also reproduced in **"Ritual of the Sleeper"** in the Handout Section.

Reading or hearing this chant will give the Investigators +2% to their Cthulhu Mythos Knowledge.

A final Spot Hidden roll made in this crowded room will uncover a cloth-draped canvas. Pulling back the cloth will reveal an old painting of a ghastly subject: a huge, lumbering monstrosity composed of hundreds of tentacles, eyes, and mouths. It is a greyish hulk, with purple and blue splotches, and what seems very like a human face at the top of its malformed and malign body. The brass nameplate states simply, "The Dunwich Horror".

No artist has signed this work, nor is it dated. Looking upon this disgusting work costs each Investigator 1d4 SAN, or 1 point if a successful SAN roll is made.

Perhaps the most disturbing thing about this abominable work is its clear, photographic-like quality, which creates the impression that someone had snapped a picture of the living subject, and enlarged it to this size.

A Mythos roll will identify the abhominable thing as a Son of Yog-Sothoth.

Ghostly Occurrences: The Confederate Army uniforms could be animated and sent after the Investigators.

CUPOLA, FIRST FLOOR: *This ornate tower stands in the center of the roof, overlooking the rest of New Dunwich. This room is silent and empty, save for the by now expected dust and webs, as well as a broken ladder lying in a splintered heap in the center of the floor.*

Directly above the ladder in the center of the ceiling is a man-sized hole. The ceiling is 13 feet from the floor, so one Investigator will have to stand on another's shoulders to reach this opening. The top man must make a STR X 2 and DEX X 2 roll on in order to squirm up and through the hole.

Ghostly Occurrences: The ghost might create twisted faces in the window, or cause horrible noises in the chamber above, followed by the sulphuric stench of something foul and hostile.

CUPOLA: SECOND FLOOR: This is where Brandon Young hanged himself; the rotted, severed rope is still tied to the very top of the cupola, swinging mournfully in the breeze. This room is Brandon's anchor to the world of the living, and so there is a 75% chance that his shade will manifest itself to the Investigators while they are exploring this room.

The only object in this cramped little chamber is a beaten but serviceable telescope, which is trained on an area of the marsh south-west of town. An Investigator looking through the device will see a large, dark, monstrous form hulking amidst the cypress and Spanish moss. The gross, loathsome form does not move, but the grime-encrusted telescope lens does not allow for any clear detail; this of course is the idol of Glaaki.

Ghostly Occurrences: The ghost will not attempt to harm or frighten the Investigators in this room. Instead, it will point at the telescope and then slowly fade away.

THE GARDEN HOUSE: *This small, once-ornate open-air structure has gone the way of all other buildings in New Dunwich - boards wet and rotting, assorted slimes and fungi exuding from their surfaces. Clearly this building was once used to store gardening equipment and the like.*

Upon entering this building the Investigators must make a SAN roll, for pinned to the wall by an assortment of gardening implements is a well-rotted corpse; the SAN loss is 1d6, or nothing on a successful roll.

This had been one of the vile Servants of Glaaki which was destroyed by Brandon's ghost, who animated the gardening tools, sending them plunging into the vile creature's body and impaling it against the wall.

If the Investigators examine the corpse, they will find a gaping hole in its chest from which radiate a number of unhealthy, unnatural red veins.

Ghostly Occurrences: As seen, the ghost can animate the gardening tools, though it will only attempt to frighten any human intruders.

THE WELL: *This large pit is lined with cracked and crumbling stone blocks. From its Stygian depths there rises*

THE RITUAL OF THE SLEEPER

Behold, the Sleeper awakens to rise up from the deep
Behold, the Master calls to us in sleep
Rejoice, for the Great Ones return from voids and dreams
Rejoice, the children journey home on wings and stellar beams
Sing out, for stars align to merge as one as seen
Sing for the chosen, on mortal blood shall ween
Look, and kneel at murky depths malign
Look, and behold, for ancient are the signs
Behold, the Master calls to us in sleep
Behold, the Sleeper awakens to rise up from the deep

Priest: Praise the Unbegotten Source
Congregation: Father of us all
Priest: Praise He Who Is Not To Be Named
Congregation: Brother to the Priest
Priest: Praise the Wind Walker
Congregation: Stalker of the wastes
Priest: Praise the Crawling Chaos
Congregation: Prophet to us all
Priest: Praise the Thing That Should Not Be
Congregation: Bishop of the dark
Priest: Praise the Black Goat
Congregation: Mother of us all
Priest: Praise the All In One
Congregation: Master of Time and Space
Priest: Praise the Sleeper
Congregation: The Inhabitant of the Lake
Priest: Praise our Keeper
Congregation: The Inhabitant of the Lake
Priest: Praise the Reaper of our Souls
Congregation: The Inhabitant of the Lake.

a dreadfully foul stench that is sickly sweet and overwhelming in its strength.

Each Investigator must roll their CON X 5 on 1d100 or become nauseated by this miasmal stench to the point of vomiting. For every minute they remain at the well the CON roll will decrease, first to CON X 4, then CON x 3, and so forth, until they leave.

There is a phrase carved crudely into the slate which forms the top of the well. It is in Latin, and it reads: "Enter Ye Now Into The Well Of Souls." A Spot Hidden roll will reveal a spot of something which seems to be rotting flesh lying on the rim of the well.

This is where the ghost of Brandon Young deposits any Servants of Glaaki he is able to destroy, which does much to explain the stench rising from the well, as well as the bit of flesh on the rim. It was Brandon's ghostly powers which carved the Latin phrase in the flat, cold stone of the well.

Ghostly Occurrences: The ground around the well could tremble violently as the Investigators approach it, and a blood-curdling roar could blast forth from the depths of the well when the Investigators attempt to look down into it.

POINTS OF INTEREST

THE BURIAL POOL

As the Investigators explore New Dunwich, they should be allowed to realize that there is no cemetery to be found, either in or near the town. This is because the bodies of the deceased are taken to a black, stagnant pool outside of town and fed to a huge alligator which has dwelt there since the town was founded. This is part of a ceremony conducted by the cultists to appease the gods of the dead, whom they have very good reason to worship.

The slime-covered, stinking pool sulks at the center of a small clearing, around which are arranged a number of time-worn gravestones. Examination of these stones will turn up the names of all the Harlow family, save for Septimus, Collin, Lyle, Rebecca, and Elvira. The most recent of these stones is set apart from all the others, and bears the name of Brandon Young.

The ancient 'gator in residence here is called The Death Eater by those Servants who are still capable of thought. Any loud noises made in or around the pool will attract its ravenous attention, and it will pull its enormous body ponderously to the shore, where it will expect to find a meal waiting.

This primal creature is something of a throwback to the age of the dinosaurs. It measures 36 feet in length, and is nearly 300 years old. Its armor-like scales are black to dark green in color, allowing it to easily blend in with the tea-colored, boggy bottom of the marsh.

Its maw is a huge crevasse lined with yellowed,

razor-sharp teeth. While it is a slow mover on land, it can easily outswim a man in the water. However, the beast emerges from the water only when it must, and so will not pursue the Investigators very far from the pool, for it knows a meal will come to it sooner or later.

THE DEATH EATER

This terror of the marsh may attack with a terrible bite, combined with a crushing swing of its mighty tail, though it cannot use both against the same target. Anyone struck by the whipping tail is automatically knocked down.

If the creature scores an impaling attack with its bite, it will have captured its prey securely, and will promptly submerge, shaking its helpless victim for an additional 1d6 points of damage per round. Once the victim is dead, the Death Eater will swallow the body whole.

The Death Eater

STR	50	CON	36	SIZE	60
INT	1	POW	20	DEX	15
HP	48	Move	4/10	Swimming	
Weapon		Attack %		Damage	
Bite		65%		1d10+6d6	
				plus hold on impale	
Tail		70%		1d6+6d6 plus auto.	
				knockdown	

Armor: 20 points of thick skin and scales

Spells: None

Skills: Camouflage 75%, Move Silently 50%

SAN: Because of Death Eater's tremendous size, anyone confronting him must make a SAN roll or suffer the loss of 1d2 points. There is no SAN loss on a successful roll.

SHUB-NIGGURATH GARDEN

Should the Investigators follow the twisting path to the mutant garden of the mysterious Papa Jobe, they will find there botanical oddities unparalleled. The witch doctor has employed his Tears of Shub-Niggurath spell to mutate normal carnivorous plants of the Everglades into abominable, alien horrors.

Representatives of Sarracenia (Pitcher Plant), Pinguicula (Butterworts), and Drosera (Sundews) can be found in this garden, but they have now become something unlike any species ever before encountered by science.

As the Investigators wander down the path toward the foul garden, they will notice that the swamp is as silent and devoid of life as the town; no sound of animal or insect life is to be heard.

If the Investigators are traveling cautiously, they have the

normal chance of spotting the mutated vegetation in the clearing. Otherwise, they will be taken completely by surprise, and any Investigator who misses his Luck roll will step right into one of these hungry horrors. Should the party be venturing out here at night, there is an 85% chance that one of them will step into a patiently waiting plant.

The Mutant Plants

These weird, sentient plants are the product of alien and malign magic. While they retain their basic form, each plant has been altered in some way by the tamperings of Papa Jobe.

Pitcher Plants, as their name implies, are shaped like pitchers, their tubular leaves lined with still, downward-pointing hairs, while the bottom of the pitcher is filled with water and digestive fluids. Once an insect enters the trap it is unable to exit, because the stiff hairs force it to move downward into the fluid, where it drowns and is digested.

Butterworts are compact, broad-leaved plants, the leaves coated with a sticky substance which traps insects which alight on them. The leaves then partially roll up to securely trap the prey.

Sundews are similar to Butterworts in that they are generally compact plants which exude a sticky substance from their leaves. The fluid of the Sundew, however, is on the end of still hairs, in the form of a glistening drop. When an insect touches the "dew", they are ensnared as other hairs bend in to firmly clasp the victim in an unbreakable grasp.

The mutant versions of these plants function in much the same manner, but they have been given greater size, unnatural movement, and a spark of intelligence.

When a potential victim comes in range, a pitcher plant will extend its tubular trap in an attempt to scoop up its unwitting prey. Once inside the trap, sharp inner hairs will force the victim down into the bottom of the trap, where a powerful acid will begin the process of digestion; this acid inflicts 1d6 points of damage per round.

The Butterworts and Sundews will attack in much the same manner, waiting until an Investigator is in striking distance before lashing out with a leaf. If they score a hit, the victim is held securely unless he can win a STR struggle against the plant.

The victim of a Butterwort will be wrapped up in the leaf as it curls around him, while the prey of a Sundew will be tightly secured to the leaf by a strong, sticky fluid which burns the skin on contact. Once held, these plants will begin to dissolve their victims, causing 1d6 points of acid-related damage per round.

A fellow Investigator may attempt a rescue; however, if the trapped Investigator is inside a plant, the rescuer will

have to either cut through the fibrous plant-skin, or attempt to pry it open. This, of course, will place him well within the range of the nightmare plant. Each plant will have 2d3 traps.

The rescuing Investigator may simply sever the leaf that is holding the victim, and this will automatically stop the digestive process. Rescuers must use caution when killing these plants, for they could very well injure their friend who is trapped inside; if a rescuer rolls an impaling attack against the plant, the victim trapped inside will sustain 1/4 of the damage rolled (fractions rounded down).

Pitcher Plants

Characteristics	1	2	3
STR	25	42	38
CON	20	27	21
SIZ	34	21	23
INT	6	7	7
POW	11	14	15
DEX	10	15	13
Hit Points	27	24	22
Move	5	5	5
Traps	6	5	5

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Leaf Scoop	50%	Victim trapped + 1d6 acid

Armor: 5 points of fibrous vegetable matter

Spells: None

SAN: 1d2/0

Butterworts

Characteristics	1	2	3
STR	31	22	22
CON	35	21	24
SIZ	36	20	20
INT	7	8	7
POW	11	13	11
DEX	13	13	14
Hit Points	36	21	22
Move	5	5	5
Traps	3	2	2

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Leaf Lash	50%	Victim trapped + 1d6 acid

Armor: 5 points of tough outer skin

Spells: None

SAN: 1d2/0

Sundews

Characteristics	1	2	3
STR	31	22	22
CON	35	21	24
SIZ	36	20	20
INT	7	8	7
POW	11	13	11
DEX	13	13	14
Hit Points	36	21	22
Move	5	5	5
Traps	3	2	2

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Leaf Lash	50%	Victim trapped+ 1d6 acid

Armor: 5 points fibrous leaf

Spells: None

SAN: 1d2/0

KEEPER: The number of mutant plants in the garden may be increased or decreased according to the party's strength or weakness.

While these monstrosities are far from the norm, they are still plants, and they still possess roots; thus they cannot chase after the Investigators – anyone out of range is safe from the hellish plants. Also, they have certain weaknesses, such as fire, chemicals, or salt, and a creative Investigator could discover any manner of means by which to deal with this little threat.

PAPA JOBE'S SHACK

This worn, rundown building is little more than a moss-covered ruin resting on a small hummock at the center of a murky pool that is alive with alligators. A twisted black pipe juts forth from the sagging roof, dirty smoke curling lazily up into the thick, humid air. A small raft, large enough for but two people, is pulled up on the mainland shore.

KITCHEN/LIVING AREA: The floor of this room, as are all others, is of dirt. The chamber contains broken second-hand furniture of the same type as seen in the rest of the town. There is a ring of stones in the center of the room which contains the still-warm and smoldering embers of a recent fire, and several old iron pots lay strewn around it.

On the walls are hung bizarre trinkets, from stuffed and mounted swamp creatures to vile-looking carvings, wooden masks, strings of beads and bells, and a collection of skulls – some of which are clearly human. Dirty, worn curtains hang on two walls to close off the doorways to other rooms.

TOILET: This cramped little closet holds only a cracked, yellowed porcelain toilet situated over a deep pit; no running water or plumbing in this place!

BEDROOM: A small, rotting bed stands against one wall, and a few beaten pieces of furniture lay scattered randomly around this room. The same strange assortment of artifacts as found in the main room are also on display here, but in more profusion.

In the far corner of the room stands what appears to be a scarecrow – a man-sized figure with wooden limbs, tattered, torn clothing, and a head carved in hideous fashion from an old, dessicated pumpkin.

The scarecrow is an enchanted creature, given alien life by Papa Jobe with a Create Guardian spell. This golem will attack anyone who attempts to enter the curtained closet just off the bedroom.

Due to its sorcerous origins, this creature is immune to most things that are fatal to mortal beings. Even when chopped apart, its severed limbs will continue the fight, and fire will inflict only minimal damage, which the creature can regenerate at the rate of 1 point per 3 rounds.

The Guardian is able to attack twice each round with its clawing wooden hands, and if it manages to score an impale, it will hold onto its victim, strangling him until he is dead or the creature is destroyed by smashing the bloated, leering pumpkin-head from which its unnatural life force emanates.

If the scarecrow's head is not smashed, the Guardian will be able to reconstruct itself in three hours, once more to take up its eternal post.

The Guardian

STR	18	CON	16	SIZ	15
INT	3	POW	1	DEX	8
HP	16	Move	5		

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Claws	40%	1d6+1d6
Strangulation	Automatic	1d6 per round on impale

Armor: 1 point of hard wood. It is totally immune to impaling weapons (guns, knives, etc.), taking only 2 points of damage per round from fire.

Spells: None

SAN: 1d8/0

CLOSET: Within this confined, malodorous space hangs a hooded black robe, an ugly pendant of alien design and, on a small stand set against the wall, an age-worn tome bearing the title "Rise of the Sleeper."

The book is hand-written, and deals entirely with Glaaki. It is in nearly illiterate English which will nonetheless impart 4% Cthulhu Mythos Knowledge to anyone reading it, while costing 1d4 points of SAN for the privilege.

The messily scribbled tome has a X1 spell multiplier, and contains the following spells: Contact Glaaki, Call Glaaki, Create Guardian, and Tears of Shub-Niggurath.

KEEPER: During the day, Papa Jobe will be found in his shack 75% of the time, while at night, he will be present only 10% of the time. On the nights when ceremonies are being conducted the robe, pendant, and book will be with the witch doctor at the worship pool.

THE WORSHIP POOL

At the center of this expansive, slime-coated body of water stands a small island upon which rears a moss-encrusted, looming statue of a creature that is half turtle half sea urchin, before which has been raised a stone altar stained by years and unmentionable fluids. Nothing grows on this blasted hummock, nor does the vegetation encroach any nearer than 20 feet from the shore of the foetid pool. The silence here is heavy, expectant, and electric.

This is the site of all worship to vile Glaaki, the pool being in fact a gate to the dread god's lair at the bottom of a New Britan lake. Glaaki's idol is the focus of the gate spell, and should it be somehow destroyed the gate will be closed, banishing Glaaki to its lake in New Briton.

The idol is guarded by Septimus Harlow, who has undergone the transformation into a Spectral Hunter, and he must first be defeated or avoided in order to harm the idol. He will rise up from the oily waters of the worship pool to attack any who approach the idol with ill intent, and he will fight to the end in defense of his horrid deity.

PERIL IN THE NIGHT

In the night while the Investigators sleep, Slater and his fellow cultists will emerge from their hiding places and make their way to the worship pool, where they will summon Glaaki. The horrid abomination will attempt to use its dream-pull ability on one of the party.

If the Investigator is able to resist, Glaaki will try again the following night, and again on the next. If, after three nights, the Investigators have resisted the dream-pull, the undead Servants will break into Harlow House and attempt to drag the Investigators down to the worship pool, where Glaaki will rise from out the slimy waters and plunge its metallic spines into its victims' chests, thus transforming them into zombie Servants.

Should any Investigator awaken in the night while the Servants are performing their ritual, a Listen roll will allow him to hear the outre chanting and chilling music employed to call forth the alien horror.

If the party investigates, they will arrive at the pool in time to see the townsfolk returning from the swamps to disappear into their ramshackle homes. Following the path to the worship pool will reveal nothing save the ashes of burnt-out fires around a stagnant pool with a small hummock at its center.

If, on the other hand, they choose to remain awake and follow their neighbors into the bogs, they will each be required to make a Sneak roll as well as a Hide or Camouflage roll to keep from being spotted.

On nights of worship, the undead Servants of Glaaki will call their deity so that he may swell their ranks. Witnessing the ceremony will cost a SAN roll when Glaaki arises from the pool, and another should a sacrifice be made that night (1d10 or 1d6 on a successful roll).

VILLAINS, GHOSTS, AND OTHERS

CRAWFORD SLATER

Slater is an undead Servant of Glaaki, but he has retained his human cunning and is extremely devious. During most of the day Slater rests in a vat of formaldehyde to slow down his dead body's decomposition. He also employs theatrical makeup to cover up his true nature on those occasions when he must enter the world of living human beings.

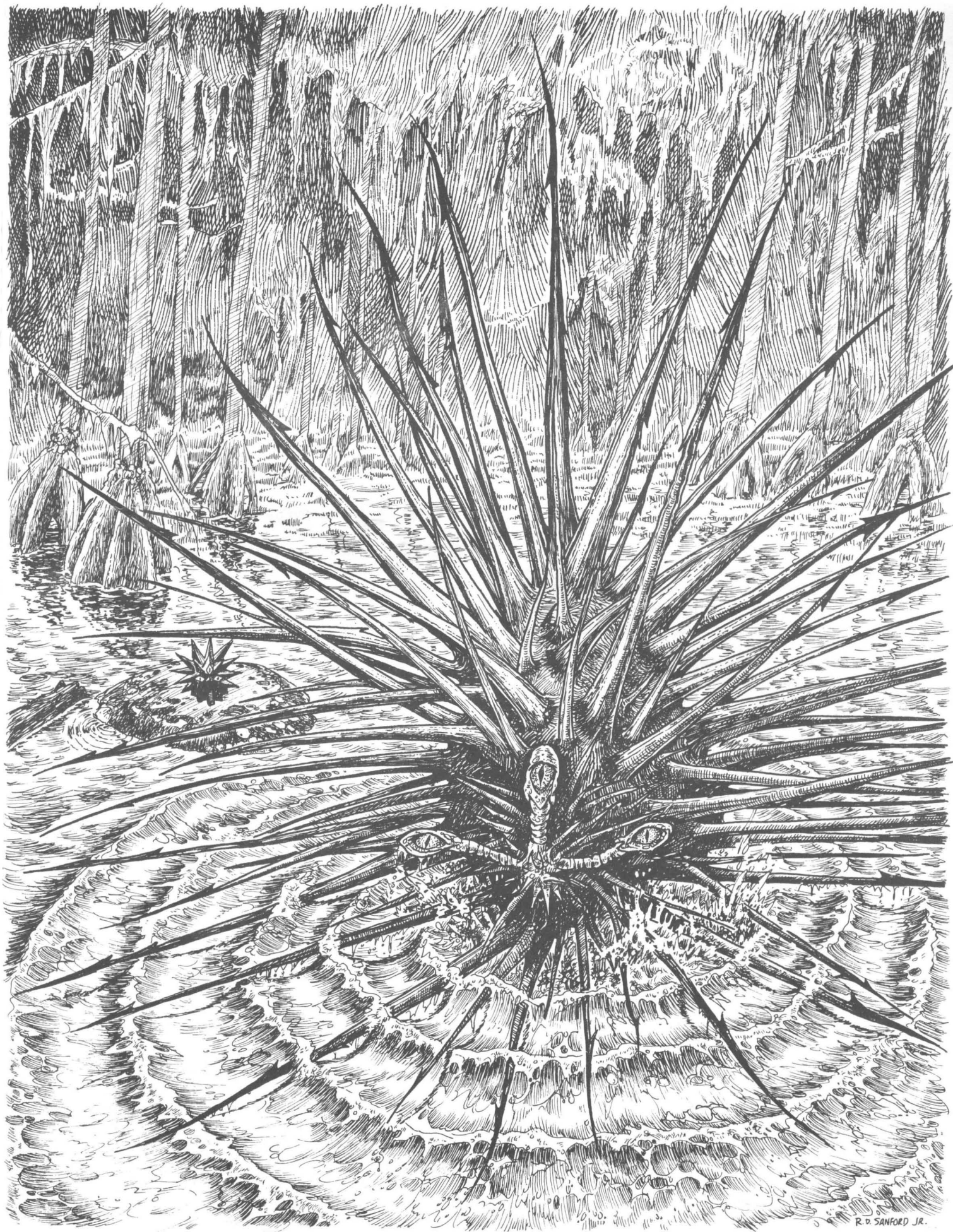
Slater will appear friendly enough to the Investigators, but he will watch them closely, and will try to keep them from wandering too far from the town proper. He is a smooth talker and an expert liar; he will attempt to convince the Investigators that all is well in New Dunwich, save that the town is slowly being deserted.

He will not, however, hesitate to employ his spells or the other Servants to restrain or capture the Investigators. He will kill only in desperate circumstances, fearing the wrath of his alien god, who lusts for more human souls to add to his small but growing cult.

Slater always wears gardening gloves so that any contact with a living person will not reveal the cold, clamminess of his flesh. While Slater is devious, he is still a Servant of Glaaki, and as such is still susceptible to those things that affect others of his loathsome ilk.

He will avoid the sunlight as much as possible, always staying in the shadows of buildings when walking through town. Any Investigator making a Spot Hidden roll at one quarter of their skill level will notice this rather peculiar habit. Slater will never, under any circumstances, expose himself to the direct rays of the sun.

Since Slater retains much of his reasoning ability, he is able to direct the efforts of the other Servants to some extent, though not to the same degree as Papa Jobe.



Crawford Slater

STR	18	CON	36	SIZ	11
INT	18	POW	20	DEX	6
APP	13	SAN	0	EDU	15
HP	24	MOVE	5	DAMAGE	
				BONUS	+1d4

Skills: Bargain 50%, Camouflage 35%, Chemistry 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Debate 45%, Dodge 25%, Hide 45%, Fast Talk 75%, Listen 65%, Occult 50%, Oratory 45%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Grapple	55%	Special
Sickle	75%	1d6+1
.22 revolver	30%	1d6

Spells: Call Glaaki, Contact Glaaki, Contact Deep One, Contact Spawn of Cthulhu, Contact Cthulhu, Shrivelling, Entrhall Victim, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Mindblast.

SAN: There is no SAN loss for seeing Slater unless he is in the vat of formaldehyde (see Crawford Slater's House for details).

PAPA JOBE

Papa Jobe is a mysterious black man whom the folk of New Dunwich met while establishing their colony in the Everglades. The witch doctor is a worshiper of the Great Old Ones, and was drawn to this place by an aura of powerful psychic energy which surrounds the Glaaki idol.

Papa Jobe managed to avoid being turned into one of the Servants through the power of the ring he wears on his left hand. This artifact has also made him virtually immortal, though he can still die by accident or gunshot wound. Should this cursed ring be removed from his finger, Papa Jobe will rapidly revert to his true age of 250.

For the ring to function, a human sacrifice must be offered once a year on a night of the new moon; and as it happens, the night in question is fast approaching, and Papa Jobe is in need of a sacrifice. Hence, the Investigators' arrival will prove most convenient for him.

The witch doctor has enormous magical powers, and will not hesitate to use them against the Investigators, for he does not care as much about keeping the prospective initiates alive for Glaaki as does Crawford Slater. If the Investigators prove too bothersome, he will turn his powers against them.

Because of his ring, Papa Jobe does not fear Glaaki or his Servants, but he does hold the deity in great reverence, for it is from Glaaki that Papa Jobe has received most of his arcane powers.

Papa Jobe sports a wooden leg, the result of a 'gator attack in the marshes. He is also missing an eye, whose absence has left a bleak, gaping hole in his evil skull. He

will appear to be in his early 50's, with lightly greying hair.

The witch doctor currently serves as the high priest of the Glaaki cult, but he has no real loyalty to Glaaki or the citizens of New Dunwich. If all looks hopeless, he will use his magic to make good his escape, to return another day, perhaps to settle the score with the Investigators.

Papa Jobe will be in possession of the robe, pendant, and book (See Papa Jobe's Shack) if encountered during a ritual to Glaaki.

Papa Jobe

STR	12	CON	13	SIZ	14
INT	18	POW	30	DEX	8
APP	6	SAN	0	EDU	8
HP	14	MOVE	6	DAMAGE	
				BONUS	+1d4

SKILLS: Astronomy 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 99%, Dodge 20%, First Aid 45%, Hide 75%, Listen 75%, Occult 85%, Sing 50%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 60%, Throw 40%.

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Spear	50%	1d6+1d4
Knife	75%	1d4+1d4

SPELLS: Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Create Bad Corpse Dust, Death Spell, Deflect Harm, Enchant Knife, Flesh Ward, Mesmerize, Call Glaaki, Contact Glaaki, Tears of Shub-Niggurath, Create Guardian, Contact Servant of Glaaki, Become Spectral Hunter.

THE GHOST OF BRANDON YOUNG

Brandon Young killed himself three years ago to avoid falling prey to the malign Glaaki and his foul minions. Young barely escaped the clutches of the alien god, raced back to Harlow House where he hanged himself from the top of the cupola.

Young's ghost is in no way malign, and bears no ill will toward the Investigators, but while he will in no way harm them, he will desperately try to scare them out of the house and out of New Dunwich before Glaaki's hunger seals their doom.

The ghost may use its powers only on the Harlow House property and in the house itself. If he destroys a Servant of Glaaki, he will always attempt to deposit the rotted thing into the well near the house. Crawford Slater and Papa Jobe know well the ghost of Brandon Young, and they will never approach the property, though they will send other Servants after the Investigators if they must.

The only way to set Brandon's ghost free is to somehow rid New Dunwich of Glaaki and his Servants, for the sole

purpose of this haunting is to deprive Glaaki of as many new Servants as possible, revenge from beyond the grave.

The spirit has become quite adept at what it does, and the Keeper should use his powers to the fullest in an attempt to warn the Investigators of their danger.

The Ghost

INT 16 POW 35 MOVE 10 HP None: The ghost may be temporarily exorcised only by reducing its POW to 0.

Weapons: See Ghostly Magic

ARMOR: None; the ghost may be harmed only by power-draining magic.

SPELLS: See Ghostly Magic

SAN: 1/1d8

GHOSTLY MAGIC

Brandon Young's spirit can cause many and varied unnatural occurrences within Harlow House and the surrounding grounds. These effects take on a variety of forms, and the Keeper is encouraged to make use of the suggestions presented here as a guide to your haunting of Harlow House.

Remember that this haunting is the largest red herring of the scenario, and it may be some time before the Investigators realize that this is not merely a haunted house adventure, but something more dark and sinister, and that the very spirit they have been trying so hard to exorcise is their only ally in New Dunwich!

The ghost may watch and listen to the Investigators in any part of the house or on the grounds without expending Magic Points, but the following powers will cost it 1 Point each.

1. Slam Doors. The ghost may slam or throw open any door or window in Harlow House, unless they are somehow locked or otherwise secured.

2. Cold Spots. The classic paranormal effect. These areas are no more than 3-4 feet in diameter, and may be as small as a 6-12 inch circle. This spot will be approximately 20 degrees cooler than the surrounding air, and will remain for 1 hour for every magic point invested in its creation.

3. Extinguish Fires. The ghost may cause matches or candles to be suddenly snuffed out – usually at the most inconvenient moment. This may also apply to larger fires, such as in fireplaces, but the cost increases to 3 magic points for the sudden end to so large a blaze.

4. Decay Food. This will bring sudden rot and decay to any food item targeted by the spirit.

5. Ghostly Footsteps. This will cause the sound of someone walking down stairs or along a hallway, and may

also be used to create the sound of someone dragging something heavy across the floor.

6. Foul Odor. This causes a monstrous stench, as of something long-dead, although there is no actual effect on anyone who whiffs the pungent odor, which will dissipate in but a few moments.

7. Phantom Shadows. Odd, twisted shadows form out of nothing and loom over the Investigator, but when he whirls about to confront its source, there is nothing there, and the shadow has vanished.

The following will cost the ghost 2 points to use:

1. Drain Power. This is used on stored electrical or chemical power – NOT a character's POW. With this power the ghost may drain the energy from batteries in flashlights, radios, etc. For the expenditure of 5 Magic Points, the ghost may drain the power from a car battery.

2. Cold Chill. The ghost may cause Investigators to feel a cold chill run down their spine; this affects only one Investigator at a time.

3. Cold Breeze. This ability produces a brief gust of icy cold wind strong enough to blow out candles, scatter papers, and the like. The effect will last for 1 round.

4. Minor Telekinesis. This allows the ghost to cause rocking chairs to slowly rock back and forth, the pendulum of a grandfather clock to swing and objects to slide across the table or fall to the floor.

5. Insect Swarm. A swarm of insects – flies, mosquitoes, or as a last resort bees, will gather within a 2-foot radius. The swarm will take 3 rounds to form, and will remain for an hour. These insects are normal and may be killed in normal fashion, but they may not be driven off until the hour is up.

6. Spirit Writing. This effect will last for only 2 rounds, after which the message will fade. The ghost may cause a message to appear on any flat surface, usually a wall. The message will be in English, but it will always be brief. On the night of a ritual calling of Glaaki, the ghost will cause the following message to appear: "*Beware. The Sleeper Awakens.*"

7. Jam Door. This allows the ghost to hold a door or window open or shut. The Investigators must match their STR against the ghost's POW to close or open a portal held in such a manner. It will cost the ghost Magic points for every round he holds the portal open or closed.

8. Cause Fire. This will cause candles or fireplace wood to suddenly burst into flame; it has the same effect on paper.

9. Heat Liquid. This will cause a small container of liquid, such as a cup of coffee, to become so hot that it will eventually boil away. It takes 3 rounds for the subject

liquid to reach full boil.

10. Mysterious Sounds. This includes chanting, moaning, shrieks, and whispering voices, and can be used in rooms the Investigators are about to enter, or even better on some poor Investigator on night watch.

11. Blacken. Objects will be covered in an oily, sooty substance which has no apparent source; this can only be done to inanimate objects. The stuff can be removed with a damp rag and a little elbow grease.

The following, most powerful effects cost 3 Magic points to use:

1. Major Telekinesis. This is used to move larger, heavier objects, such as chairs and tables. An Investigator may Dodge such objects normally, or else he will sustain damage accordingly (1d4 points).

2. Animate Objects. Similar to Major Telekinesis, this power brings "life" to statues, stuffed animals, and the like. The effects last for 3 rounds unless additional Magic points are expended, in which case it will continue 1 round longer for every Magic point expended.

3. Push. This can be used to shove an Investigator off balance, or down a flight of stairs.

4. Darkness. This will fill a 20' radius area with a murky, near-solid blackness which cannot be penetrated by any light source; the effect can be sustained for 3 rounds.

5. Gale. This causes a ferocious gust of wind to blow for 3 rounds. Any Investigator caught by this blast must match their STR against that of the wind (20) or be knocked down. The gale is strong enough to blow open doors and shatter thin glass.

6. Frightening Faces. These faces will be horrible and sickening, costing the Investigator who sees one 1d8/1 points of SAN. The faces will appear in windows, water, or mirrors, and will fade as soon as a SAN roll is made, successful or not.

7. Water and Blood. The Investigator will see water turn to blood or vile slime before his eyes, at the cost of 1d3/0 SAN points. The effect lasts for 3 rounds, when the water reverts to normal.

8. Possession. This is not an illusion, but the actual possession of one of the Investigators by the ghost of Brandon Young. To accomplish this, the ghost must win a POW struggle against his target.

If successful, the spirit has full possession of the Investigator's body for 3 rounds, during which it may write, speak, or otherwise communicate to the rest of the party. This is a powerful ability, and one which will not be used often.

While in its temporary body the ghost may be spoken to and will answer honestly any questions put to it, though

its time is short, and it will not employ this ability again during this scenario.

While this power can be used to assist the Investigators, the Keeper should not allow its use to give away all the secrets and dangers of this scenario to the players.

USING GHOSTLY MAGIC

These powers are different from normal magic spells, as they are things the ghost may do automatically at any time. To take full advantage of the spirit's abilities to frighten the party, the Keeper is urged to use several powers at one time, such as Darkness and Mysterious Sounds.

The Keeper, with a bit of thought and creative role-playing, can make it seem as if the Investigators were surrounded by supernatural horrors. These abilities should be used at key points in the game when the Investigators are most likely to be frightened by them, or even to pick up the pace of the game.

SANITY LOSSES

The ghost's powers are indeed frightening, some more so than others, so the Investigators will suffer varying SAN losses from witnessing the phenomena. The Keeper should be aware of the Investigators' phobias, and use them to full advantage. The following table should help in determining the amount of SAN lost in any given situation.

1 point: Things the Investigators are not quite sure of, "Was it just my imagination?". Causes of a 1 point loss are merely unnerving, like a candle being extinguished, or a faint moaning.

2 points: Something the Investigator will be certain he is actually seeing or feeling, such as a cold spot, or Brandon's ghost.

3 points: Things that are truly frightening, such as a twisted face in a window, or a push down a flight of stairs.

Once again, the ghost will not seriously harm the Investigators; it merely wishes to scare them off for their own good.

SEPTIMUS HARLOW (SPECTRAL HUNTER)

STR	32	CON	9	SIZ	17
INT	12	POW	17	DEX	10
HP	13	Move	8		

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Pincer	50%	2d6
Bite	30%	3d6
Invisibility	+ 20% chance to hit	--

ARMOR: 1 point of tough hide, plus the ability to become invisible, which lowers its foe's chance to hit it by the Hunter's POW X 5. They take damage only from spells or

enchanted items when immaterial.

SPELLS: Contact Glaaki, Call Glaaki, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Shrivelling.

SAN: 1d6+2/1

NOTE: This Spectral Hunter will not leave the island of the idol, not even to pursue fleeing Investigators.

Spectral Hunters are large, rubbery humanoid monsters with jet black skin, large red eyes, and wide mouths filled with rows of shark-like teeth. They are lanky and thin, with distended abdomens and huge crab-like pincers in place of hands.

Spectral Hunters can become invisible, lowering their enemies' chance to hit by the creature's POW X 5%. When immaterial, these creatures take damage only from spells and enchanted weapons. Certain types of light will make a Spectral Hunter visible.

Spectral Hunters are always tied to some artifact which holds their soul, and they are never able to venture beyond a one mile radius around this object. Should this artifact be destroyed, the Spectral Hunter will be destroyed as well.

Septimus Harlow was fanatical in his devotion to his darkling gods, and Papa Jobe used this devotion for his own ends, particularly the creation of a guardian for the shrine to Glaaki.

Being the head of this fledgling colony, Septimus felt responsible for its protection. When approached by Papa Jobe, Septimus readily embraced this horrid transformation. For these many long years, Septimus has fulfilled his duty, transformed into a savage creation of evil.

By this time, however, the creature that had once been Septimus Harlow has become a mindless, insane thing with but one instinctive goal – to deal with grim finality with any intruders in the holy shrine to a blasphemous god of undeath.

GLAAKI

STR	40	CON	60	SIZ	90
INT	30	POW	28	DEX	10
HP	75	MOVE	6		

<u>WEAPON</u>	<u>ATTACK%</u>	<u>DAMAGE</u>
SPINE	100%	7d3

ARMOR: 4 points per spine, each spine has 6 hit points.

SPELLS: ALL

SAN: 1d20/1d3

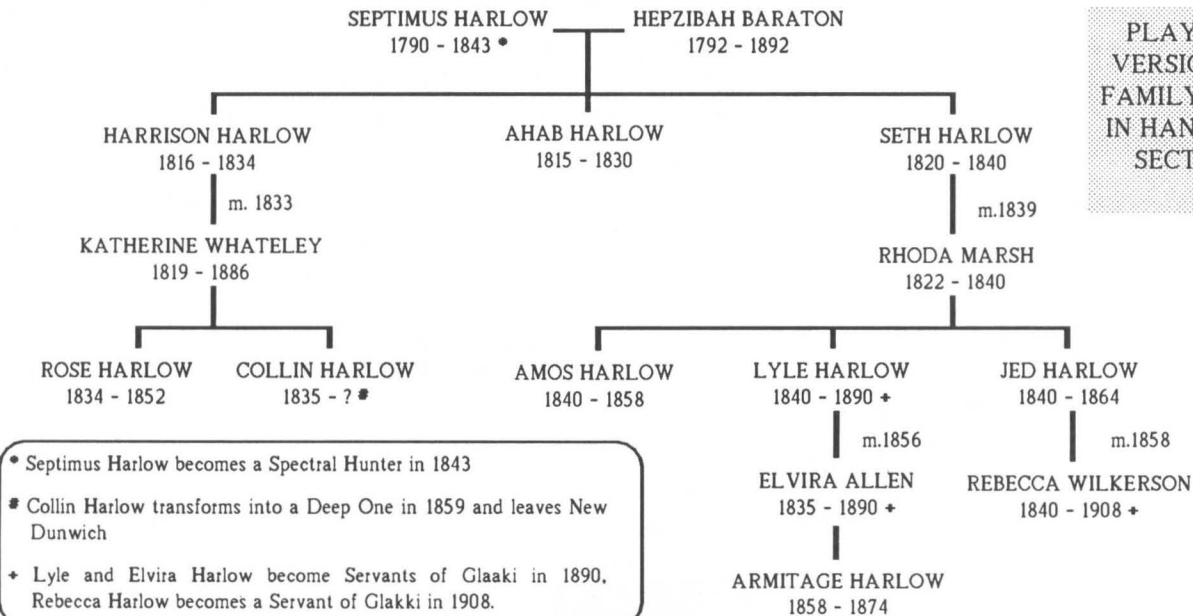
MORE SERVANTS OF GLAAKI

	1	2	3	4	5	6		7	8	9	10	11	12
STR	13	6	10	12	7	9	STR	11	12	7	12	9	9
CON	32	20	22	28	22	20	CON	14	12	22	22	20	18
SIZ	11	15	11	13	13	15	SIZ	16	12	14	12	11	14
INT	11	13	16	15	16	9	INT	13	13	18	11	15	12
POW	13	9	11	14	12	7	POW	9	9	11	10	13	10
DEX	2	4	2	5	6	4	DEX	2	5	2	6	2	4
HP	21	18	16	20	17	17	HP	15	12	18	17	15	16

Keeper's Information:

The Harlow Family Tree

PLAYER'S
VERSION OF
FAMILY TREE
IN HANDOUT
SECTION



THE HARLOW FAMILY

Septimus and Hepzibah Harlow were born in 1790 and 1792, respectively. They moved from Dunwich, Mass. to the Florida Everglades in 1830 along with a dozen other families, taking with them their three sons; Ahab, Harrison, and Seth.

With the aid of a mysterious black man who called himself Papa Jobe, they drained some of the marshy land and raised a small town, which they called New Dunwich. Each of these families were devoted to the worship of Cthulhu and the Great Old Ones, and they of course had brought their degenerate rites and practices with them to the new colony, where they would be safe from interference.

The Harlow's eldest son, Ahab, contracted a mysterious wasting disease and died in 1830 at the age of 15. In 1833, Harrison Harlow married Katherine Whateley at the age of 17; a year later Katherine gave birth to a daughter - Rose.

It was in 1834 that the New England families at last abandoned their exclusive worship of Great Cthulhu for that of Glaaki - whose filth-covered idol was found near town - and the rest of the dreadful family of Mythos deities.

As an act of "holy" faith, the people of New Dunwich sacrificed their first-born children as they came of age (18). Since Ahab Harlow had died three years previously, the dubious honor fell to Harrison, who came of age in 1834, and who became the very first of the monstrous sacrifices.

Early in 1835, the now-widowed Katherine gave birth to

a son, whom she named Collin. In 1839 Seth, the last of the Harlow sons, married Rhoda Marsh who, in 1840, died giving birth to triplets: Amos, Lyle, and Jed. Distraught at the loss of his wife, Seth hanged himself on the day of the funeral, leaving his parents, Septimus and Hepzibah, to raise the children. These triplets were seen as a fortuitous omen sent from Glaaki, for they were born just before midnight on Halloween.

In 1843 Septimus Harlow, now 53, became the high priest of the Glaaki cult, under the witch doctor, Papa Jobe. His first - and last - function was to be transformed into a horrid Spectral Hunter with the assistance of Papa Jobe. This was accomplished so that Septimus could forever guard the unholy site of blasphemous worship, protecting the idol of a god he had never even seen, who had never answered one of its followers' prayers.

The Glaaki worship continued, and Hepzibah and her three grandsons came to be looked upon as avatars or prophets of their black god, and as such, they were always treated with reverence.

In 1853 Rose Harlow, first child of Katherine and Harrison, was sacrificed to Glaaki as unholy rite dictated. In 1856 Lyle Harlow married Elvira Allen, and in 1858 they had a son, Armitage.

In that same year Amos Harlow, being the first of the triplets born, was given over to Glaaki on All Hallows' Eve amidst a frenzied and particularly odious ceremony. During that ritual, many cultists, overcome with vile emotions at the passing of one of their avatars, threw themselves into the alligator-infested waters of the Everglades; this bloody

rite of passage continued for three terrible days, culminating in the marriage of Jed Harlow and Rebecca Wilkerson.

In 1859 Collin Harlow, son of Harrison and Kathleen, underwent a startling transformation at the age of 24, this brought about by certain degenerate genes passed down through the Whateley bloodline. Collin was in truth a Deep One, and upon his transformation he left New Dunwich for the profound reaches of the ocean; only a few in the town were aware of what had occurred, but many others guessed.

In 1861 the Civil War began, and both Lyle and Jed Harlow took up arms to serve in the Confederate Army. In 1864 Jed was killed in battle, while Lyle returned home at the end of the war in 1865.

1874 saw the fateful 18th birthday of Lyle and Elvira's only son, Armitage, and his sacrifice to the god in the lake. Twelve years later, Katherine Harlow died at the age of 67.

Finally, in 1890, in the midst of a feverish ritual the waters of the murky worship pool bubbled and roiled, erupting in a blast of slime and filth as a gargantuan creature with countless multicolored metallic spines rose from the depths of the everglades on innumerable grossly fashioned appendages, surveying its worshipers with burning, sulphuric-yellow eyes perched on long, fibrous stalks.

After nearly 60 years of worship, malign Glaaki had responded to the emprications of its minions, and in reward for their efforts several of the townfolk were transformed into undead Servants of Glaaki, as the horror's massive

spines plunged into their chests to pump vile and alien fluids into their bodies; Lyle and Elvira were two of the first to be so taken.

Hepzibah Harlow died a natural death in 1892 – she was 100 years old at that time.

Glaaki continued to appear in the pool at regular intervals over the years, systematically creating undead minions from the ranks of the townspeople – all but the mysterious Papa Jobe, who was spared. The town continued to be “initiated”, until at last, Rebecca became the last, and New Dunwich slowly fell into ruin as the wild Everglades commenced to reclaim the lands these foolish mortals had wrested from it.

It wasn't until three years ago that Brandon Young, distant descendant of the Harlows, claimed Harlow House and moved in. Close upon his arrival, his sleep was haunted by strange dreams which drew him to a murky pool just outside of town.

When he resisted the urges of these dreams, several of the “townsfolk” abducted him and dragged him to the worship pool, where Glaaki rose from the depths in an abortive effort to claim him. Young managed to break free of his cold and clammy captors and fled back to the house, where he hanged himself to escape the fate of his neighbors.

Young's ghost now haunts Harlow House, driving away chance intruders and striving to destroy Glaaki's Servants wherever he is able. In this he has been partially successful, since he has managed to destroy all the undead Harlows, save for Septimus.

Player's Information

THE HARLOW FAMILY HISTORY

Septimus and Hepzibah Harlow were born in 1790 and 1792, respectively. They moved from Dunwich, Mass. to the Florida Everglades in 1830 along with a dozen other families, taking with them their three sons: Ahab, Harrison, and Seth.

With the aid of a mysterious black man who called himself Papa Jobe, they drained some of the marshy land and raised a small town, which they called New Dunwich.

The Harlow's eldest son, Ahab, contracted a mysterious wasting disease and died in 1830 at the age of 15. In 1833, Harrison Harlow married Katherine Whateley at the age of 17; a year later Katherine gave birth to a daughter – Rose.

Early in 1835, the now-widowed Katherine gave birth to a son, whom she named Collin. In 1839 Seth, the last of the Harlow sons, married Rhoda Marsh who, in 1840, died giving birth to triplets: Amos, Lyle, and Jed. Distraught at the loss of his wife, Seth hanged himself on the day of the funeral, leaving his parents, Septimus and Hepzibah, to raise the children.

In 1856 Lyle Harlow married Elvira Allen, and in 1858 they had a son, Armitage. That same year saw the marriage of Jed Harlow and Rebecca Wilkerson.

In 1861 the Civil War began, and both Lyle and Jed Harlow took up arms to serve in the Confederate Army. In 1864 Jed was killed in battle, while Lyle returned home at the end of the war in 1865. In the year 1886, Katherine Harlow died at the age of 67. Hepzibah Harlow died in her sleep in 1892 – she was 100 years old at that time.

THE CONCLUSION

There are many villains to be defeated in this scenario, and while the dangers of doing so are great, so are the rewards.

If the Investigators are successful in defeating not only the foul Glaaki and his undead minion Crawford Slater but also manage to triumph against Papa Jobe as well, they should receive 1d20 SAN points for a job well done.

Should Slater and his alien god be defeated, while Papa Jobe makes good his escape, then the SAN reward will be

only 1d10 — but the Investigators will have gained a powerful enemy in the person of the undying priest of the Mythos.

Slater's demise and Poppa Jobe's flight from New Dunwich will earn only 1d8 SAN points as a reward. Anything less than this will earn the Investigators a place in Glaaki's deathless army of the night.

Finally, the Harlow family homestead is a worthless piece of property, and will attract no buyers until the government eventually purchases it to be incorporated into Everglades National Park.

SPELL LIST

CALL GLAAKI: Similar to all other Call Deity incantations, this spell must be cast at night, and on the shore of Glaaki's lake, or before the gate into that lake.

CONTACT GLAAKI: This may be cast anywhere, but if it is successful, Glaaki will send 1d6 of his undead Servants to the caster to do the god's bidding.

CONTACT SERVANT OF GLAAKI: As per other Contact Spells, this must be cast at some location where the undead Servants are known to be present, and will cost 3 Magic points.

CREATE GUARDIAN: Similar to Create Zombie, save that it is used to fashion a golem from a humanoid statue, scarecrow, mannequins, and the like. The creature's SIZ, STR, and CON will depend on the materials the creation is fashioned from, i.e. wood, stone, plastic.

The caster must sprinkle an ounce of his own blood over the form of the Guardian while intoning the anciently evil life-giving chant, and forfeits one point of POW permanently for each Guardian created.

The Guardian will have 1d3 of INT, allowing it to follow very basic commands, and a MOVE rate of 5; DEX will vary, depending again upon the material composition of the body. These creatures are impervious to most normal weapons, though enchanted items will cause damage normally. This spell requires a SAN loss of 1d10 points.

TEARS OF SHUB-NIGGURATH: Induces a malodorous black ichor to fall like rain in a 10 foot radius. All plants that this madeningly fertile substance falls upon are endowed with chilling abnormalities and unutterable mutations.

All plants within the area of the spell will receive 1d10 STR, CON, and SIZ, 1d2 INT and 1d4 POW and DEX. They also receive 1 point of movement, 1 point of armor, and 10% in the use of an attack.

The effects of this spell are cumulative, it and can be used a number of times on the same plant to increase its base characteristics, though it will not give the subject something it did not have in the first place; for example, it will not give a rose bush tentacles. It will instead enhance the attributes the plant already possesses.

This spell may only be cast at night during the dark of the moon, and will cost 10 Magic points and 1d4 points of SAN.

THE CALLER IN THE DESERT

by Michael Szymanski

In which a carefree holiday in Egypt becomes a living nightmare from the nighted mists of pre-history.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

It has been a hot, dry, and dusty day through which your rattletrap tour bus has chugged its bouncing, jouncing way over the rough and more often than not unpaved roads connecting the many fascinating historical locales of Egypt's royal past. You have seen many interesting sights during the past three days, each one presented with a sense of high drama by Achmed El-Arim, your guide and driver, who seems to know something about everything – except how to repair a tour bus.

At about noontime, the bus had developed a rather ominous rattle and Achmed, taking an unexpected detour, had barely coaxed the ailing vehicle into the little village of Wadi Ahl Kazir before certain relatively important parts tumbled out upon the dusty ground, leaving you stranded in this tiny Arab community for the three days it will take Achmed to fetch assistance and an impressive list of replacement parts.

Through a process of heated negotiations, your faithful guide has obtained lodging for you in the town. For the reasonable fee of twenty dollars, a large adobe home has been vacated for your use, and you will be provided with two meals a day and water from the village well; you should be fairly comfortable here, despite the inconvenience.

The people of Wadi Ahl Kazir are cheerful and friendly, eager to trade stories told in broken English – the taller the tale the better. As the afternoon wears on, you find yourselves enjoying your stay and the people who have opened their homes to you. All goes quite well – until the night.

You are wrenched from your slumber by strange, nightmarish sounds which claw at the cool evening air, and at first you think that perhaps it is a nightmare, for your rooms are filled with an eerie, multi-hued illumination which flickers in time with a far-off chanting of a most disturbing nature.

Peering out your windows, you find the night sky alive

with light, which silhouettes a small butte out in the desert north-east of town. It is not a pleasant sight to behold, for the colors of the light are all wrong, and it hurts your eyes to observe them for any length of time.

What you find equally disturbing is the fact that the villagers still up and about in Wadi Ahl Kazir appear to be not in the least concerned about this extraordinary and decidedly unnatural event; indeed, they do not even seem to be aware of it!

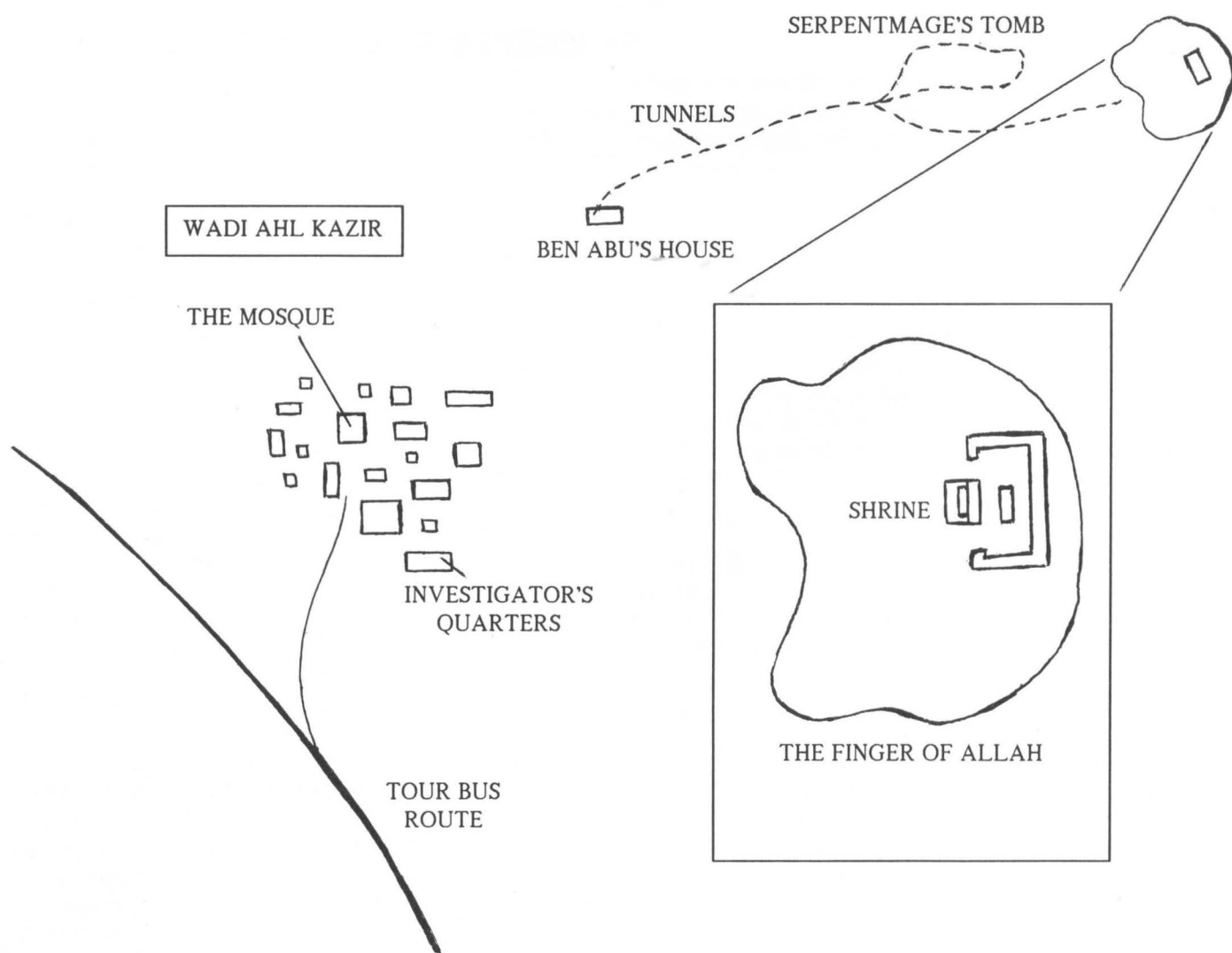
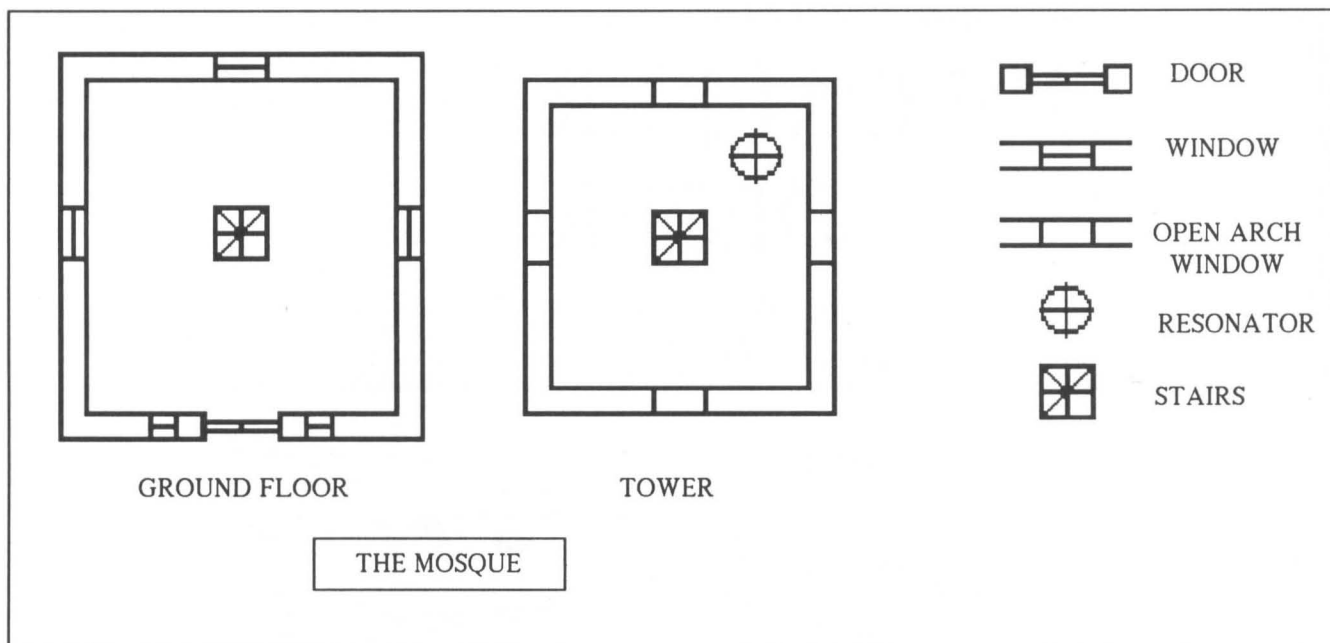
KEEPER'S INFORMATION

This strange phenomenon is the result of an eldritch ceremony designed to prepare the top of the butte for a summoning of Yog-Sothoth. Three months previous to the Investigators' arrival in Wadi Ahl Kazir, a wealthy Egyptian named Yahmed Ben-Abu unearthed a long-forgotten tomb, and in it he discovered the perfectly preserved body of a Serpentfolk sorcerer. Through use of a Resurrection spell, Yahmed brought the ancient, alien wizard back to life in order to learn the deeper secrets of the Mythos.

In return for this knowledge, Yahmed agreed to help the mage establish a present-day colony of Serpentfolk here in the desert near Wadi Ahl Kazir, using dread Yog-Sothoth as the Gateway between past and present. To accomplish this will, of course, require the sacrifice of every soul in the nearby village to the unholy Outer God of Time and Space.

To ensure the success of their dark plot, this vile pair has gained two allies; Lao Tsin of China, and Abner Wattles from America, both travelers of forbidden paths. These four have taken up residence in Yahmed's two-story home, located midway between the town and the butte; there they have pooled their knowledge and will soon combine their POW to ensure the coming of Yog-Sothoth.

In order to keep the doomed villagers from fleeing in panic and spreading a warning, the Serpentmage constructed the Resonator, a device whose emanations affect the human mind, directing it to ignore anything that is out of the ordinary – such as the strange lights in the



evening sky. The Resonator was placed in the tower of the mosque at the center of town, and anyone making a successful Listen roll at half their skill level will be able to just make out the unpleasant, high-pitched hum of the device as it does its foul work.

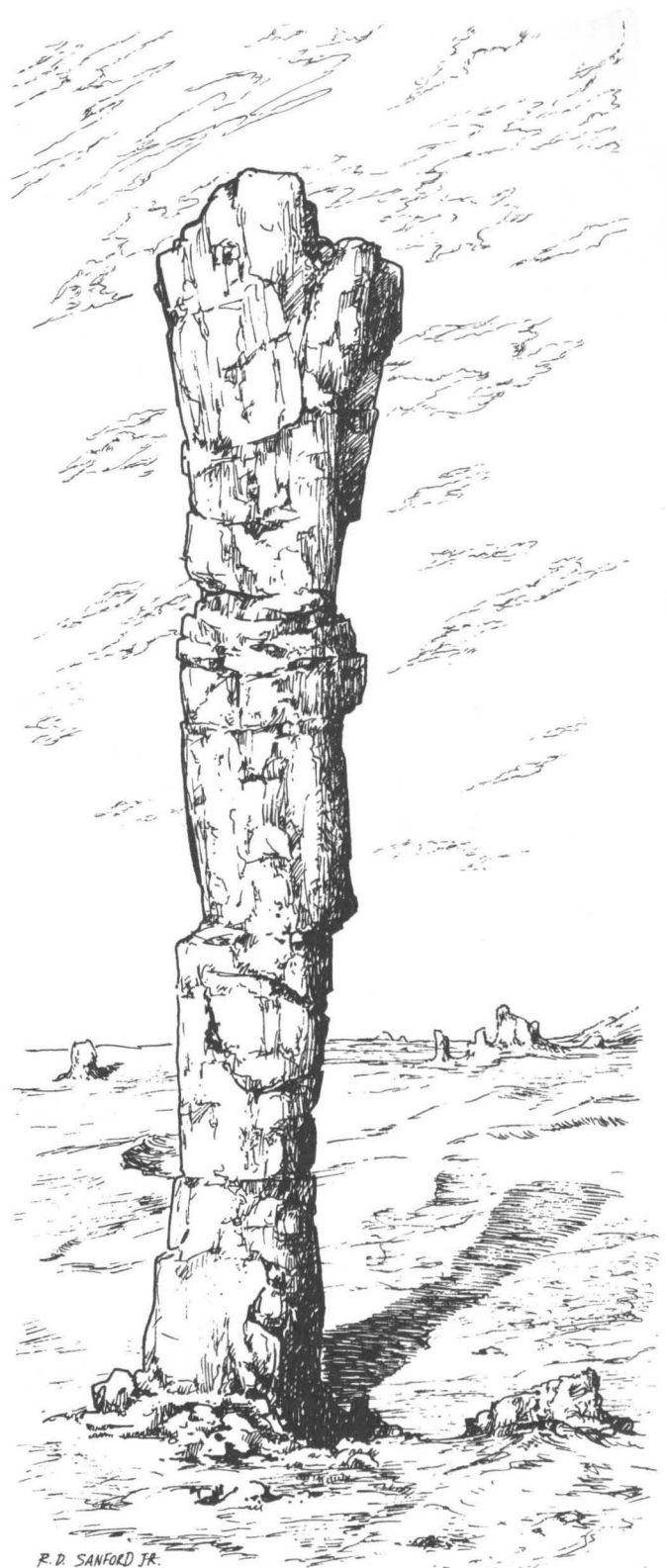
Since the Resonator is functioning perfectly, the people of Wadi Ahl Kazir will be completely unaware of the bizarre events transpiring before their very eyes, and if questioned about such things, they will politely suggest that perhaps the Investigators have been out in the sun too long. Persistence on the part of the Investigators will lead to a decline in hospitality and eventually to open hostility, for the Resonator is forcing these people to resist the truth.

The Investigators will be spared from the effects of this infernal device for three days only, for it takes that long for the Resonator to establish its full effect on the human mind. On the second day, each Investigator must match his POW against the Resonator's POW of 15, or they will forget entirely about the strange goings-on in Wadi Ahl Kazir, and will remember only if reminded of it by an Investigator who won the POW struggle. Anyone missing this roll on the third day will behave as the villagers, and will refuse to believe that anything untoward is transpiring in the peaceful little town.

If the Resonator is located, it will prove difficult to approach. Firstly, Moslem priests are, to say the least, reluctant to allow infidels into their holy places, and unless an Investigator can make a successful Oratory roll, the party will not enter the mosque at Wadi Ahl Kazir without a fight to the death. Should the party gain access to the mosque by guile, stealth, or force of arms, they will find a flight of stone steps in the center of the single-chambered structure which leads up to the tower; this is where the difficulty begins.

Starting at the base of the stairs, any Investigator attempting to ascend into the tower must match their POW against the Resonator's POW of 15 once each round. Any Investigator who loses the POW struggle will lose interest in the tower, and will not remember the purpose for being in the mosque in the first place, until they are reminded of the facts by another member of the party.

The Resonator is a strangely sculpted, amorphous shape of blue-black metal of unknown origin which vibrates at an incredible rate. It has 5 points of armor and 40 Breakage Points, sustaining only minimum damage from all impaling weapons, but full damage from blunt or enchanted weapons and spells such as Shrivelling. Anyone touching the Resonator, or who holds a weapon which successfully hits it will take half of any damage scored against the device, and will also permanently lose 1 point of POW, which will be transferred to the Resonator.



If the Resonator is destroyed, the villagers will retain no memories of any strange occurrences in the night, but anything happening after the device is rendered inoperative will be clearly recalled, something the Investigators should keep in mind if they wish to keep a low profile.

THE FINGER OF ALLAH

This tall, slender geological oddity dragged from the fiery depths of the earth by the ancient serpent mages rears some 100 feet above the desert, its summit inaccessible to anyone approaching it overland. Anyone attempting to scale these steep flanks with the proper equipment (pitons, rope, etc.) must make five successful Climb rolls to reach the top; those attempting the ascent without equipment must make these rolls at one quarter of their skill level.

The Finger of Allah is being used as the pillar which is necessary to the summoning of Yog-Sothoth, and in times long past it was used for many other such abominable rites performed by the Serpentfolk. The only safe route to the summit of the Finger of Allah is an ancient tunnel which runs from the cellar of Yahmed Ben-Abu's house to a small, crumbling shrine resting on the flat tabletop of the butte.

The shrine atop the Finger consists of a single room housing an interior altar which slides aside to reveal a flight of centuried steps descending into the tunnel to Ben-Abu's house. Whether encountering the altar from above or below, a successful Spot Hidden roll will reveal to the Investigators the disguised touchstone which will cause the altar to move aside. The exterior altar is flanked by the only two doors of the shrine, and it is upon this slab that all sacrifices will take place.

The top of the butte is perfectly flat, the hard rock polished smooth by the blasting of desert sand. It bears no feature other than the shrine.

To supply the needed human sacrifices for a summoning, six villagers are kept prisoner in the cellar of Ben-Abu's house. Each night, one of the prisoners is drugged and taken to The Finger of Allah, on the chance that his blood might be needed quickly.

Anyone approaching the Finger by day will go unmolested, for the plotters are certain that no one will discover their secret. But should the approach be made in the night, the hapless Investigators will run afoul of a ravening Hunting Horror, summoned up by the Serpentmage for just such a contingency. The Investigators will be easily seen from the top of the Finger, and the Serpentmage will summon the Hunting Horror when the party is between Yahmed's house and the butte, leaving them no place to hide.

THE HUNTING HORROR

STR	35	CON	13	SIZ	35
INT	14	POW	15	DEX	16
Move	7/11 flying			HP	24

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Bite	65%	1d6 + 3d6
Tail	90%	grapple

SAN: 1d10, or no loss if a successful SAN roll is made.

Spells: Summon Hunting Horror, Contact Nyarlathotep

Armor: 9 points. Cannot be impaled by firearms.

THE SERPENTMAGE'S TOMB

Approximately one quarter of the way along the subterranean route to The Finger of Allah there is a side passage, crumbling and partially collapsed, which wends its way into the tomb of the Serpentmage.

This is a circular chamber of basalt, its walls covered with the disturbing hieroglyphs of the Serpentfolk language. In the center of the chamber is an intricately carved sarcophagus, again of Serpentfolk design.

The lid of the sarcophagus has been dragged aside, and rests on end against the back of this large stone coffin, which is, of course, empty.

This particular section of the Serpentfolk ruins is quite unstable, and liable to collapse at any moment. For every 15 minutes the Investigators examine the tomb, there will be a 15% chance that a section of tunnel will collapse, requiring 1d8 hours for the Investigators to dig themselves out.

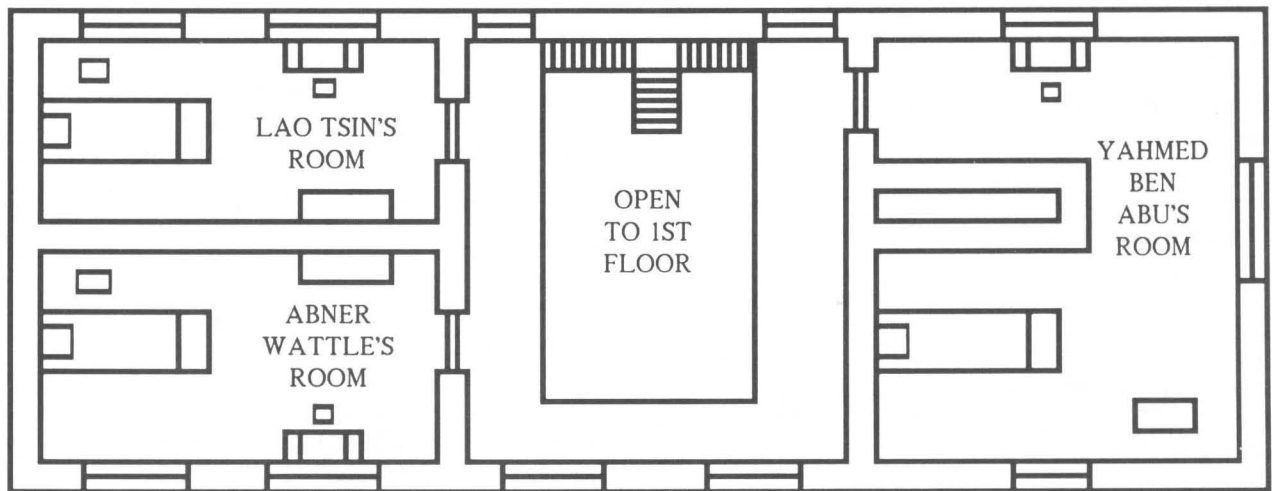
THE HOUSE OF YAHMED BEN-ABU

This is a rectangular adobe building constructed on the foundation of a much older structure, most likely from the era of the Serpentfolk. The ground floor holds nothing of any great interest, save for an abundance of Egyptian antiquities. In the library, though, there will be found a large collection of books concerning ancient Egypt; a successful Spot Hidden roll will draw attention to certain bizarre volumes which speculate wildly about pre-Egyptian civilizations which are claimed to have existed in this area.

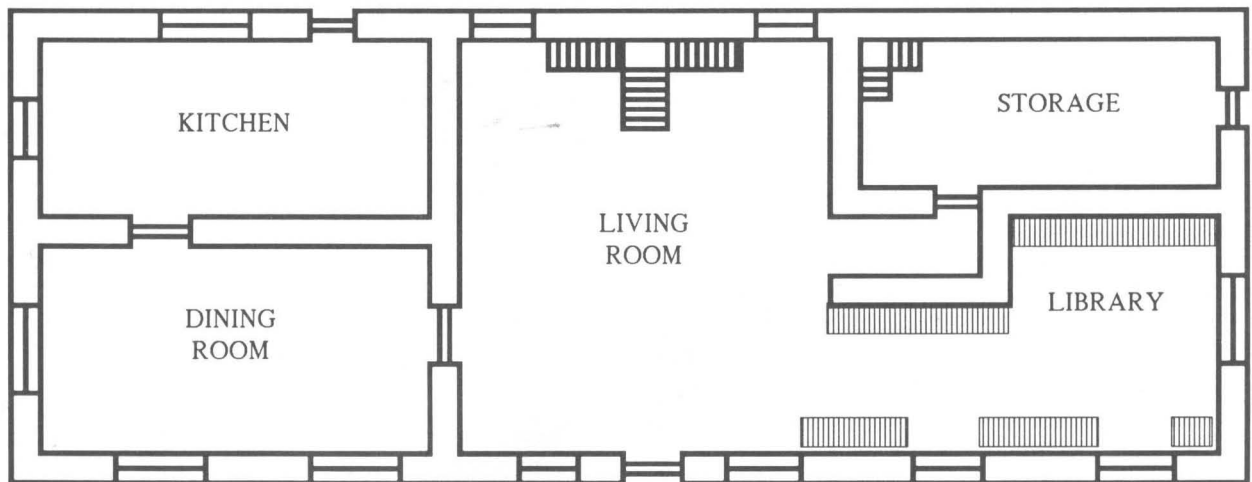
The second floor is taken up by two guest bedrooms and Yahmed's quarters. If the Investigators search the guest bedrooms, a successful Spot Hidden in each will be

THE HOUSE OF YAHMED BEN ABU

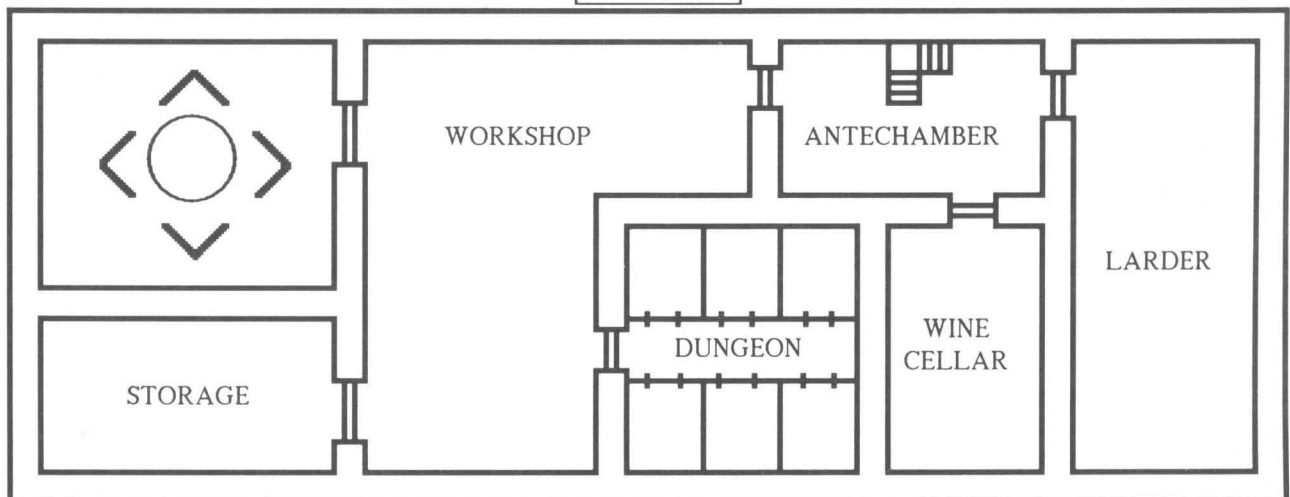
2ND FLOOR



1ST FLOOR



BASEMENT



required to discover the books hidden there: Lao Tsin's copy of *The Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan* is nestled between the mattresses of the Chinaman's bed, while Abner Wattle's *Ponape Scripture* rests in the gloom beneath his dresser.

Also, in the trunk containing Lao Tsin's extra robes there will be found a phial of strange fluid which a successful Mythos roll will identify as Plutonian Drug. In a similar trunk in Wattle's room is a small silver whistle used in the summoning of Byakhee.

In Yahmed's room, a copy of *Azathoth and Others* lies in plain view on Ben-Abu's desk, and a much-used copy of *The Book of Dzryan* hidden in the lower right-hand drawer will be discovered on a successful Spot Hidden roll. One other book in this room will be of special interest: *Desert Dwellers*, by Jerome Kettlewell, which is a fairly accurate accounting of the ancient Serpentfolk civilization, including a description of a shrine located atop a slender butte in the middle of the desert. The terrible inferences contained in this tome will require the reader to make a SAN roll or lose 1d3 points of Sanity. There is no loss on a successful roll.

The cellar is the domain of the Serpentmage. All doors here are of stout imported oak with heavy iron hinges and latches; each is securely locked and has a STR of 20, but a successful Mechanical Repair roll will easily defeat the locks. The cellar walls are made of thick bassalt blocks, somewhat worn by the passing of centuries; these are the walls of the original Serpentfolk temple, which is why the ancient mage feels most at home here.

The stairs from the Storage Room on the ground floor descend into the Antechamber in the cellar, but there is no hint of the eldritch horror lurking behind that door in the north-west wall. The other chambers appear as follows:

The Mage's Workshop. The walls here are lined with workbenches, on which rest a variety of incomplete outre devices and bubbling concoctions that are most deadly to humans. Upon a wrought-iron stand in the middle of the room there is a thick book whose pages are sheets of paper-thin metal inscribed with the heiroglyphs of the Serpentfolk; only the mage knows what is written there, for these glyphs cannot be translated.

Storage. This is where the Serpentmage keeps most of the items which were entombed with him upon the event of his first death. For the most part they are personal possessions, but hanging on the north wall is a tapestry depicting a Serpentfolk ceremony of major proportions being conducted at the shrine atop the Finger of Allah. Seeing this blasphemous work of art will cost the viewer

1d6 points of SAN unless a successful SAN roll is made, in which case there will be a 1 point loss.

The Ceremonial Chamber. Here countless ancient rites of blood sacrifice were performed, the strange glowing symbol inscribed on the floor serving as a focus for dark and vile forces. The Serpentmage worships here for one hour each evening, beginning at midnight. The circle at the center of the arcane symbol is a trap door opening to a shaft containing a series of metal rungs descending into the tunnel to the Finger of Allah. A successful Spot Hidden roll will locate the door, but a successful Mechanical Repair or an Idea roll at half is required to figure out that one must push down on the circle, then shove sideways to move the slab out of the way beneath the floor. After 60 seconds, the slab will move back into the closed position unless it has been jammed open.

The Dungeon. This is where the six hapless villagers are imprisoned in bare stone cells with no light and little food. All six men are weakened by their ordeal, and live in mortal fear of the Serpentmage, whom they believe to be a demon summoned up by Yahmed Ben-Abu. These men speak no English, and are understandably wary of strangers.

THE BEDOUNS

In order to deal with more mundane threats to his security, Ben-Abu maintains in his employ three Bedouin bandits who possess no scruples whatsoever, and who are willing to do whatever their employer asks of them.

Each is a skilled fighter, and all three are deadly with the razor-sharp scimitars which they keep strapped at their sides at all times, even when they carry their well-tended rifles.

The bandits walk a nightly patrol around the house, dividing the evening into three watches, though they will never venture too far from the house, having been informed of what awaits them in the cool and silent desert.

During the day, these three miscreants keep to themselves, lounging around their camp, which they have set up just behind Ben-Abu's house, near enough to quickly respond to their master's call.

The Bandits	1	2	3
STR	15	14	16
CON	14	13	15
SIZ	15	14	14
INT	10	13	15
POW	13	12	14
DEX	11	13	14

Hit points	14	13	14
Move	8	8	8
Damage bonus	+1d4	-	+1d4

<u>Weapon</u>	<u>Attack%</u>	<u>Damage</u>
Scimitar	65%	1d8+1
Rifle	45%	2d6+3

Skills: Climb 45%, Dodge 50%, Jump 40%, Ride 70%, Throw 40% First Aid 55%, Listen 45%, Spot Hidden 65%, Track 50%, Hide 55%, Sneak 50%.

Armor: None

Spells: None

THE SAND DWELLERS

To further protect himself and his diabolical scheme, the Serpentmage has contacted and bargained with a group of six Sand Dwellers. These horrid creatures prowl the desert around Wadi Ahl Kazir in the night, hunting down those foolish enough to leave the protection of the village at so late an hour.

If the Investigators make themselves known to the plotters during the day, the Sand Dwellers will be sent into town that night to deal with the intruders. The raid will take place at 2 AM, and a successful Listen roll at half will warn of the hostile approach.

Should the Investigators set out for Yahmed's house or the butte after nightfall the Sand Dwellers will stalk them, attempting to pick them off one by one, harrying them every step of the way. However, once they reach the mid-way point between Yahmed's and the Finger of Allah they will retreat, for they have been warned of the Hunting Horror that will deal with such determined meddlers.

The Sand Dwellers

	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>6</u>
STR	14	9	7	12	11	13
CON	13	12	10	14	14	18
SIZ	15	13	15	14	15	16
INT	14	11	13	9	9	12
POW	13	10	14	9	11	13
DEX	14	13	14	9	10	9
HP	14	12	12	14	14	17
Move	8	8	8	8	8	8

<u>Weapon</u>	<u>Attack %</u>	<u>Damage</u>
Claws (2)	30 %	1d6 + 1d4

Armor: 3 points

Spells:#3 has Contact Cthonian, Contact Sand Dweller, and Shrivelling.

Skills: Hide in Cover 60%, Spot Hidden 50%

SAN: 1d6 points unless a successful SAN roll is made, in which case there is no loss.

Any Sand Dwellers who survive the Investigators' outbound journey will be lying in wait along the route back to Wadi Ahl Kazir. If the plotters are defeated, these creatures will vanish into the fastness of the desert.

YAHMED BEN-ABU

STR 10	CON 16	SIZ 12
INT 15	POW 17	DEX 13
SAN 55	HP 14	EDU 18

Skill: Bargain 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dodge 25%, First Aid 50%, Listen 30%, Occult 50%, Oratory 45%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 25%, Handgun 40%, Rifle 45%.

Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

Yahmed is a tall, lanky man with jet-black hair and a permanent scowl. He is helping the Serpentmage only to gain further dark knowledge, and once he has learned all that the ancient sorcerer can teach him, he intends to recite the Resurrection spell backwards, thus returning the Serpentmage to the realm of the dead.

LAO TSIN

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 10
INT 17	POW 19	DEX 17
SAN 39	HP 12	EDU 17

Skills: Astronomy 30%, Bargain 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Dodge 26%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Listen 50%, Occult 90%, Psychology 75%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, Knife Attack 50%, Hatchet 50%, Fist and Kick Attack 60% with a 1d4 Damage Bonus.

Spells: Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign, Dread Curse of Azathoth.

This is a man of an age somewhere between ninety and two thousand. His hair is pure white, as is his long and slender mustache; though he may appear old and frail, he is a master of martial arts, who will no doubt surprise the Investigators with his agility and Damage Bonus. Lao Tsin is a man who seeks after power, and cares little about the means whereby he achieves it.

ABNER WATTLES

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 13
INT 15	POW 16	DEX 14
SAN 49	HP 13	EDU 15

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Dodge 28%, First Aid 50%, Listen 35%, Occult 45%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 45%, Handgun 45%, Shotgun 40%

Spells: Contact Deep One, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Contact Old One.

This short, portly man with pallid skin and bulging eyes looks uncomfortably fish-like, a legacy of his ancestors' dealings with the Deep Ones. He is the most uns subtle of the three humans, and rarely will he ever be seen without his loaded shotgun; neither is he ever without his .38 revolver. He is perfectly willing to employ either weapon at the slightest provocation, especially to ensure the success of the evil plot he is currently involved in.

THE SERPENTMAGE

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 13
INT 20	POW 18	DEX 14
HP 14		

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Bite	35%	1d8+Poison (Potency 15)

Skills: Astronomy 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 80%, Dodge 55%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 70%

Spells: Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Contact Sand Dweller, Contact Yig, Call Yog-Sothoth, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Flesh Ward, Summon Child of Yig, Wither Limb.

This foul creature is determined to establish a new colony of Serpentfolk at any cost. More importantly, he despises humans, whom he considers to be a batch of apes who got above themselves. Once these hairy animals have aided him in the summoning ceremony, they will have the honor of being the first three sacrifices to Yog-Sothoth. When that is done, the entire populace of Wadi Ahl Kazir will be exterminated to ensure a safe haven for the fledgling colony.

THE PRISONERS

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 14
INT 12	POW 13	DEX 14
SAN 70	HP 14	

Skills: Treat Poison 30%, Listen 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 50%, Hide 35%, Sneak 48%, Dodge 45%, Throw 47%.

Spells: None

As previously stated, these men are very weak and extremely wary of strangers, but they will recognize an offer of freedom when they see it, and will gladly assist the Investigators if they can be convinced that the Serpentmage and his cohorts are a common enemy. Once free of the house, they will take off at top speed for Wadi Ahl Kazir and will not, under any circumstances, approach The Finger of Allah.

It should be noted that, three days after their return to town, these men will forget about their ordeal completely, due to the effects of the Resonator.

REWARDS

For defeating the Serpentmage and his human allies, the Investigators should be rewarded 1d10 points of Sanity. Should any of the conspirators escape, the reward is halved, and should all four escape, there will be a 1d8 loss of Sanity.

CONSEQUENCES

Should the ceremony to call forth Yog-Sothoth be interrupted for any reason, the results will prove devastating.

The Serpentmage has drawn upon tremendous powers, and has concentrated them upon the shrine atop The Finger of Allah. Should his concentration be broken, so will his control of that power.

Tremendous energy will be released when the Serpentmage's control is broken, and the result will be a detonation of such force as to utterly obliterate The Finger, leaving in its place a fused and blackened crater some fifty feet deep.

Few will ever learn of this mysterious blast, and in time the shifting desert sands will cleanse even that memory from the minds of men.

Upon the death of the Serpentmage the Resonator, if it is still functioning, will dissolve into a puddle of thick, viscous fluid that will quickly evaporate in the dry desert air.

The Investigators have saved the world, but once more they cannot prove it, and so must remain the unsung heroes.

THE SUNDIAL OF AMEN-TET

By Scott David Aniolowski

In which a family crisis leads to a time-traveling madman.

TO THE KEEPER

This scenario is complete in itself, yet its structure is loose enough to allow it to fit into an on-going campaign. The action was designed for fun and sheer terror, and it is hoped that the players will find both as they search for the terrible Sundial of Amen-tet.

INTRODUCTION

One of the Investigators will receive "A Frantic Call" from the Handouts Section, detailing an hysterical phone call from that Investigator's sister in Buffalo, New York, concerning the disappearance of her son Matthew, and a desperate plea for assistance. Once Iris hangs up the phone, she will rush from the house and head for the police station to take up a determined vigil there, and so she will not be home should the Investigator call her back.

A FRANTIC CALL

The date is September 20, 1923, a beautiful fall day; sunny and warm, with just a hint of breeze which rustles through leaves on the verge of Autumn color. This has been a restful time for you, but even as you enjoy this heaven-sent peace, you know in your heart that it cannot last, and that knowledge makes your pleasure all the more intense.

And then your serenity is shattered by a telephone call from your sister Iris, who lives in Buffalo, New York. Iris is quite hysterical and can barely do more than babble incoherently. From what you are able to piece together, something has happened to your nephew Matthew, that he has disappeared.

At last, she pleads with you to come to Buffalo and then, saying that the car is ready, she hangs up, leaving you puzzled and frightened, your peaceful serenity shattered from an unexpected source.

You attempt to call Iris back, to calm her down and get the facts straight, but there is no answer; apparently she has left the house. Something is wrong, and you are totally in the dark. What can you do? There seems to be only one answer; get to Buffalo as fast as you can.

Poor Matthew has in fact been kidnapped, and is being held prisoner by one Malachai Nehemia Kloss, and is to be used as a human sacrifice to an ancient and darkly powerful artifact of the Mythos.

Kloss, a local spiritualist, has recently begun to acquire a measure of notoriety because of a string of startlingly accurate predictions. Unknown to his many fans, Kloss has been able to predict the future through the use of a Mythos artifact known as the Sundial of Amen-Tet, which actually allows him to travel forward in time and thus actually experience the future.

Kloss has been responsible for the disappearances of many young men over the past several months, for he needs them as sacrifices to the Sundial. To this point, he has been most discrete in his search for suitable victims, and has yet to fall under suspicion from the police.

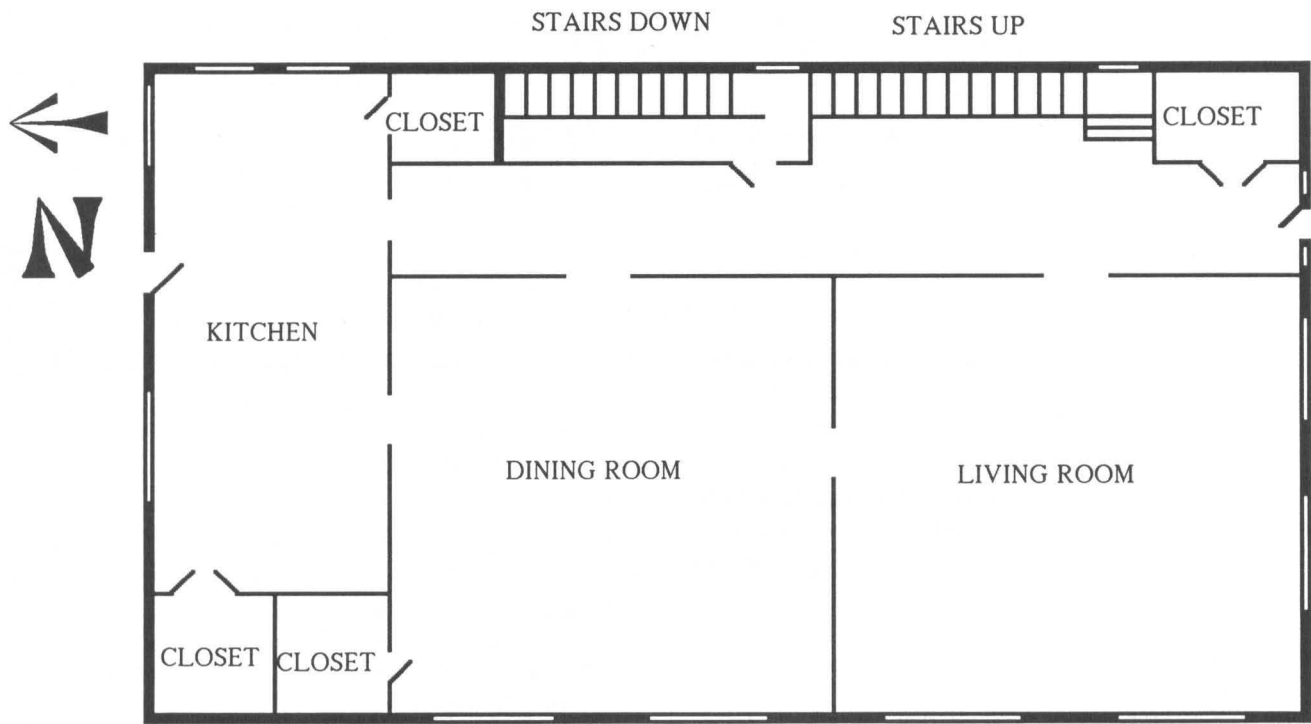
The despicable Kloss will sacrifice the unfortunate Matthew in three days from his mother's frantic call for help. Can the Investigators stop Kloss and save the boy from an abominable fate? This will surely prove to be a race against time, in more ways than one!

THE CITY OF BUFFALO

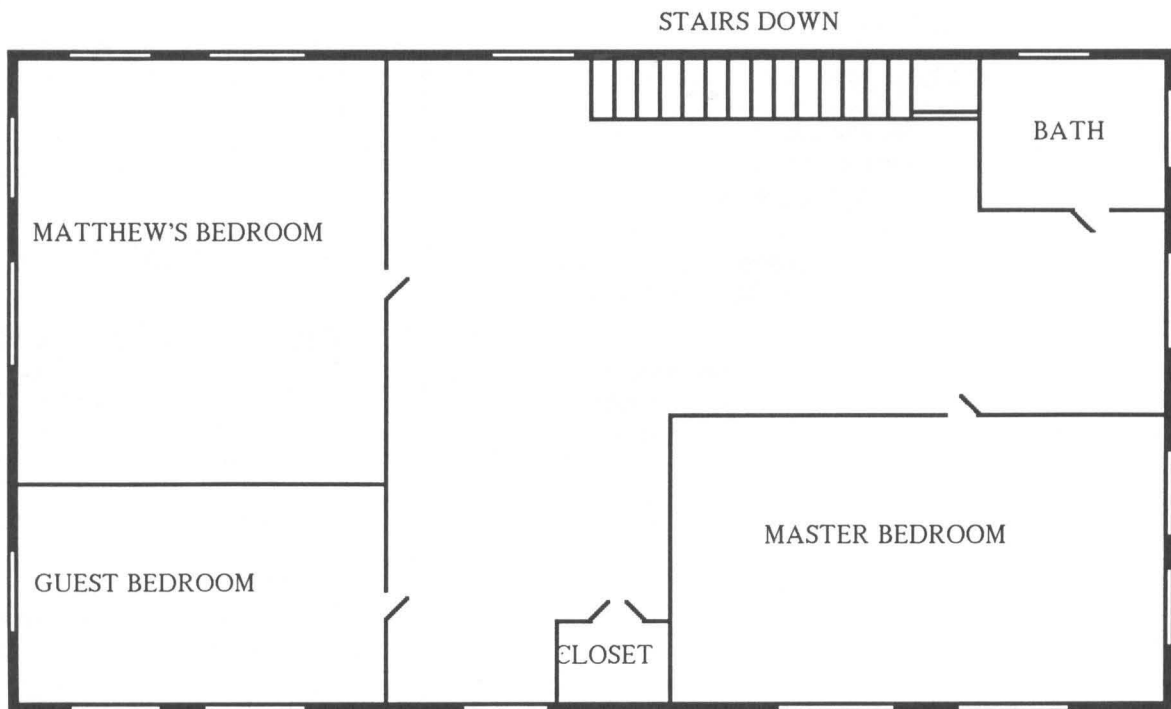
THE HOME OF IRIS KRAMER

The Investigator's sister, Iris, and Robert Kramer, along with their only child, Matthew, live in an old but quaint home in the heart of Buffalo's private community. It is a large wood and stone structure painted a dark brown set off by black trim. The house is two floors high, and there is an add-on garage on the right side. Since the houses in this neighborhood are rather close together, there is very little yard, but Iris keeps a small vegetable garden in the back, and several large rose bushes adorn the front facade.

When the Investigators arrive all is still and quiet, and a knock at the front or back door will elicit no response. A successful Idea roll will help the related Investigator remember the location of a spare key - beneath a small rock in front of the third rose bush from the door. If this roll is missed, then someone will have to pick a lock or break a



KRAMER HOUSE FIRST FLOOR



KRAMER'S HOUSE SECOND FLOOR

window in order to gain access to the house.

THE FIRST FLOOR

THE LIVINGROOM: This is a moderately-furnished room, typically middle-class, and the related Investigator will notice that nothing has changed since his or her last visit. A successful Spot Hidden Roll will reveal a folded newspaper on the floor next to a large and well-worn armchair. The paper is folded so that a curious article is readily visible; this is "Local Boy Disappears," to be found in the Handouts Section.

LOCAL BOY DISAPPEARS

Early last evening while walking with his girlfriend in Delaware Park, Matthew Kramer was abducted by an unknown assailant. A witness stated that at approximately 9:30 she saw a young man and his sweetheart strolling through the park. Moments later, the witness said, she heard a scream and the sounds of a struggle from the direction the young couple had taken.

Rushing to the site where the sounds originated, the witness states she observed nothing of the young couple, but stated that she saw a large truck speeding away from the scene.

Police later searched the area and discovered Miss Susan Darrow, Matthew Kramer's girlfriend, in a state of complete shock. She was about 300 yards from the spot where she and her boyfriend had last been observed. The boy was not found, nor has any trace of him been turned up, despite concerted efforts by the police.

Matthew Kramer is an honor student, and the captain of his highschool football team. The search for the young man continues, as does the investigation into the motives for his disappearance.

Though authorities refused to comment on the matter, this disappearance seems to be only one of several that have taken place in or around the Delaware Park area; police also refuse to speculate that these disappearances may be connected in some way.

THE DINING ROOM: This room is extremely neat, and does not appear to have seen much use for the past two or three days, as there is a thin layer of dust on the table; this in spite of the fact that Iris is a meticulous cleaner. A Spot Hidden roll will find that the large grandfather clock in the far corner has wound down and stopped from lack of rewinding, which must be done every day.

THE KITCHEN: A typical kitchen. A pot of cold coffee sits on the stove and one cup, plate, and set of silverware lie unwashed in the sink.

THE SECOND FLOOR

MATTHEW'S BEDROOM: Everything in this room is quite neat and orderly. There are pictures of a girl (Susan Darrow) on the dresser, along with several trophies and awards for excellence in football. With a thorough search and a successful Spot Hidden roll, the Investigators will find a few love letters to Matthew from Susan, and some cigarettes buried beneath a pile of clothes in the dresser.

A successful Idea roll on the part of the related Investigator will cause the realization that it is rather unusual for Matthew's room to be this neat and clean.

THE MASTER BEDROOM: Iris and Robert's bedroom. This is a messy and unkempt room at the moment; the bed has not been made, and there are clothes lying helter-skelter all about the place. If the Investigators check the clothes, they will find that they all belong to Robert.

There is a folded newspaper on the top of the dresser that is dated September 21, 1923. Within that paper will be found another article of interest, this titled "Body Identified" (see Handouts Section). On the same page will be found "Kloss Announces New Prophecies" (also in the Handouts Section).

BODY IDENTIFIED

The body of a young man discovered by Miss Lavinia Burrough early yesterday has been identified as that of William Meyers. The young man vanished on September 13 in Delaware Park. He was an honor student, and active in school sports.

Services will be held tomorrow at the Murphy-Campbell Funeral Parlor at 11:00 AM this Tuesday. Interment will take place at Forest Lawn Cemetery.

KLOSS ANNOUNCES NEW PROPHECIES

While the world still mourns the death of our President, our own prophet Malachai Kloss reminds us that it was not a surprise, as he informed us back on July 10 that President Harding's assassination was sure to happen.

We are also firmly warned that there are rough waters ahead, and that we should look for a major political scandal early in 1924. Kloss also warns of a power struggle between the Barvarian government and the leader of Germany's Nazi Party early this November. Future fact or charlatan guesswork? Only time will tell.

Also of interest to fans of Malachai Kloss is the fact that he has recently announced plans for a second literary release, scheduled for publication early in 1924. Mr. Kloss promises more shocking revelations and predictions, as well as some new insights into the past.

Mr. Kloss tells us that the tentative title to the follow-up volume to "A Look To Tomorrow" will be "Ancient Predictions and Modern Revelations: The All In One".

GUEST BEDROOM: A spare room, holding nothing of interest.

THE BASEMENT: Small, damp, roughly constructed, and having only what is stored in every average household's basement.

THE GARAGE: Two lawnmowers rest at the back wall, and Robert's car is conspicuous by its absence.

As the Investigators are leaving the Kramer house a stout woman with a thick Polish accent will holler over

from the house next door. She will firmly demand to know their identities and what they are doing snooping around.

When the related Investigator identifies himself, Mrs. Stulniki will express her sympathies, adding that she has always liked Matthew and his parents. She is quite visibly upset; she will explain that Iris took Matthew's disappearance so hard that she had to be put in the hospital, which is where she can be found now. Of Matthew's disappearance, Mrs. Stulniki knows only what she has read in the papers.

BUFFALO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Checking at the admittance desk will reveal that Iris Kramer is in room 412, but that only family members are allowed up to see her – everyone else will have to remain in the lobby.

Iris, a pretty woman, is now pale and gaunt. She has heavy, dark circles under her eyes, and her once beautiful blonde hair lies limp and matted around her worry-ridden features. At her side is her faithful husband Robert.

Robert will be very pleased to see his wife's relative, and will greet the Investigator warmly. There is a note of depression in his voice, however, and his usually strong handshake is a weak shadow of itself.

He will explain that he has gotten very little rest since Matthew's disappearance – even less since Iris was taken to the hospital.

If the Investigator attempts to speak with Iris, she will smile weakly and begin to cry; at this time, she is unable to speak with anyone about her son.

Robert will ask the Investigator to step out into the hall so they can talk. Robert will relate that Matthew did indeed disappear as the papers stated, although nothing was ever found concerning the truck mentioned in the report, nor is there a clue as to who is responsible.

He will go on to say that on September 20 Iris called him at work; she was hysterical and could not stop crying. She had told him that the police had found the body of a young man in the Niagara River, which sent him rushing to the morgue only to find, thankfully, that the body was not his son's.

What he saw, though, made him quite sick, and he will say with deep emotion that he has never seen anything so horrible in his life. He has been plagued by nightmares of what he saw ever since, and he will swear that he will never get over the sight of that body for as long as he lives.

If pressed on this subject, Robert will shakily refuse to talk about it, but will direct the Investigator to the Coroner's Office. If asked about the whereabouts of Susan

Darrow, Robert will say that she is in the psychiatric ward of this hospital, where she is under police guard as a material witness. Robert will then terminate the conversation by saying that he must get back to his wife.

SUSAN DARROW

Matthew Kramer's girlfriend is currently under close observation for deep shock in the Psychiatric Ward of Memorial Hospital. A successful Fast Talk roll or a bribe of \$30 to a staff member will get the Investigators into Susan's room; otherwise they will have to search the ward room by room, wasting valuable time. With each room checked, a successful Luck roll at half must be made; success indicates the room has been located. Each wrong room will cost the Investigators ten minutes.

One or both of Susan's parents will be present in her room 75% of the time, and they will not take kindly to any strangers who try to speak with their daughter. A successful Debate roll is required to coax Mr. or Mrs. Darrow into permitting such an interview.

Should this roll fail, the Investigators will be asked to leave, and they will not be able to try again because the Darrows, already at wit's end, will threaten them with arrest, and will indeed call the police should the Investigators persist.

The Darrows are a wealthy family; Lydia is a socialite and Douglas a lawyer, who has a certain amount of pull with the local authorities, and he will not hesitate to use that pull to make life miserable for any Investigator whom he thinks is endangering the welfare of his daughter.

Susan Darrow is in a state of near catatonia. A successful Spot Hidden or Idea roll will cause the Investigators to notice that the girl's hair has turned pure white!

She will be aware of the people in the room with her, but she will avoid all eye contact, and will speak only if a designated Investigator is successful in one of the following rolls: Hypnotism (the Investigator must have Hypnotism as an optional skill), Psychoanalysis, or a POW vs POW on the Resistance Table (Susan has a POW of 10).

If the Investigator is unsuccessful with his roll, Susan will lapse into unconsciousness, earning a strongly worded invitation to leave from her parent(s). If, however, Susan is coaxed into speaking, she will ramble through the following account, crying and shaking violently as she talks.

"Matthew... It was horrible...poor Mat...in the park...we were in the park...walking...holding hands...he wanted to kiss me...I said no...not in public... We went off the walkway...into the trees...the trees...in the park...the trees...the smell...something smelled...bad...like the zoo but...worse. Matthew didn't notice...said he didn't hear the

noise either...poor Mat... The it was there...huge! A shape...dark...that smell! Black and smelly...coming at us through the trees...the trees...dark...huge...I ran...I started screaming and then I ran...behind me...I hear it behind me and Matthew yelled and I ran and I didn't hear Mat any more... He was gone...the thing got him...that big black...poor Mat...God help me...the trees tore my dress, cut my skin but I kept running and I left Matthew...I left him to that thing!

At this point Susan will break into uncontrollable fits of sobbing and will not be able to continue. The Investigators will get no more from this unfortunate girl.

LAVINIA BURROUGH

Miss Lavinia lives in a small home on the shore of the Niagara River. She lives alone, with the exception of her five dogs.

If the Investigators visit Miss Burrough, there is a 50% chance that Meccos Kalamai will be there, and that his large panel truck will be parked out front. Mr. Kalamai and Miss Burrough are sweethearts, and he is frequently seen at her home. Mr. Kalamai is the keeper of the bear exhibits at the Buffalo Zoo, and is known to be very good with all animals.

If he is there when the Investigators arrive, they will notice the strange effect he has on Miss Burrough's dogs; with but a few words, he can calm the normally excitable and noisy animals.

Lavinia is a grumpy and miserable woman for her age, who has been known to chase off strangers with a large cleaver. She hates intrusions, and will not hesitate to set her German Shepards loose on any trespassers.

These dogs are viscious, and will listen only to their master and Mr. Kalamai. The Investigators have a chance of getting information from Lavinia if one of their number can make a successful Fast Talk or Debate roll at half skill level. If this is done, she will grouchily relate what she knows.

On the morning of September 20, while hanging out her wash, she saw her pack of dogs dragging something large and bulky out of the river. When she went to investigate, she was horrified to discover the body of a young man, whom police later identified as William Meyers.

Beyond this, Lavinia will say no more, and if the Investigators persist, then she will call her beloved canines into play, leaving no doubt that the interview is at an end, though the dogs will never cause serious injury.

THE CITY MORGUE

A successful Fast Talk roll at the morgue will get the Investigators in to see Clarence Whittaker, Assistant

Coroner.

When questioned about the condition of William Meyers' body, Whittaker will reply that it was in a very bad state, and that he was not able to determine the exact cause of death. The naked body was found with several odd punctures in the chest area, a great hole in the left side, and almost every bone had been crushed. There were also marks like rope burns on both wrists, and numerous small scratches and bruises all over the body.

Whittaker has several photos of the body in his file, and for a bribe of \$50 he will allow the Investigators to view them. A SAN roll will be required of anyone who looks at these frightening photos, the Sanity loss being 1d3, or one point on a successful roll.

At this point, request a Psychology roll. Anyone making it will see that Whittaker appears to be disturbed about something as he looks at the pictures again. If questioned, he will reluctantly explain that part of a badly decomposed body in much the same condition was found in July of this year.

The gruesome discovery was made by a fisherman on the Niagara River. The corpse was identified as Kenneth Wilton, 17, who had been missing since December 29, 1922. Most of the bones were crushed, and there were odd teeth-like marks on a number of them. The flesh was of course decayed to such an extent that no other wounds or marks could be identified with certainty.

Neither body had water in the lungs, indicating that the boys had been dead before they went into the water. Whittaker feels that the deaths may have been caused by the same kind of animal, but he has no idea what kind, and his superiors have ignored the theory.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS

A successful Fast Talk along with an Oratory roll, or a bribe of \$100 to the desk sergeant, will get the Investigators in to get a look at the Police Files, which are found in the Handout Section.

Should the Investigators check into the missing persons files, they will find as many as 30 people have been reported missing since December of 1922. The Investigators will notice on a successful Spot Hidden roll that more than half of those reported missing are young men between the ages of 16 and 25.

There does not appear to be any pattern to the disappearances, except that they have all taken place at night or in the very early hours of the morning. Of those missing, only the bodies of Kenneth Wilton and William Meyers have been found.

The "Missing Persons List" is available in the Handouts Section, as are the two recent "Investigating Officer's Reports".

The police are quite stumped, and have found no clues so far concerning any of the disappearances. The Investigators will be able to find out that the witness mentioned in the September 20 article about Matthew's disappearance is a local hobo named Big Ruth, who can usually be found in the Delaware Park area.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

If the Investigators check into back issues of the newspaper for articles concerning Malachai Kloss, a Library Use roll will be required to find each of the following articles:

"Spiritualist Predicts Changes in Europe," "Kloss Predictions Come True," "Kloss Releases New Predictions," and "Local Psychic Published," all to be found in the Handouts Section.

SPIRITUALIST PREDICTS CHANGES IN EUROPE

January 5, 1923

Malachai Kloss, a local spiritualist, has informed this reporter that he has foreseen a major union of territories in Asia soon that will create a powerful new nation. According to Mr. Kloss, Russia, Ukraine, Transcaucasia, and White Russia are about to confederate and establish the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. He has also predicted that Belgian and French troops will occupy the Ruhr district of Germany.

For those who believe in the supernatural, I say fine, but those of us with the least bit of common sense say "Hogwash!"

KLOSS PREDICTIONS COME TRUE

February 10, 1923

Malachai Kloss, spiritualist, psychic, and self-proclaimed prophet, has shocked the world with his startlingly accurate predictions of the future.

On January 5 of this year this reporter listed Mr. Kloss' predictions as given to me by him, and as we now know, history has proven him correct on all counts. When asked how he could make such astoundingly accurate predictions, Mr. Kloss simply replied, "I am on intimate terms with the spirit world".

There are those, of course, who are skeptical of Mr. Kloss' "spiritworld contacts", and insist that it was all simply good guesswork, coupled with a superior eye for world politics.

In any case, we will just have to wait and see if Malachai Kloss can give the world further proof of his prophetic insights. This reporter says it cannot be done again!

KLOSS RELEASES NEW PREDICTIONS

April 7, 1923

Buffalo's own Malachai Kloss has again made his astounding predictions for our future. Since his rise to fame in February of this year, Mr. Kloss has become an international sensation among occult circles, where he is being hailed as the new Nostradamus.

In a recent interview, Mr. Kloss stated that "this is all very nice, but I am simply using my God-given talent to better the world by providing some advance warning of the shape of things to come."

LOCAL PSYCHIC PUBLISHED

July 10, 1923

Our own Malachai Kloss has just released his first full-length literary work, "A Look to Tomorrow", which is a collection of prophecies and predictions of our future.

Mr. Kloss has become much in demand by occult organizations as well as several colleges and universities. He had spent most of March touring and giving lectures at universities in New York, and says that July and August will also be devoted to the lecture circuit.

Mr. Kloss' latest prediction is a depressing one. He tells us to expect the death of President Harding early this August. We can only hope that this time Mr. Kloss' gift will fail him.

A Library Use roll will be needed to locate a copy of *A Look to Tomorrow*. The tome is packed with predictions, all of which will come true as time passes, so if asked for specifics, the Keeper may consult the timeline for the twenties in the Call of Cthulhu Sourcebook.

If the entire volume is read – a task that will require all of a week – not a single reference to any Mythos-related material will be found. On the back cover of the book is a photo of Kloss, a man in his late 50's with white hair and a somber face. He wears round, wire-frame glasses and is dressed entirely in black, including black gloves. In this picture, he is holding his hands together in the shape of a pyramid.

If the Investigators are searching for other information on Kloss, another Library Use roll will lead them to *Thirty Years of Psychical Research*, by 1915 Nobel Prize winner Charles Richet. In this book Richet calls Kloss "a fraud and a fake ... one of the many who profess the gift of divinity but are found sorely lacking." This volume was printed early in 1923.

DELAWARE PARK

This large range of parkland within the city was the site of the attack on Matthew and Susan. The park is rather quiet and still now, and the sounds of running water from Scajaquada Creek can easily be heard. The Creek connects the Niagara River and Park Lake – a small body of water stretching through the park and into nearby Forest Lawn

Cemetery. Young couples stroll hand in hand around the park during the day and early evening, but late at night there are few people to be found here.

Having no real idea where the attack on Matthew took place, the Investigators will find nothing of interest on that score. But if they are searching for the hobo Big Ruth, they may stumble upon her with a successful Luck and Spot Hidden roll.

If successful, they will encounter a stout woman in a soiled and torn coat, who seems to have taken up residence on a park bench. A stack of newspapers serves as her blanket, and two stuffed shopping bags rest on the ground within easy reach.

If encountered in the evening, Big Ruth will not take kindly to having her "beauty sleep" interrupted, but she won't mind talking to someone who is interested in what she has to say. She will ramble on about all manner of subjects, but she will not mention Matthew's disappearance unless asked directly.

If the Investigators express an interest, she will hint that she knows a thing or two that the papers didn't print. Seeing she has a captive audience, she will offer to tell all in exchange for a bottle of wine. She will insist on getting the wine before she tells her story, which includes a tour of the spot where the incident took place.

The Keeper, and the Investigators as well, will need to remember that this is the Era of Prohibition, and that alcohol will be difficult to find in most places. Big Ruth will volunteer a source of illegal hooch, and will even take them there if they are interested (*See the Speak-Easy*).

Once Ruth has the wine in her possession, she will escort the Investigators to the spot where she last saw Matthew Kramer. On the way, she will relate her story.

BIG RUTH'S STORY

(To Be Read Aloud)

"I wuz jist goin' 'bout my business when I seen that young couple. They wuz a real pair a' sweethearts, they wuz. He were so big n' handsome, an' she were so sweet an' beautiful – made me remember my younger days an' my own sweetheart. 'Course we wern't cute as them I saw, but we wuz cute enuf for us.

"Anyway, it wuz a warm night, but there wun't many folks around in the park. These two, they wuz holdin' hands and talkin' quiet to themselves – I think he was after a little kiss, but she din't want to, least not in public.

"So, they were walkin' and I wuz mindin' my own business when all of a sudden I hear the girl start screamin' real bad. Then I hear these sounds, like some kinda fight goin' on, but I heard this growlin' kinda noise too.

"Well, when I finally get over to where all this noise is comin' from, I see this big animal carryin' that young fella off through them trees. Wuz huge, big as them trees, an' covered all over with black hair. Smelled rotten, too. Was one a' them grizzle bears, I know it.

First I thought it was that Big Foot Monster, but then I tol' myself them wuz jist stories. But there are them grizzle bears in this part of the state, y'know. Yep, it wuz a grizzle bear, all right.

"That ol' bear must be sumbody's pet, though, 'cause I followed after it a bit, an' I seen it get into the back of a big truck; it jist tossed that fella into the back an' crawled right in after 'im. Then the truck jist drove away.

"Looked around for that poor girl, but cun't find 'er noplase. Coppers found her later, an' she wuz in sorry shape. Poor thing musta run like crazy when she seen that bear. 'Course, the Coppers and reporters don't believe what I tolt 'em. Said I wuz a drunk an' that there ain't no bears around. But I seen it, an' I know for a fact it's around."

If the Investigators try a Psychology roll on Big Ruth, they will learn that she was telling the truth, even about not being drunk that night – she indeed saw what she says she saw.

At the site of the attack, a Spot Hidden roll will unearth a dark mass tangled in the branches of a tree some ten feet above the ground. A climb roll will be needed to shinny up to the clump of coarse, black hair, which will be unidentifiable unless the Investigator attempting the identification has seen a Gug before, in which case it can be accomplished with a successful Mythos roll.

A second Spot Hidden will turn up a torn slip of paper caught in the underbrush, which bears the address of a local Speak-Easy. Ruth lost this here on the night of the attack, and will be grateful to have it returned to her.

After the Investigators have searched the area, Ruth will tell them that she had found something that the police had missed. So saying, she will produce from one of her shopping bags a small object wrapped in old cloth. Inside the cloth is a small gold pocket watch with the initials M.K. engraved on the inside cover. A Spot Hidden will reveal something quite unusual about this watch – the hands are running backwards!

BIG RUTH

A stout woman, with long, stringy black hair. She is in her late 40's, and carries all her worldly possessions in two paper shopping bags. She has taken up residence in Delaware Park, and has staked out a particular bench as her own. Normally a kindly person, she can be grumpy if awakened from what she refers to as her beauty sleep.

Big Ruth

STR	10	CON	11	SIZ	18
INT	15	POW	9	DEX	8
APP	5	EDU	5	SAN	45
HP	15	Damage Bonus +1d4			

SKILLS: Bargain 75%, Debate 25%, Dodge 16%, Fast Talk 10%, Hide 75%, Listen 30%, Pick Pockets 75%, Read/Write English 25%, Read/Write Polish 75%, Sneak 80%, Speak English 50%, Speak Polish 100%, Spot Hidden 50%, Club 30%, Fist Punch 50%

THE SPEAK-EASY

Big Ruth's favorite speak-easy is located in the back of the Celestial Eye Occult Shop. Entrance into the illegal bar can be gained by going to the side door in the alley, and knocking three times.

Upon this knock a small panel will slide back and a pair of bleary, bloodshot eyes will survey the individuals requesting entry, to see if they appear to be suitable clientele. After a moment the panel will slide shut and the door will open. Behind that door are two rather large thugs, one of whom will escort the Investigators down a short hall and into the speak-easy itself.

The air in the bar is thick with smoke and noise. There are several small tables set up around the room, and a jazz band performs on a cramped little stage in the back. A number of couples are dancing with abandon on an equally cramped dance floor, and there seems to be a bit of gambling going on at one of the tables.

In a secluded corner a short Italian gentleman is seated at a table, flanked by a pair of thugs who openly display their deadly tommyguns as a final deterrent to roudiness. A successful Knowledge roll at one half will identify this fellow as Vito Corleone, a moderately powerful underworld figure whose base of operations is New York City.

Discrete questioning will reveal that Mr. Corleone has been seen in the area quite frequently since November of last year. Vito, however, has absolutely nothing to do with this scenario, and is merely here attending to business; but he provides a dangerous red herring that the Investigators will avoid if they are smart!

Speak-easy wine can be purchased for a dollar a bottle; once the Investigators have stocked up they may leave the bar without incident – unless the Keeper wishes to arrange a little diversion, like a brawl or an attack by rival gangsters!

THE CELESTIAL EYE OCCULT SHOP

This small, musty shop is located in the run-down,

low-rent section of town, and serves in part as a front for the speak-easy. The store is owned and run by an elderly Chinese gentleman named Han Fong, who maintains his large assortment of books and curios in an extremely haphazard manner.

Shelves and cases line all the walls, and there are several large tables overflowing with a wide assortment of odds and ends. Amongst all this clutter, there may be found a few items of interest, which may be discovered with a successful Spot Hidden roll for each:

1. A small black lacquered box containing six silver bullets, priced at \$150.
2. A musty, dog-eared copy of *The Book of Dzyan* (English translation, +9% Mythos Knowledge, X 1 spell multiplier, and -1d6 SAN. This tome contains the spell of the Elder Sign, and costs \$90.
3. A strange Polynesian statuette of a crouching half man/half fish creature. A successful Mythos roll will identify this item as a possible representation of Father Dagon. The price tag reads \$25.
4. A silver ring with a blood-red stone. This strangely beautiful piece of jewelry is decorated with bizarre glyphs etched into the band, symbols which cannot be identified. The ring commands a price of \$95.
5. A dusty, water-stained copy of a tome entitled *Zeit!* (German original, +1% Mythos Knowledge, +8% Occult Knowledge, no spells, -1d2 SAN). This anonymously authored volume is a study in time. It contains several obscure theories about the nature of time and its "uses". There is some small mention of certain Mythos beings who are able to travel through time, as well as mention of an obscure Egyptian artifact known as the Sundial of Amen-Tet, which is also supposedly able to travel through time. A full reading will bring the Investigators to the passage dealing specifically with the Sundial, which is contained in "*Zeit!*" in the Handouts Section.

Excerpt from "*Zeit!*"

Early in the reign of Ramses I there lived a priest of Set named Nophru-Ka, who was considered to be the most evil man of his day, and must assuredly have been quite mad. So deep were his iniquities that, upon his death, all mention of his existence was expunged from the royal records. It is only through certain hidden and outlawed writings that we know anything at all about him, and what we know is not pleasant.

It was rumored that, shortly before his death, Nophru-Ka fashioned some sort of arcane device which, through the use of a secret incantation and the sacrifice of four sacrificial victims, allowed its operator to travel through time. It was further rumored that the effort required by the creation of this damnable machine so weakened Nophru-Ka that Ramses was at last able to have the

VITO CORLONE

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 11
 INT 13 POW 18 DEX 11
 APP 12 SAN 75 EDU 17
 Hit Points 13

ASSORTED THUGS

SKILLS: Bargain 25%, Camouflage 28%, Climb 64%,
 CreditRating 23%, Dodge 58%, Drive Automobile 81%,
 Fast Talk 43%, First Aid 67%, Hide 75%, jump 15%, Law
 25%, Listen 59%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Pick Pockets
 34%, Psychology 11%, Read/Write English 51%, Read/
 Write Italian 95%, Sneal 20%, Speak English 25%, Speak
 Italian 95%, Spot Hidden 62%, Throw 59%, Pick Locks
 66%, Handgun 72%, Machine Gun 30%, Knife 30%

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
STR	11	11	8	13	9	12	12	11	10	13
CON	13	10	8	8	11	9	10	13	12	11
SIZ	13	10	12	18	11	10	17	12	11	8
INT	15	17	14	10	17	12	12	9	17	12
POW	9	15	11	11	13	9	10	10	11	15
DEX	11	6	8	7	13	9	10	9	9	3
SAN	45	75	70	50	75	60	60	45	75	60
HP	13	10	10	13	11	10	14	13	12	9

Damage Bonus: #4 and #7 have +1d4

Weapons: #1 and #2 - .50 machine gun 50%, 2d6+10

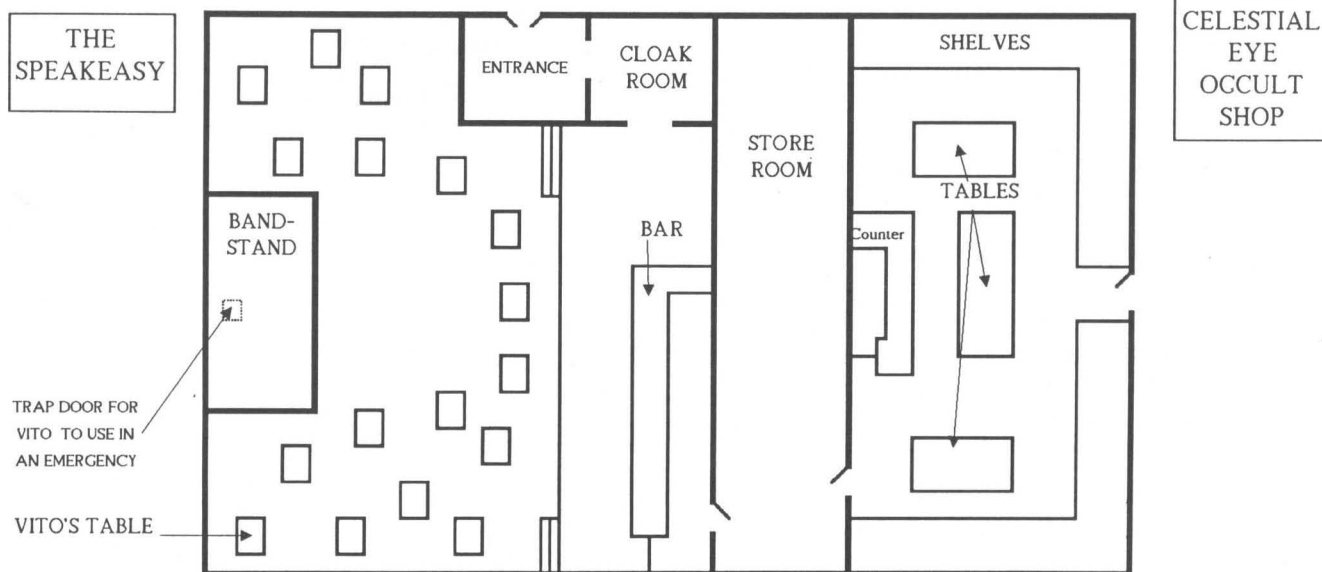
#3, 4, and 5 - .45 revolver 25%, 1d10+2

#6, 7, and 8 - .22 automatic 20%, 1d6

#9 - .22 bolt-action rifle 30%, 1d6+2

#10 - 12 gauge shotgun 30%, 4d6

All - fighting knife 25%, 1d4+2



mad priest assassinated.

This is a fine example of the creative myth-making of the ancient Egyptians, and shows that that culture had much in common with those which thrived in other portions of the world, particularly the over-dramatization of certain events. In all likelihood, the priest Nophru-Ka had merely earned the disfavor of Ramses, who ordered him slain. A "convincing" story was then concocted to rationalize the murder and absolve Ramses of any guilt.

The book is priced at \$80.

The shop's proprietor speaks very little English, and will appear to be somewhat shifty and sly. He will keep a close watch on the Investigators, and should they express an interest in any item he will do his best to sell it to them, though he will refuse to lower his prices.

If there are any disturbances in the Celestial Eye, two of the thugs from the speak-easy will come to investigate, as they want nothing to call attention to their illicit bar in the back. Fong is relatively harmless, although he does have a hatchet hidden in his fancy robes, this coated with a poison with a potency of 5.

HAN FONG

STR	8	CON	8	SIZ	12
INT	16	POW	7	DEX	7
APP	13	EDU	7	SAN	35
Hit Points 10					

SKILLS: Accounting 25%, Bargain 40%, Dodge 14%, Hide 30%, Occult 90%, Pick Pockets 25%, Read/Write/Speak Chinese 100%, Read/Write/Speak English 20%, Spot Hidden 30%, Hatchet Attack 40% (1d4 + Poison)

THE BUFFALO ZOO

This is a moderate-sized park located within the city, just a few miles from both Forest Lawn Cemetery and Delaware Park. The zoo contains a fine collection of animals from all over the world, and is open seven days a week from 10 AM to 8 PM. Guided tours are conducted daily, or guests may simply wander freely through the park.

THE BEAR EXHIBIT

Located in the center of the park, this exhibit consists of a large brick building and a number of outdoor pens opening into indoor "caves" for various types of bears. These pens are approximately twelve to twenty feet deep, and are guarded by heavy iron bars.

When the Investigators get to the bear house they will find that none of the bears are out, and that the doors to the interior sections are locked. Pounding on the doors will

eventually bring a custodian, who will explain that the exhibit is closed to the public for general repairs and cleaning, and that the bears are being examined by the zoo's veterinarian. This is standard procedure, which is carried out every month or so.

The custodian will refuse to allow the Investigators into the bear house, and if they persist, he will threaten to call security and have them evicted, although he may be bribed.

The locks on the bear house may be picked if the Investigators are insistent upon entering. Once a door is opened, a successful Listen roll will call attention to a strange, almost chanting sound coming from somewhere within the building. If they follow the sound they will come eventually to the grizzly bear cages, before which stands a man in a custodian's uniform.

The man is speaking to the bears in a very strange language, which a successful Linguist roll will reveal to be Greek - and strangely enough, the bears seem to be grunting back, as if in response to his words! This strange fellow is Meccos Kalamai, the keeper of the bear house, who may have been encountered previously at the house of Lavinia Burrough.

Kalamai will instantly cease his dialogue when he realizes that he is no longer alone. He will be quite angry at being interrupted, and will demand to know what the Investigators are doing in the building, and how they got in.

As the Investigators approach Kalamai, they will notice that he is wearing a strange silver and black amulet. This amulet appears to be quite old, and is inscribed with a number of bizarre glyphs.

When Kalamai is interrupted, the bears will become slightly agitated and will begin to growl and shake the bars of their cages. The longer the Investigators keep Kalamai from his charges the more agitated they will become. Should they become too violent, Kalamai will use his Calm Animal skill, which is what he was doing when the Investigators came upon him.

Kalamai and his strange influence upon the bears have nothing to do with the scenario, they comprise a red herring that could keep the players guessing and unsure, eating up valuable time. However, it is lent some believability by the fact that the large, hulking creature which attacked Matthew and Susan could very well have been a bear.

MECCOS KALAMAI

Meccos is a Greek immigrant living in Buffalo. In the Old Country, Kalamai worked with a traveling circus as the animal trainer, as he had always been very good with animals.

Early in life he found that he "understood" the various

creatures which lived around his home, and he felt at times that he could actually talk with them, and that he had some unusual power over them.

After the First World War Kalamai decided to leave the circus and Greece for something bigger and better – the American Dream. Once in America, he found that the going was very difficult, and for a few years, it was all he could do to merely survive. Eventually he obtained employment with the Buffalo Zoo, where his fine abilities quickly earned him the position of chief curator of the bear exhibit.

Kalamai is a gentle but bad-tempered man who feels more at home with animals than humans, although he does have a sweetheart, in the person of Lavinia Burrough. Kalamai has a room near the zoo, although he is there only to sleep and eat; the rest of his time is spent with the bears or at Lavinia's home.

He drives a large panel truck which is used to transport various animals to other locations when the need arises. The truck will usually be at the zoo, or in front of Lavinia's house. The strange chanting he is heard to make is merely a Greek folksong which he uses in conjunction with his skill at Calming Animals. The odd amulet around his neck is an ornamental piece from his old circus days, given to him by a close friend as he lay on his deathbed. The amulet is quite old, and of Greek origin.

MECCOS

STR	16	CON	18	SIZ	14
INT	10	POW	11	DEX	13
APP	7	EDU	8	SAN	55
HP	16	Damage Bonus +1d4			

SKILLS: Anthropology 20%, Camouflage 30%, Climb 70%, Dodge 80%, Calm Animals 90%, Drive Automobile 50%, Hide 50%, Jump 50%, Listen 80%, Read/Write/Speak English 50%, Read/Write/Speak Greek 75%, Ride 50%, Spot Hidden 30%, Track 80%, Zoology 60%, Fist/Punch 50%, Shotgun 50%

MALACHAI KLOSS' HOME

Kloss lives in a beautiful three-story red brick house on the edge of the city. There is a large brick garage to the right of the house, and the entire yard is enclosed by a tall wrought-iron fence with a single walk-through gate and one drive-through gate. The yard itself is well-kept and trimmed.

If the Investigators call on Mr. Kloss during the day he will be at home 90% of the time, and will be very happy to speak with them. (See Kloss' description for full details on his reactions and behavior.) If the Investigators stop by at night, there will be no answer at the door, but a light will be seen in a second floor room in the back.

THE FIRST FLOOR

The Kitchen: This is a large room with all of the latest appliances. There is nothing unusual here, except that there are many spices, herbs, and vegetables in the cupboards, and there is no meat to be found anywhere, for Kloss is a vegetarian. The stairs to the basement are also located here.

The Dining Room: This spacious room is furnished in very fancy and expensive furniture. A heavy oak table sits in the center of the polished wood floor, and above it hangs a small cut crystal chandelier. A sizeable floral arrangement is in the center of the table, which a Botany roll will identify as a rare variety of orchid. China cabinets are loaded with priceless silverware, etched glass, crystal and china pieces.

The Living Room: This sizable chamber is richly and comfortably furnished. There is a fireplace and several cabinets along the walls. The mantle of the fireplace as well as the cabinets hold several ancient and odd Egyptian statues.

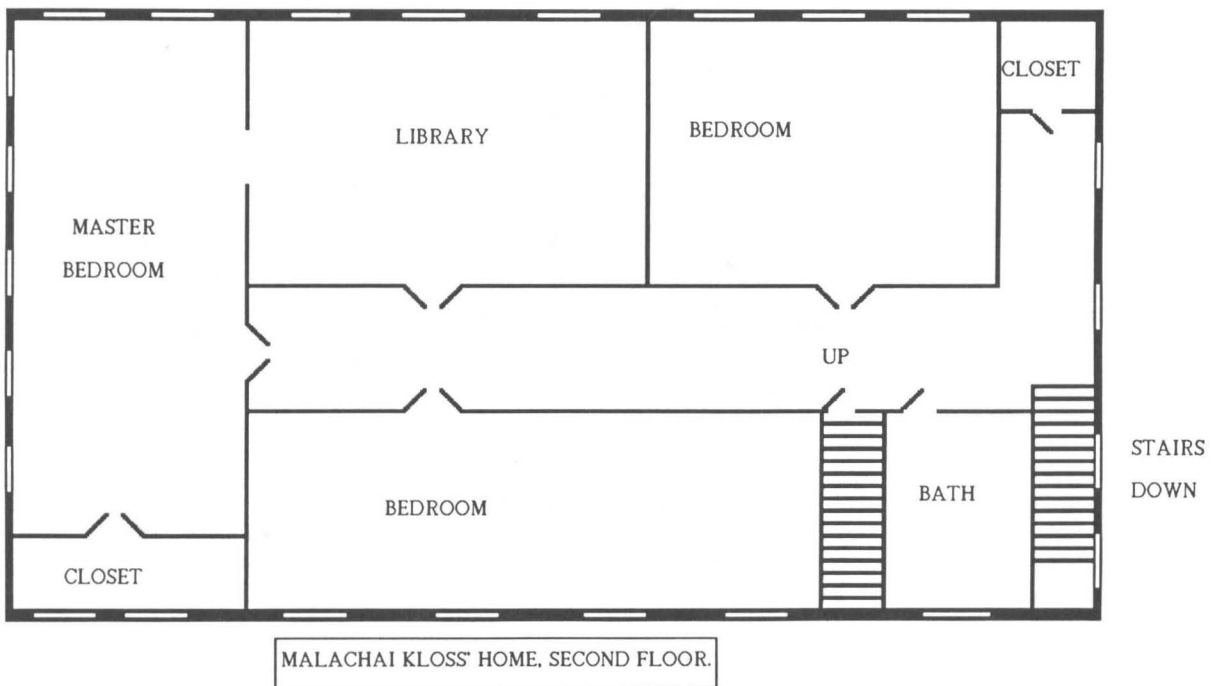
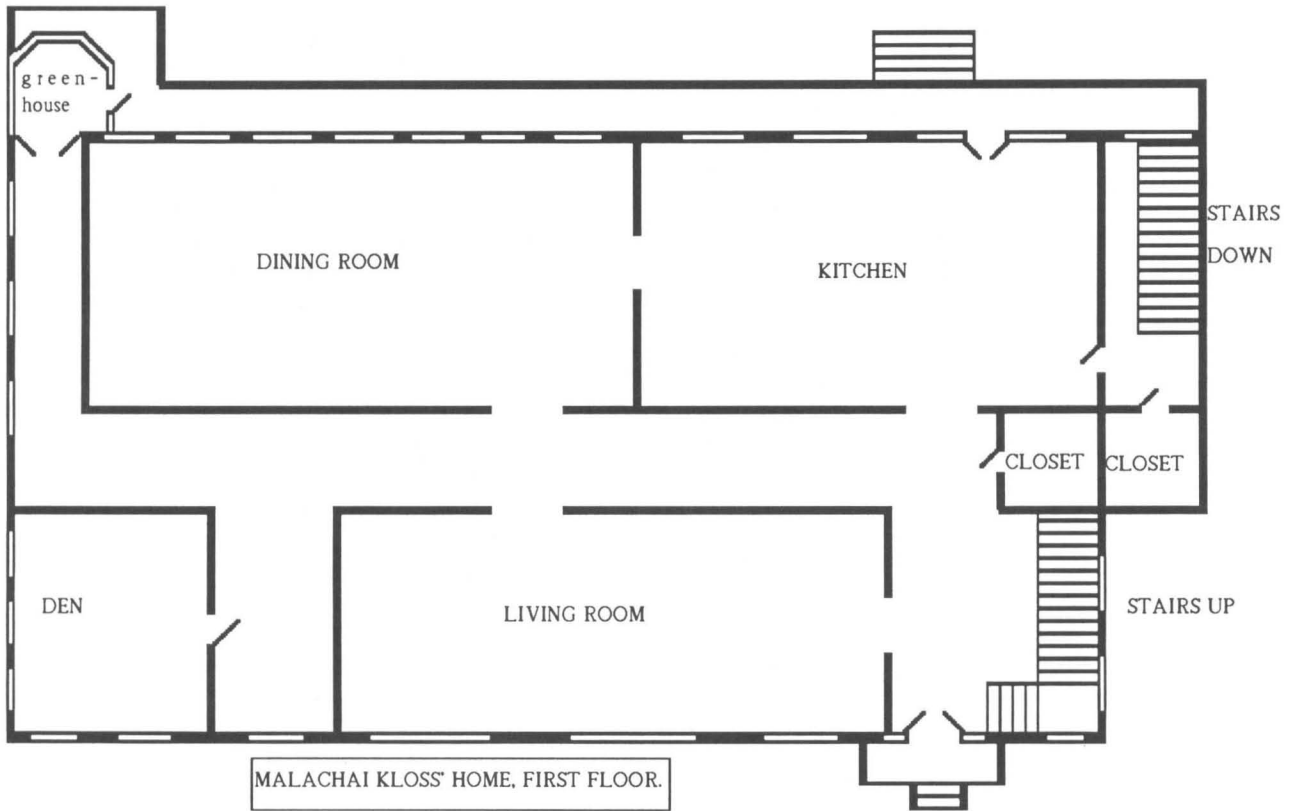
A successful Archaeology roll or Occult roll will identify the statues as representations of various deities, including Ra, Horus, Bast, Anubis, Set, Ptah, Thoth, and Isis. An Archaeology roll will also show the statues to be all authentic artifacts. There is nothing unusual about any of these figures, and none seems to be of any greater importance than the others.

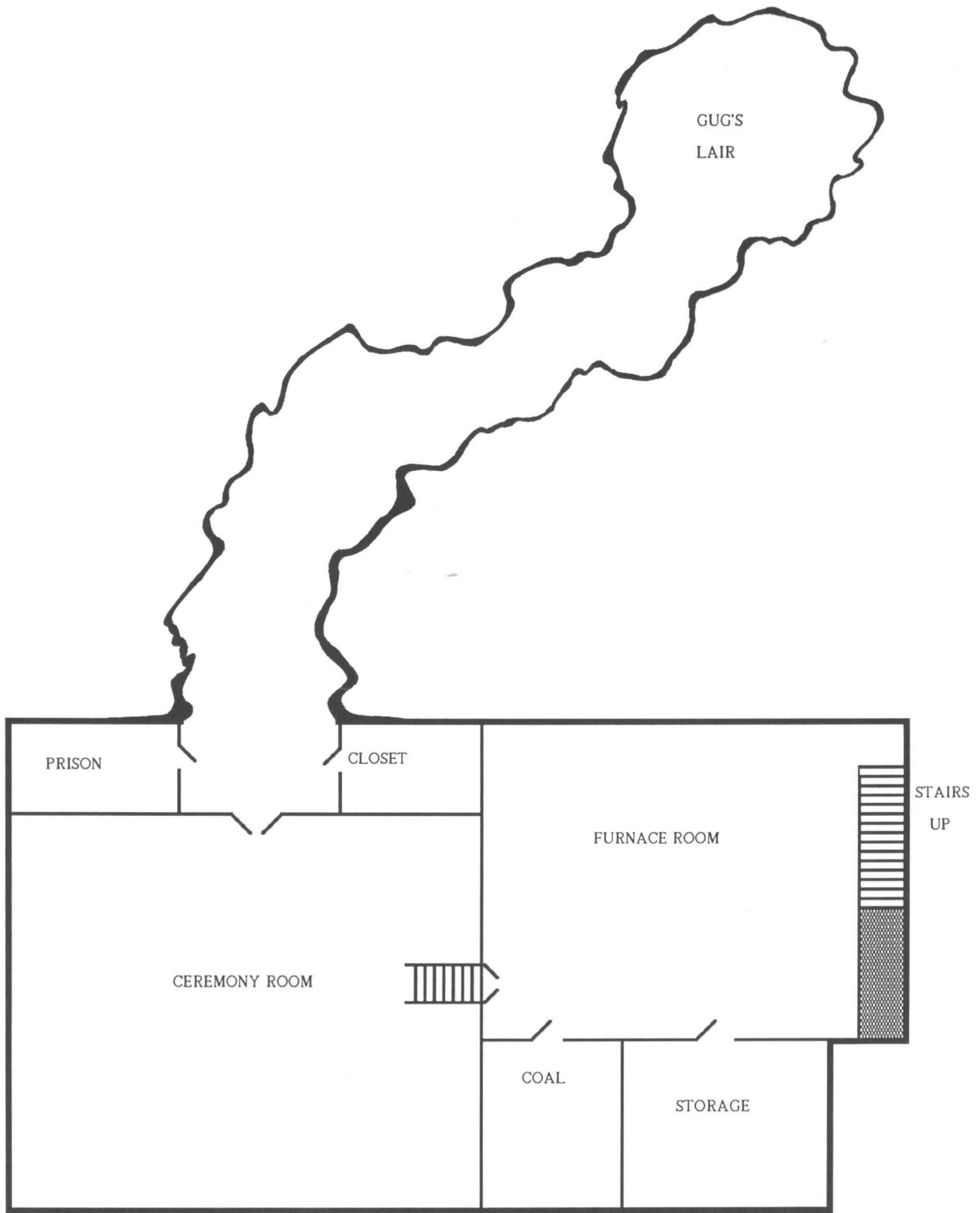
The Den: This room, like all of the others, is richly furnished. There are several high-back leather chairs facing the fireplace, and others arranged around a small oak coffee table. A hand-crank phonograph rests on a nearby stand, surrounded by a collection of records.

An authentic Egyptian sarcophagus stands against one wall (it is, of course, empty), and a few more Egyptian artifacts are displayed on a series of pedestals and on a battery of oak shelves scattered about the room. The books to be found here are for the most part literature of the classic genre, and most of these are in German. Several decanters of liquor adorn the coffee table, clustered around a set of ruby crystal glasses.

Also to be seen on the walls are many photographs of Kloss in Egypt, as well as with a number of other people, all unknown. A successful Occult roll will identify certain of these individuals as Aleister Crowley, Colonel Percy Fawcett, Dion Fortune, and other such famous occultists and spiritualists.

The Greenhouse: This glass chamber houses an assortment of exotic and extremely rare plants, which can be identified by a successful Botany roll. Among the specimens to be found here are the Egyptian Lotus and the coveted Black Orchid.





MALACHAI KLOSS' HOME, BASEMENT.

THE SECOND FLOOR

The Master Bedroom: This huge room is furnished entirely in black; furniture, carpet, drapes, even the fixtures are ebony black without exception.

Under a heavy crystal dome on a small stand by the door is displayed a horrible statuette of a creature with a human body and the head of a dog. If the Investigators identified the statues on the first floor they will know that this is a representation of Set; if they have not, then an Archaeology roll is required.

This is a far more realistic and grippingly horrid figurine than any of those previously encountered. The ugly carving requires a SAN roll or a loss of 1d3 points (no loss on a successful roll). This figurine has been magically charged by Kloss to be used in his Call Set spell.

If the Investigators check the closet they will find a full wardrobe of black clothing. By day an Egyptian-style robe and a full headmask of Set will be found here, as well as a large scythe with a silver blade. These items will not be present during the hours from 11 PM to 1 AM, after which time they will be returned when Kloss retires for the evening.

The Library: The doors to this room are always kept locked, but there is an archway leading in from the Master Bedroom. Bookshelves line all available wall space, and a desk rests in the center of the room. There is a notepad beside the typewriter on the desk, which contains a number of Kloss' predictions.

If the Investigators search the desk they will find a few coins, and a strange-looking, futuristic watch (which is in fact a 1985 digital version!). A successful Spot Hidden on the coins will reveal that their mint dates range from 1958 through 1997, while even the briefest glance at the watch will reveal that it is running backwards.

Spot Hidden rolls along the bookshelves will locate the following tomes:

A moldy old volume written in Egyptian hieroglyphs, which is a copy of *"The Prophecies and Revelations of Nophru-Ka"* that was faithfully copied into book form from the original papyrus scrolls. A Read Egyptian Hieroglyphs is required to decipher these writings, which possess a +10% Mythos Knowledge, a X2 multiplier, and a SAN loss of 1d8. It contains the spells Summon Dimensional Shambler, Enchant Scythe, Contact Set, and Operate Sundial of Amen-tet.

A copy of *"The Egyptian Book of the Dead"* (+10% Occult Knowledge), and *"The Leyden Papyrus"* (+6% Occult Knowledge). Each of these volumes are quite old and valuable.

A search of the shelves will also turn up these titles: *"Experiment With Time"*, *"The Serial Universe"*, and *"The*

New Immortality", all by John William Dunne. No Occult Knowledge will be gained from these works, but if an Investigator makes a Spot Hidden roll on each, he will find that they were published in 1927, 1934, and 1948, respectively.

Copies of *"The Occult Philosophy"* by Cornelius Agrippa (German, +4% Occult Knowledge), *"Isis Unveiled"* by Madame Elena Petrovna Blavatsky (Russian, +10% Occult Knowledge), *"Phantasms of the Living"* by Edmund Gurney (English, +4% Occult Knowledge), *"The Book of the Law"* by Aleister Crowley (English, +9% Occult Knowledge), and *"Dogma and Ritual of High Magic"* by Eliphas Levi (French, +5% Occult Knowledge) will also be found in the library.

Treat Occult Knowledge increase the same as Mythos Knowledge; that is, the Investigator must spend time studying the work before his knowledge of the occult increases.

The Other Bedrooms: The remaining bedrooms are furnished similarly, with expensive furniture and fixtures. Beyond this, there is nothing of interest in either of them.

The Attic: This stuffy, cramped space contains boxes of old clothes, pictures, furniture of a lesser quality, and nothing of any pertinence to the case at hand.

THE BASEMENT

The Furnace Room: This chamber holds the huge, rusted furnace which Kloss uses to heat his sprawling home. Arranged haphazardly around the room are a number of crates and boxes filled with innocuous discards that have not yet made it up to the attic.

There are three doors off this room – the first goes to the coal room, the second to a storage room, and the third opens into Kloss' ceremonial chamber. This last portal is constructed of heavy oak (STR of 17), and it is always kept locked.

If the Investigators are prowling about here near midnight, they will hear several male screams of terrible fear and agony from within this chamber. A successful Listen roll will allow them to discern a second male voice, which is chanting in a strange language. A Linguist roll will identify the language as similar to Egyptian, but a far more ancient form. At any other time of the day or night, the screams and the chanting will not be heard.

The Ceremonial Chamber: From the doorway of this room the Investigators must descend a flight of stairs to the floor, which is some ten feet below the door. This chamber will be lightless unless it is entered between the hours of 11 PM and 1 AM, in which case a large circle of thick, black candles will bathe the place in flickering illumination.

If the walls are examined, it will be discovered that they are covered with hieroglyphs. A set of oversized double

doors stand about twenty feet high, again made of the same hard oak as the door leading into this room (STR 17).

In the center of the stone floor, surrounded by the ring of ebon candles, rests a giant stone statue (unless the time is between midnight and 1 PM). This 15 foot tall carving is of definitely Egyptian origins, and an Occult or Archaeology roll will reveal it to be a representation of Set. This, of course, is the Sundial of Amen-tet.

If the Investigators enter the ceremonial chamber during the day, they will find the statue as described. But if the hour is between 11 PM and midnight, the circle of candles will be lit, and four young men will be chained to the base of the statue – and one of these young men will be Mathew Kramer!

Also present in the room will be Malachai Kloss and his foul servant, the Gug. Kloss will be attired in the Egyptian robes and Set mask, and will be carrying the large black scythe with the glittering silver blade. The Gug will be standing in a shadowed corner, and a successful Spot Hidden roll will be required to spot it; followed swiftly, of course, by a SAN roll.

At three minutes before midnight, a strange, ocherous smoke will begin pouring forth from the weird etching in the base of the Sundial, slowly taking on horrible, dog-like forms. These nightmare creatures will launch themselves upon the four hapless young men, impaling them viscerously again and again with their long, festering tongues.

Kloss will be seated in the lap of the statue, chanting in a strange tongue; again, one of the ancient dialects of Egypt. When the Hounds have sated themselves, they will return into the idol, which will then slowly disappear.

Bearing witness to such a display, or even part of it, will require a SAN roll or the loss of 1d20 points of SAN. 1d3 points are lost even on a successful roll.

Between midnight and 1 AM the Sundial will be gone, as will be the four sacrificial victims and the Gug, which has returned to its lair. All that will be found here now is a circle of lit candles surrounding a steaming patch in the center of the floor.

At three minutes before 1 AM the candles will begin to flicker, and a successful Listen roll will call attention to a strange chanting which seems very far away, and yet is coming from the center of the candle-ringed circle. This is Kloss' time traveling chant, as described before.

After a few moments of this chanting, a shimmering form will take shape within the circle, and within a few seconds the Sundial, its occupants, and the mutilated bodies of its four latest victims will fade into solidity. At this point, the Gug will enter the room to carry the bodies away.

If the ceremonial chamber is investigated after 1:30 AM the candles will be extinguished, but the air will still be

thick with mist, the Sundial will be in its customary place, and there will be no sign of life at all.

The Ceremonial Room Closet: Here the Investigators will find a large pile of assorted clothing, all men's, and a successful Idea roll will show that they would have all belonged to younger men. If they care to look through the pile, the Investigators will find that all the wallets and other forms of identification are still in the pockets of some of the clothes.

A quick check of the identification will produce a list of names which matches the list of recently missing young men. These clothes are torn and filthy, clearly suggesting some sort of struggle, and a successful Spot Hidden roll will uncover a number of coarse black hairs on some of the clothes.

The Prison: This dank and gloomy chamber is where Kloss holds his freshly abducted sacrifices. The door is of heavy oak with iron bars (STR 30), and will always be kept locked. The room itself is quite dark and very cold; mold and fungus grows on the walls, and thick slimy water coagulates in little pools dotting the floor. Four old, rotted and blood-stained cots with moldy blankets are ranked against the back wall.

If the Investigators arrive here before Kloss has had a chance to operate the Sundial again, they will find Mathew and three other young men imprisoned here. They are all badly knocked about, and two are suffering a broken bone or two. They are also in a state of shock from their abduction by the awesome Gug. Mathew will not even recognize his relative; indeed, he will seem to be in the worst shape, and will have to be carried out.

The Tunnel: This rank, dark passage leads to the lair of the Gug. The tunnel is over 20 feet high and 15 feet wide. It has been crudely dug through the hard earth, and smells quite musty, heavy with the musk of some large animal. The tunnel leads under the garage, which is where the Gug resides.

The Garage: This stone and wood structure houses Kloss' sedan, as well as a secret entrance to the Gug's lair. The trapdoor is disguised as a large drain in the back of the building, and will be noticed only with a Spot Hidden roll made at half skill level.

The grating of the drain is made of solid iron, and will require a combined STR of 50 to lift it. When required by Kloss, the Gug merely pushes the grating up, and when it returns, pulls it back into place after it.

The Lair of the Gug: The subterranean chamber is lightless and foully rank. The air is thick with the stench of rotting flesh and the musky odor of an animal cage. The floor is covered with a layer of putrid, slime-ridden water and the excretions of the Gug. In one corner is a heap of decaying, partially devoured corpses which are all that remain of Kloss' previous sacrifices.



So vile a sight requires a SAN roll or the loss of 1d4 points. Should the Gug be present when the Investigators are exploring, it will of course instantly attack them.

THE GUG

The Gug is a huge, black, and hairy beast possessing four large, muscular arms ending in sharply-taloned claws. It has two tiny pink eyes and a mouth that opens vertically and is filled with large, yellowed fangs. This hideous monstrosity stands well over twenty feet tall, and is used by Kloss as his dark agent and beast of burden.

Kloss is in complete control of this monster; if the Investigators should attack Kloss, the Gug will protect him at all costs. If Kloss is rendered unconscious, the Gug will break off its own attack and attempt to grab up his master and carry him away to safety.

The Gug has been the physical agent of the abductions of young men. It was taken into the city by Kloss in the back of the large truck hidden in the garage a block away from his house. Once Kloss spots a target he orders the

Gug to retrieve him. During such an abduction the victim usually suffered a number of broken bones due to the Gug's enormous strength and total lack of mercy. Once Kloss has finished with the young men the Gug usually devours the bodies, or else they are dumped into the Niagara River.

In combat, the Gug may either bite or strike with two paws (two paws strike the same opponent).

The Gug

STR 55	CON 28	SIZ 61
INT 12	POW 13	DEX 8

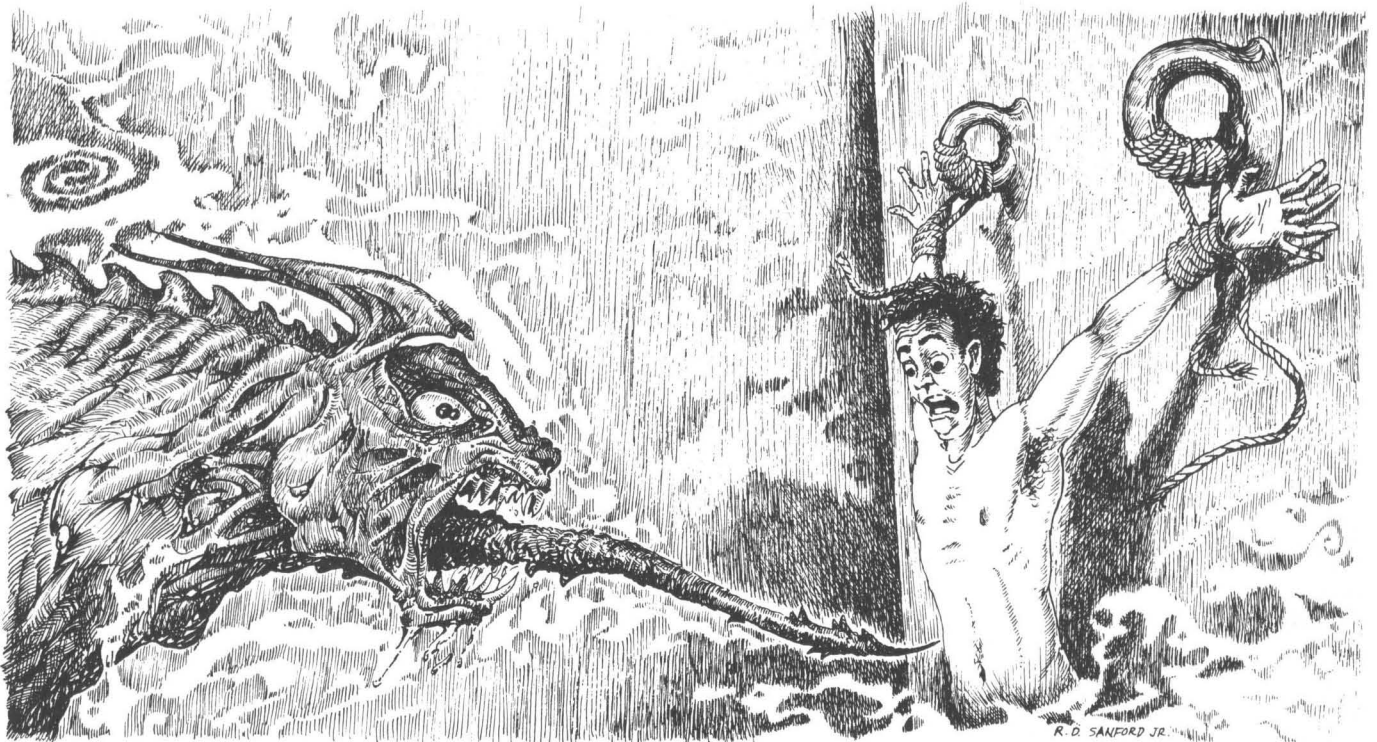
Hits Points 45

<u>Weapon</u>	<u>Attack%</u>	<u>Damage</u>
Bite	60%	1d10+4d6
Claws	40%	each 4d6

ARMOR: 8 points

SPELLS: None

SAN: 1d8 or no loss



MALACHAI KLOSS – A PERSONAL HISTORY

Malachai Kloss was born in Nurnburg, Germany in 1868. In 1887, at the age of 19, Kloss rebelled against what he called "the corrosive and stiffling attitudes of the Christian community that have been handed down from our superstitious and barbaric Dark Ages", at which time he declared himself an atheist.

Early in 1889 Kloss joined the New Age Order of the Temple of Ra, an Egyptian-oriented organization which originated in the early 1800's. In 1890 Kloss stumbled across a rumor concerning an ancient Egyptian artifact which would allow a man to travel through time. In that same year he made the first of many journeys to Egypt in search of that artifact.

In 1891 Kloss moved from Germany to the United States, where he soon joined the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. Kloss continued searching for the Sundial of Amen-tet, and grew to be obsessed with its discovery.

Then, in 1908, he learned of a mysterious cult devoted to the worship of Set, and that it was in some way connected to the Sundial. Eventually Kloss tracked down certain members of The Majestic Order of the Great Dark One and immediately joined their ranks. He has since carried the worship of Set back with him to the States.

In 1912, while in Cairo, Kloss' searchings finally paid off when he and three other members of the Order unearthed a small, cunningly hidden Sand Dweller shrine in the desert. In that temple they found a brittle papyrus scroll – the original copy of "*The Prophecies and Revelations of Nophru-Ka*".

Back in America, Kloss set about translating the crumbling scroll's heiroglyphs, and in time was successful. The things hinted at in those eldritch writings made Kloss all the more determined to locate the elusive Sundial.

Finally, in December of 1922, Kloss found the ancient artifact hidden away in a secret chamber in a small, obscure tomb in Egypt. He had the Sundial secretly taken from the tomb, crated, and packed off to America.

He was now ready to tap the ancient and evil powers of the statue, and with the mighty spells he had learned from "*The Prophecies and Revelations of Nophru-Ka*", he began to employ the device to travel through time. Aided by such a power, Kloss was able to make what appeared to be miraculous predictions of the future, which has lead to his present level of fame and notoriety.

Kloss will be quite friendly towards any Investigators who visit him openly. He will invite them all in for tea and pastries, or some other such delicacy.

If questioned about his collection of Egyptian pieces he will explain that he is an amateur archaeologist and avid

Egyptologist. If interest is expressed about his prophetic ability, he will go on at great length about it being a "god-given" talent for which he is very grateful. He will also ramble on considerably on the subject of the occult.

If the subject of the missing young men is brought up, Kloss will become very solemn, and in a low voice he will inform the Investigators that he has seen "terrible things". He will say that he knows fully of the young men's plight, and that he has seen the person responsible in a vision.

He will then tell the Investigators that the person they are looking for in a foreigner, a large man with a strange accent who carries his victims off in a large truck. And that, he will say, is all he knows.

He is, of course, lying by using half-truths, and so a Psychology roll will indicate that he *seems* to be telling the truth. If Kloss feels that the Investigators could pose a real threat to him, he will send the Gug after them at a later time, long enough so that they will not connect the attack with himself.

Kloss carries a small ornamental dagger that has been charged for use with the Summon Dimensional Shambler spell, which he will use to make good his escape if need be. The dagger has been charged with 5 POW points, giving Kloss an added 50% chance of success when he attempts this spell. However, if the situation is too desperate for him, he will pour all his Magic Points into the spell to Call Set.

When using the Sundial, Kloss will always be attired in the Egyptian robes and Set mask, and will wield the enchanted scythe. This will make him an imposing figure on first sight.

Malachai Kloss

STR	12	INT	18	APP	15
CON	18	POW	18	EDU	20
SIZ	15	DEX	11	SAN	0
HP	17	Damage Bonus	+1d4		

SKILLS: Astronomy 25%, Botany 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dodge 22%, Drive Automobile 80%, Hide 50% History 65%, Library Use 60%, Listen 80%, Occult 90%, Read/Write/Speak English 75%, Read/Write/Speak German 99%, Read/Write/Speak Arabic 80%, Read/Write/Speak Russian 10%, Read/Write/Speak French 10%, Read Heiroglyphs 75%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50% Scythe 50% (2d6 damage, 4d6 vs time/dimension-traveling beings), .38 Automatic 45%

Spells: Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Set, Enchant Scythe, Operate Sundial of Amen-tet, Summon/Bind Gug, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Call Set.

THE SUNDIAL

This is a 15 foot tall statue, depicting the dark god Set

on a massive throne. Set holds a large orb in his left hand, and a sundial in his right. The base of the statue is covered with heiroglyphs, and two stone rings are attached to each of its four sides. These rings are about three feet apart on a side, and a length of rope hangs from each. These are intended to hold the next victims of the Sundial.

The dog-like head of mighty Set gives the impression that the statue's eyes follow a person as he moves around it. The entire statue is carved from a single piece of odd black stone laced with blood-red veins. This stone is unnaturally smooth and has a clammy feel to it. A Geology roll will not be able to identify this specimen.

The sight of this awesomely terrifying statue will cost 1d8 SAN, or 1d3 points if a successful SAN roll is made.

This ancient and evil idol was carved from the rock of the mines on Yuggoth, and subsequently enchanted by the vile priest Nophru-Ka. The priest employed a mighty spell which imprisoned two of the horrible Hounds of Tindalos within the statue, which is why the device can travel through time. Should the Sundial be destroyed, the Hounds will be freed and will instantly attack anyone present. Should any escape the initial assault, they will be hunted down through the corridors of time until they are slain, or until the Hounds themselves are destroyed (no easy task, that!)

The material used in the construction of the idol has an equivalent of 20 points of armor, and 100 points of damage must be done before the statue will break – and then the fun really begins!

For the Sundial to operate, four strong young men must be tied naked to the base of the statue, and the user must be seated in the lap of Set as he incants the spell Operate Sundial of Amen-tet. This spell calls out the pair of Hounds from the angles of the statue's base, upon which they will attack and feed upon the helpless victims, draining them of their POW until they are dead.

Appeased by the sacrifices and bound by the power of the Sundial, the Hounds will re-enter the statue and transport it anywhen in time that the operator wishes to go. Anyone watching this occurrence will see the statue fade into the angles of time.

The Sundial may only transport a number of passengers whose combined POW does not exceed that of the Hounds (67). Should this restriction be ignored, or if the ceremony deviates in the slightest from its requirements, the Hounds will transport the Sundial to the nightmare city of Tindalos, and any aboard it will shortly die, screaming in soul-wrenching terror!

When used, the Sundial will vanish and return to the exact spot from whence it started. The device will always be absent for precisely one hour, no matter how long its passengers remain in the future or the past.

While the artifact's user is not adversely affected by the time travel, all other time-related devices – such as watches – will become useless, operating in reverse.

THE HOUNDS OF TINDALOS

If, for whatever reason, the pair of Hounds imprisoned within the Sundial are released, anyone in the area will be in rather hot water, for the Hounds of Tindalos are not known for their understanding personalities!

Note that, while imprisoned, the Hounds are unable to employ any of their spells, or to attack anyone who is not chained to the base of the statue.

The Hounds

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	HP
1	21	26	17	23	35	17	22
2	11	28	16	18	32	11	22
Weapon	Attack%		Damage				
Paw	90%		1d6+1d6+Ichor				
Tongue	90%		1d3 POW Drain				

ARMOR: 2 points, plus regeneration of 4 points per round.

SPELLS:

Hound One – Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Contact Chthonian, Contact Nyarlathotep

Hound Two – Create Gate, Contact Fungi from Yuggoth, Voorish Sign, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Yig

SAN: 1d20 or 1d3

FINISHING UP

If the Investigators stop Malachai Kloss from using the Sundial again, and either kill or arrest him and slay the Gug, they should be rewarded with a gain of 1d10 points of SAN each. If, however, they do not find Matthew in time, the Investigators should lose 1d4 points of SAN (1d6 for the Investigator who was related to the boy).

Once Kloss and the Gug are dealt with, the Investigators will have a huge, heavy artifact on their hands. An inventive Keeper may devise various means whereby the Sundial is safely locked away, or use it to spark another adventure. In any event, it will be difficult for the Investigators to remove the device without the use of heavy machinery (or one Gug!)

Also, there is a 5% chance that one of Kloss' neighbors, disturbed by the sounds of his downfall, will call the police down on the victorious Investigators, who will be hard-put to explain what they are doing in Kloss' home. But then, in the Realms of the Mythos, people seldom, if ever, live happily ever after!

NOTES ON SET

Unknown to Malachai Kloss and many others, Set is one of the many forms of Nyarlathotep, who, in this form, has been worshipped for thousands of years.

The Sundial of Amen-tet was created by one of his most powerful followers, and as such will add 50% to the chance of Nyarlathotep answering the Call Set spell, and he will appear even if there is light in the room (but still will not come if it is day).

If, by some chance Kloss does Call Set (as an extreme last resort) and is successful, Nyarlathotep will instantly begin to slay all present, and there is a 50% chance that even Kloss will be destroyed for having the affrontery to call forth his god for such a petty reason.

This aspect of Nyarlathotep is well known, but only as an ancient Egyptian deity; only a select few know the truth, and they keep their secrets well. Several cults dedicated to Set are still active, especially in Egypt.

Set appears as a 20-foot tall, muscular man with the head of a black dog or jackal. He wears a black tunic and sandals, while the jewelry he wears is all of onyx. He carries no weapons, but rather rips his victims apart with powerful hands and toothy maw.

If slain in this form Set/Nyarlathotep will be transformed into a mummified corpse that will swiftly crumble to dust which is blown away on an impossible, unnatural gust of wind.

Set, an Avatar of Nyarlathotep

STR 80	CON 50	SIZ 40
INT 86	POW 100	DEX 19
HP 45	Move 16	

<u>Weapon</u>	<u>Attack %</u>	<u>Damage</u>
Hands	85%	10d6
Bite	75%	6d6

ARMOR: None

SPELLS: All, plus the ability to summon any creature at the rate of 1 Magic Point per point of Pow of the creature summoned. The Avatar can also summon a Hunting Horror, Servitor of the Elder Gods, or Shantak with the loss of only 1 magic point.

SAN: 1d100, or 1d10 on a successful SAN roll

NEW SPELLS

Enchant Scythe

This is a version of the Enchant Item spell mentioned in the Call of Cthulhu rule book. To employ it, a silver blade must first be fashioned and inscribed with special glyphs. Then, a creature of at least SIZ 8 must be used in a blood sacrifice: loss of 5 points of POW, as well as 1d4 SAN, is also required. The entire ceremony will take one night, from sundown to sunup.

Operate Sundial of Amen-tet

Besides the human sacrifices previously detailed, this spell requires the loss of 2 points of POW and 1d20 SAN. Consult the description of the Sundial for the full details on its use.

Summon Gug

This summoning spell requires the use of an enchanted drum, which must be beat at the mouth of a cave or tunnel at precisely midnight. For every POW point expended in enchanting the drum, 10% is added to the spell's probability of success. If it is successful, the gug will lumber forth from the mouth of the cave.

Bind Gug

As per all Binding Servant Races in the Call of Cthulhu rule book.

Contact Set

This spell may be cast at any location, but Set will only appear at the meeting of a group of worshipers.

Call Set

This incantation requires the enchantment of a statue of Set. For each point of POW permanently expended in the enchantment of the statue, 5% is added to the chances of successfully casting the spell. This calling may only be attempted at night in a lightless chamber.

The Enchanted Scythe

This item was created using the Enchant Scythe Spell, which is a variation on the already-known Enchant spells. This spell causes the weapon to inflict double damage against time and dimension-traveling creatures. The damage against normal creatures is 2d6, and 4d6 against time/dimensional related entities.

This weapon will strike through armor of any sort. The base chance to wield the scythe is normal - 10%. NOTE: creatures of the Mythos will instantly recognize such a weapon, and will attempt to avoid it if at all possible. (This may deter the Hounds of Tindalos, but if they are really out for blood, even this will not hold them for long!)



Sorrows' Glen

by Michael Szymanski

In which a morbid archeological site conceals an abysmal horror.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

Keeper's Note: Select an Investigator who has attracted the most public notice and hand him/her the newspaper articles titled "Unique Anthropological Discovery in Appalachians," "Worker Afflicted at Sorrow's Glen," and "Local Witch Blamed for Sleepwalkers." Then, read the following aloud:

The envelope arrived in the morning mail, bearing your name, neatly typed on a large manilla envelope, but the return address is conspicuous by its absence.

It is clear that someone wishing to remain anonymous desires that you be made aware of the three newspaper articles you find inside. But why the secrecy? And what news could such mundane articles contain that would require such secrecy? The answers must lie in the three clippings you now hold in your hand.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Beneath the strange "burial mound" at Sorrow's Glen there is a temple constructed eons past by the fear-driven inhabitants of Mu, a temple dedicated to their horrific deity, Ghatanothoa. It is in this temple that the ancient priests also enshrined a deadly dangerous artifact known as The Icosahedron, so that it would forever be out of reach of evil hands.

This alien artifact, when properly activated, affords the dread Outer Gods the chance of a limited release from their centuries of imprisonment by allowing them to possess the body of any human who is touching its multifaceted surfaces. This possession can last from three to nine months, and when it is done, the deity returns to its prison – leaving behind the blackened, withered shell of its former host.

Through his researchings into the Mythos, Desmond Collins learned of the Icosahedron and determined to use it to gain favor with the Outer Gods. His plan was simple: First, lure some unwitting dupe (in this case, the Investigators) to the dig at Sorrow's Glen, knowing the dread scent of the Mythos would attract them like a tainted magnet.

Then, if and when the artifact is removed from the temple, Collins plans to activate it from a safe distance by means of a ceremony he obtained from an unexpurgated

translation of the Necronomicon. How poetically ironic that the first body to be possessed by an Outer God would be one of that cursed handful who had dedicated their pitiful lives to the foiling of the Great Old Ones!

But to accomplish this, Collins required someone on the inside, an ally in Hob's Gap who could string the Investigators along – then ruthlessly consign them to their doom without a moment's hesitation – and in Elviny Pogue, Collins found just such an ally.

While in Hob's Gap to confirm all that he had read in certain eldritch tomes, Collins encountered Elviny and recognized her for what she was – a witch of the blackest order. Approaching her in secret, Collins made his vile proposal which Elviny, seeing a chance to enhance her powers, readily accepted.

It would be Elviny's job to befriend the Investigators, to guide them along if they strayed too far from the trail, and to provide a willing but unwitting guinea pig for Collins' first attempt to activate the Icosahedron.

To this end, Elviny will select the Investigator with the best APP and begin to romance him, to gain his trust so that he will prove easily manipulated when the time is right. She will flirt with the Investigator, bring him freshly baked pies and suchlike, and will invite him for walks through the countryside, the better to feed him false information.

She will play herself up as an innocent young local girl who has taken a shine to this sophisticated gentleman from the big city. She will hang on his every word and do everything she can to boost his ego, and to insinuate herself into his confidence.

When the time is right, Elviny will alert her dupe of a plot to steal the Icosahedron, suggesting that it would be best if he secretly removed the artifact and hid it until such time as it could be shipped to the safety of the Institute museum. She will, of course, know of "the perfect place" to hide the Icosahedron.

This place is the old abandoned Falcon Mine, which is in fact used by Elviny for various ceremonies of witchcraft. It is in this nighted subterranean pit that the attempted possession will take place. Unfortunately, the emanations of power from both the Icosahedron and the temple which holds it have drawn unexpected, and certainly unwanted attention. Drawn here by this great outpouring of energy, a

UNIQUE ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN APPALACHIANS

August 19

Dr. Alistair Bromley, Professor of Anthropology at the Jasper Institute, announced today the discovery of a mass burial mound in a secluded valley to the east of the town of Hob's Gap, South Carolina.

At a small press conference given today at the Institute, Dr. Bromley stated that the site contained at best estimate over 50 individual remains, the size of a small settlement town of the early 1800's. Could plague have stricken this area?

"It is a possibility, but not probable," Dr. Bromley responded. "No trace of any settlement was found in Sorrow's Glen, and no record of any such plague or mass illness was ever recorded. However, considering the singularity of the event, the hypothesis cannot as yet be ruled out."

It was also announced during this press conference that the Jasper Institute will subsidize and mount an expedition to excavate the mound at Sorrow's Glen, and to catalog findings for future study.

"Examination of our findings may require years," Dr. Bromley remarked. "But the actual, initial expedition will begin in three days' time and continue through the fall until inclement weather forces us to close down for the winter."

The site in question is a mound roughly fifteen feet high and fifty feet in diameter at the center of a small, dead-end valley which remains in the same primal state in which the first settlers found it. The locals have known of the mound for generations, and have avoided the glade altogether, rarely speaking of it to outsiders.

Will the mystery of Sorrow's Glen be solved this fall, or will our questions remain unanswered for years to come? The answer to this question is uncertain, but in any event, the expedition is sure to produce a wealth of historical and anthropological information from the era of our country's founding.

WORKER AFFLICTED AT SORROW'S GLEN

August 31

Peter Iesenstien, a student of Anthropology, was removed today from the dig site at Sorrow's Glen, South Carolina, under mild sedation following a disturbing incident of sleepwalking.

Mr. Iesenstien, who joined the Jasper Institute dig to earn field credits towards his degree, was discovered missing from his cot by his tentmate, Lucas Brassel, who awoke at approximately three AM from what he described as "a particularly depressing dream," to find that Mr. Iesenstien had left the tent. When the young student had not returned after twenty minutes, Mr. Brassel became concerned and went looking for him.

Mr. Iesenstien was found at the curious burial mound which had originally drawn the Jasper Institute to this site, digging with a complete lack of caution into the center of the mound and using no tools except his bare hands. So intent was he on his work that he took no notice of Mr. Brassel's approach.

When Mr. Brassel attempted to gently restrain him, Mr. Iesenstien simply flung him aside with what is described as "uncharacteristic strength and violence," causing Mr. Brassel to sustain two bruised ribs. Thereafter, Iesenstien returned to his digging as though the incident had never occurred.

It required the combined efforts of three fellow students to restrain Mr. Iesenstien, who promptly slumped into unconsciousness, not awakening until nine AM this morning with no memory of the previous night's events.

When reached for comment, Dr. Alistair Bromley, senior anthropologist and head of the Sorrow's Glen project, told reporters that he was saddened and mystified by Mr. Iesenstien's sleepwalking episode, but assured that it would in no way adversely affect the operations at the dig.

Mr. Iesenstien is currently under observation at the Hobart Clinic in Columbia, where he remains on a voluntary basis.

LOCAL WITCH BLAMED FOR SLEEPWALKERS

September 2

Hot on the heels of the report of a triple sleepwalking episode at the Jasper Institute's dig at Sorrow's Glen comes the accusation of a local woman by a number of citizens of nearby Hob's Gap.

Mr. Robson Werts, 65, of Hob's Gap was the most outspoken of the accusers, and the one most willing to talk with this reporter. In his opinion, the sleepwalking incidents have been caused by "thet Witchy-Woman livin' up there on Satin Peak. She ain't nair ever done a sliver of good in all her born days, and like as not she's playing her mischief on them cityfolk for the pure ornery fun of it. Mark my words, it's Hazel Cobb you'll find at the bottom of this."

When asked for directions to Hazel Cobb's cabin, Mr. Werts reluctantly gave them, with the caution that, "no one with a lick sense goes up thetaway, not without expectin' t' feel the touch a' magic on 'em." More he would not say, and so this reporter set out to get the other side of the story.

Miss Hazel Cobb proved to be an attractive, middle-aged woman who lives alone in a secluded cabin atop Satin Peak. While she was obviously unhappy with the intrusion, she did agree to a brief interview on the front porch. "Robson Werts is a jackass with more mouth than brains," Miss Cobb commented. "Always ready to lay blame at my door, ever since he tried courtin' me a few years back an' I wouldn't have nair bit of 'im. Those cityboys just ain't used to traipsin' around in this clean country air an' doin' an honest day's labor, and it's showin' on 'em."

Concluding the interview, this reporter hiked back down to Hob's Gap, a journey of approximately one hour, to further question Mr. Werts on Miss Cobb's history and his relationship with her. Sadly, Mr. Werts had suffered a massive heart seizure some twenty minutes prior to this reporter's return, and is currently in critical condition at Columbia Memorial Hospital.

group of three Lloigor haunt Sorrow's Glen, as they have done through many long centuries.

In their desire to gain entry into the subterranean temple, the Lloigor have touched the minds of certain receptive humans over the years, drawing them to the Glen in the hope that they will excavate the mound and open up the way. But of course this mental contact eventually drove those unfortunates to suicide, and thus their bodies were added to the morbid pile, further thwarting the Lloigors' alien desires.

As for Peter Iesenstien, the young student hospitalized after a sleepwalking incident at the dig, he was called upon by the Lloigor in their desire to hasten the opening of the temple. Peter's mind was a receptive one, and so they came to him in his sleep, manipulating him against his will and sending him out to the mound to frantically dig in the middle of the night.

Though Peter is no longer at the dig, the Lloigor ceaselessly search for other such victims, and continue to sap the energy from everyone at the dig site and in Hob's Gap in an effort to build their power for a massive strike at the mound.

That is the situation which awaits the Investigators when they arrive at Hob's Gap. This may prove to be a difficult case for them, for they will be battling evil on two fronts; one against the Lloigor at the dig site, and the second against those human agencies who are equally dedicated to their downfall. The Keeper should be as ruthless as Elviny Pogue and as cunning as Desmond Collins, testing the Investigators' skills to the utmost.

INTERVIEWING PETER IESENSTIEN

The first problem here will be in dealing with the staff at the Hobart Clinic. Though it does not handle cases of a threatening or violent nature, Hobart is an exclusive establishment whose primary concerns are the comfort and well being of its patients. Thus, the staff will be on guard against any visitors who might threaten those concerns.

Any attempt at Fast Talk will see the offending Investigator ushered unceremoniously out of the clinic; these people can spot a snow job coming a mile off. Debate or Oratory will do the Investigators in better stead here if they wish to talk their way into Peter's room, especially if they indicate that they might be able to help solve the mystery of Peter's sleepwalking episode.

The second obstacle will be Peter himself, who has expressed an adamant desire not to be annoyed by prying reporters or the merely curious. The Investigators must convince him of their ability to help before he will offer any information, and this convincing may prove difficult – if not impossible – if it is revealed that the Investigators have snuck into Peter's room.

Peter's visitors will find a blond, sullen, brooding young man who knows he has experienced something quite strange, but who is at a loss to either explain or understand it. He remembers nothing of the incident itself, and is somewhat embarrassed by his uncharacteristic display of strength and violence.

What he does remember about that night is a peculiar dream, the details of which remain vague and unfocused, but whose nature he will describe as filled with pessimistic gloom and morbid depression. He is certain this dream had something to do with the thoughts of suicide which have been creeping into his mind ever since he awakened.

These thoughts frighten Peter, and have caused him to voluntarily remain at the clinic for a full barrage of medical and psychological testing – especially since the Jasper Institute is footing the bill.

Should any of the visiting Investigators mention the supernatural or make any reference to the Mythos, Peter will become angry and abusive, calling the Investigators opportunistic witch doctors looking to make a fast buck from his misfortune.

He will terminate the interview by yelling for an orderly to come throw them out, threatening to have them arrested as con men who tried to recruit him for one of their hoaxes.

HAZEL COBB

Miss Cobb, often referred to as Witch Hazel, is a reclusive sort of woman, who keeps to herself at her small cabin on the summit of Satin Peak – so named because the exposed rock of the mountain is a rich, water-polished ebon hue. As Robson Werts commented to the newspaper reporter, she is indeed a "Witchy Woman," though not of the sort Mr. Werts would have everyone believe.

Hazel is a white witch, dealing primarily with the effects of the many herbs, roots and berries which grow in abundance in this region. Although fascinated with the healing properties of plants, she is too much of a hermit to permit any commerce between herself and the folk of Hob's Gap. This more than anything has been responsible for her dark reputation.

But Robson Werts has had a hand in that as well. As a young man, Robson did indeed set his cap for the pretty Hazel Cobb, but his advances were met with complete disinterest, which infuriated Robson. It was he who had started the rumor that Hazel was a witch, and he did so for two reasons; first to get back at Hazel, but second, to scare off any other would-be suitors who might steal his true love away.

Robson continued his courtship over the years and, almost against her will, Hazel developed a grudging affection for the lovestruck mountain man. When news of Robson's heart attack reached her Hazel was quite upset, and for the first time in many years she considered coming

down off her mountain to visit Robson and perhaps use her herb lore to help him recover.

This inner conflict has been raging strongly in Hazel, and it has made her cranky – and considerably less tolerant of any intrusion on her privacy. The Investigators had better be on their best behavior when they pay a call on Miss Hazel Cobb!

Hazel is a vast storehouse of local information and folklore, and she knows more than most about the place called Sorrow's Glen. If the Investigators are favorably received, Hazel might even be persuaded to impart some of that information.

At this point, the Keeper may read aloud to the players "Hazel Cobb's Tale". There is no handout for this folktale simply because it is being imparted verbally; if the Investigators wish to keep track of the details, they had best take notes, because Hazel isn't one to repeat herself.

HAZEL COBB'S TALE

Now listen closelike t' whatall I say, 'cause I bain't repeatin' myself.

Long before air human trod these lands they wuz some ones as was passin' strange as lived in these parts. They wuz some of 'em big as a house, an' others small as an ant, and still others as had no shape r' size such as we cud see. But they wuz here, they wuz all of 'em here; an' it's surefire certain they ain't all gone yet.

Some, like Ol' Hooter, they be harmless as any critter of the woods, though the sound of 'im kin fright the bejesus outta you ifin you bain't expectin' it. Others wuz pure mean an' nasty, like a big ol' grizzly with the grumps. But they wuz others, an these-uns was evil nasty through an' through.

Now, a few of thesehere beasties had them some reg'lar smarts to 'em, but they used it for no good purpose. They fell to worshipin' such things as wuz even nastier then themselves, and built shrines an' suchlike to 'em in places where God's golden sunlight ain't air seen. How they went about doin' that thing is a piece of mystery, seein' as they got no bodies t' speak of.

Wellsir, the years passed like they've a habit to, an' most of them unnatural things faded back into whatair place they'd hailed from, but these evil ones, they was plumb too mean t' leave this world be so they hung on, waitin' t' see whatall would happen.

Then here we-all come, traipsin' around these lonesome hills an' a'poking our noses where we shouldn't be pokin' 'em, an' buildin' settlements on land that weren't our own. Leastways, that's how Them Others felt about it, back in them early days. Many a

brave mountain man wuz lost forever in these hills, an' what happened to 'em don't bear thinkin' on.

But then Them Others, the worst of the lot, they figgered out as how they cud use us, mebbe even feed on us without killin' us outright. They been doin' it fer years, an' if you cityfolk had any eyes t' see with why, you'd plain certain have seen it fer your own selves down there in town.

Ever in your born days seen such a mopey bunch? Air day goes by but they ain't plumb tuckered out afore the day even starts, an' what kind of naturalness cud cause that, eh?

It's Them Others, mark my words, a'feedin' an' a'feastin on what they take from them folk, like we squeeze milk from a cow. But more 'n milk's bein' taken from those folk an' it ain't right.

Could be them cityfolk there in Sorrow's Glen have stirred Them Others up, and that can only mean bad fer the rest of us.

Know why they call it Sorrow's Glen, don't ye? When a body's tired a livin' but they's a might few years left to 'em why, they wind up in the Glen, where they put an end to themselves however way they see fit.

They come from all around, from as far as Charlottesville, an' though they ain't air set foot in these parts they find their way to the Glen right easy. Most never come out again, but the rest, the ones with family t' mourn 'em, they come out – cold an' dead by their own hand.

Misery, sorrow an' death. It ain't right, but how do you fight somethin' you cain't see nor hardly believe in. Be that what you're all here to try? Well, you been warned.

Hazel is convinced that there is another witch in Hob's Gap, and that the other is somehow deeply involved in the goings on at Sorrow's Glen. She is also certain that this unknown person caused Robson Werts' heart attack, both to silence him and to throw suspicion on Hazel. Needless to say, Hazel would very much like to meet with this cowardly villain!

If the Investigators agree to assist Hazel in unmasking the black witch, she will give each of them a gift. This is a charm, which consists of a single red eye painted on a flat, round stone from the streams of Satin Peak. The charm, she will inform them, is a protection against the Evil Eye.

This charm is genuine, and of some power. The wearer will be protected against any mind-affecting magic cast by a human, and will add 1 point to an Investigator's POW for his next POW struggle with any non-human entity. Once employed against something of an alien nature, the charm will be burnt out and powerless.

Hazel Cobb

STR	10	CON	10	SIZ	12
INT	15	POW	17	DEX	14
APP	12	EDU	14	SAN	75
HP	11	MOVE	8		

SKILLS: Chemistry 30%, Geology 10%, History 45%, Occult 75%, Diagnose Disease 25%, Treat Disease 25%, Treat Poison 35%, Listen 40%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 30%, Track 20%, Hide 50%, Move Quietly 50%, Sing 45%, Climb 15%, Swim 30%, Throw 60%

SPELLS: Call Bear, Command Bear, Call Bird, Command Bird, Create Scrying Window, Deflect Harm, Heal, Mind-blast.

ELVINY POGUE

Here is one of the human villains of the piece, a black witch of the first order; evil, cunning, and hellishly clever.

She was present at the time Robson Werts gave his fateful news interview, and saw in it an opportunity to both silence Robson and cast dark suspicion on Hazel Cobb.

Her intention had been to kill Robson outright, ending any possible threat he may have represented to her schemes, but the mountain man's hardy constitution proved too strong for her dark powers to overcome entirely.

And what are Elviny's motives? Power and knowledge, the twin lures which have drawn many a soul down the path to damnation.

Since childhood, Elviny has always considered herself better than anyone else in Hob's Gap, but she has had considerable difficulty in convincing anyone else of that fact. This has led to much bitterness, and an intense study of the black arts of witchcraft.

Her quest for forbidden knowledge has led her inevitably to Sorrow's Glen and its burial mound, but unlike Hazel Cobb, Elviny delved deeper into its mysteries, summoning the ghosts of several misbegotten souls who had ended their lives there; it was from these restless spirits that she learned the true nature of the mound, of the Lloigor, and of the obscenity they worship.

Once aware of the Mythos, Elviny was frantic to quench her thirst for this more ancient and potent knowledge. Three years she spent traveling, seeking out ever more blasphemous tomes and using every means at her disposal to gain access to them – even to murder.

When she returned to Hob's Gap, Elviny had a well-rounded knowledge of the Mythos, a drastically reduced SAN – and an expert's familiarity with the Lloigor, their habits, and their goals. She had learned how to communicate with these horrible vortices of power, and immediately upon her return to Hob's Gap she contacted

them, forming a terrible alliance which in the years that followed spelled death for many unsuspecting victims.

Now Elviny plots and broods in her cabin overlooking the town, and communicates with other traitorous humans who have sold themselves over to the service of the Great Old Ones. One such correspondent is Desmond Collins.

Elviny is fiercely loyal to Desmond Collins, to the point of being completely under his control. She will die before revealing Collins' identity, and will sacrifice herself to successfully carry out the task assigned her by her master.

To that end, she will select the most attractive male member of the party and employ her feminine wiles as well as her arcane talents in an attempt to seduce her victim into her service. She will attempt to make him fall madly in love with her, so much so that he will do anything for her – including manipulating an artifact which could very well spell his doom!

Elviny will keep the Investigators under close observation through various arcane means, and should they begin to suspect the involvement of the Lloigor or attempt to close down the dig, she will use her mind-influencing spells in an attempt to throw them off the track.

The best way to accomplish this would be to record each Investigator's POW before play begins. Then when Elviny attempts her spell, roll a secret POW struggle for the witch and her target(s).

Write a brief note to those who lost the POW struggle, stating that the Lloigor angle is a dead end, and that investigation along those lines will result in a waste of time. Those who win the POW struggle may be left to think as they wish.

Elviny Pogue

STR	12	CON	13	SIZ	10
INT	15	POW	17	DEX	14
APP	17	EDU	14	SAN	50
HP	11	MOVE	8		

SKILLS: Chemistry 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, History 15%, Occult 55%, Spot Hidden 35% Pharmacy 20%, Listen 35%, Psychology 40%, Track 30%, Hide 40%, Move Quietly 45%, Sing 30%, Climb 30%, Throw 60%

SPELLS: Call/Command Snake, Cloud Memory, Call/Command Bird, Dampen Light, Death Spell, Dominate, Enchant Pipes, Flesh Ward, Pipes of Madness, Summon Ghost, Wither Limb.

ELVINY'S SHACK

Located half a mile to the east of Hob's Gap, Elviny's cabin is reached by a game trail that wends its way up the slopes of Stoney Peak, and from its front porch, she is able to look down upon the town and feel quite superior.

The cabin itself is a modest one-room affair with a

cramped loft where Elviny has made her bed. All is as it should be, or so it appears; but should anyone descend into the root cellar they will be in for a surprise.

The cellar is accessible through a trap door in the center of the cabin, which is concealed by a homespun carpet. It is a ten foot square chamber scraped from the loamy soil of the mountain, and it is virtually packed with a wide variety of roots, leaves, berries, and barks which a successful Occult roll will identify as the prime ingredients for witchcraft of the darkest sort.

Against one wall is a small trunk in which will be found a number of homemade black candles, which Elviny uses in her ceremonies in the Falcon Mine. Underneath this trunk Elviny has dug out a hollow space into which she has placed her treasure, wrapped securely in oilskin.

This is the condemned *True Magik*, and a worn copy of the *Sussex Manuscript*, in which volumes can be found all the spells known by Elviny. *True Magik* comes with 6% Mythos Knowledge and a X2 spell multiplier, while the *Sussex Manuscript* has a 7% Mythos Knowledge and a X2 spell multiplier.

In the trunk is also a recent letter from Desmond Collins, unsigned by him, and confirming their plans, along with a phone number Elviny is to use should something go awry. This is the New York number of Jasper Ravelle, Collins' associate and co-conspirator. For the players' copy of this letter, see "Elviny's Letter" in the Handouts Section.

Also in the cellar is one of three rattlesnakes controlled by Elviny and set here to guard her treasures. The snake has made its home near the trunk, so anyone approaching it

My Dear Miss Pogue:

I was pleased to learn of your success in the matter of Hazel Cobb; Robson Werts was a classic piece of misdirection for which you are to be congratulated.

For my part, I have set our plan into motion by alerting a group of unsuspecting dupes who have dared to interfere with the plans of the Great Ones From Outside. It is justly fitting that ones such as these serve to bring about the triumph of Those whom we serve.

I shall not write again, nor communicate in any other fashion until such time as we meet again, when you bring the Icosahedron to me. Once the artifact is in my hands, the final stages of our plan can begin.

Once the Icosahedron is in your possession, you may contact my associate at 555-3639, and a rendezvous will be arranged, from whence you will be brought to me.

Exercise caution; do not deviate from the plan, and our success is assured - as is the power you seek.

Until we meet again

has a 75% chance of arousing it to protect its territory.

The second rattler will be found nestled in Elviny's bed, where it remains when the witch is not occupying it – in which case it curls up under the bed. The third snake will usually be found near the fireplace, where it has a lair in a hollow space behind the rocks near the hearth. When there is a fire blazing, the rattler will come out of its lair to prowl for mice – and other prey.

THE RATTTLERS	1	2	3
STR	9	8	10
CON	10	10	11
SIZ	9	9	10
POW	8	10	9
DEX	15	16	14
HP	9	9	10
MOVE	6/12*	6/12*	6/12*

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Bite	40%	1d6 + poison (potency 7)

ARMOR: None

SKILLS: Move Quietly 90%, Hide in Cover 70%

* The rattlers' normal movement rate is 6, but when it is striking at any given target, its movement rate doubles to simulate the swiftness of the strike.

The rattlesnakes generally tend to shy away from humans, and will attack only if they feel threatened. Unfortunately, anyone searching Elviny's cabin will eventually pose just such a threat.

THE FALCON MINE

Excavation of this old coal mine began in 1868, and for a period of twenty years it proved a most profitable undertaking. In fact, the mine was responsible for the founding of Hob's Gap as miners and their families settled in the area to create an old-fashioned boom town.

But as time passed, the rich vein of coal played out, and in 1888 the owners closed down the mine, removing all the machinery and leaving the office and outbuildings to the mercy of the elements.

Now only the office building, being constructed primarily of stone, remains standing and in reasonable condition. All of its doors are warped securely shut, and all the windows are boarded over, so entry into this building will require some real effort.

The interior of the structure is simply one large open space, though various marks on the floor still indicate the arrangement of a number of desks in the back and a long counter facing the door up front.

Nothing which pertains to the mystery at Sorrow's Glen will be found here, though a successful Spot Hidden at half will bring to light an 1870 nickel lying in a dusty corner.

To the west of the office, across an overgrown workyard is a large pile of loose stone and compacted soil which the passing of time has transformed into a brush-choked, jagged hill. This is the rubble heap, where the debris from the mine was dumped.

Again, there is nothing of importance to be found in this pile, but it should be noted that the many rocky niches and shelves which comprise the pile have made it the happy home of a colony of rattlesnakes. An unthinking Investigator could have a rather nasty surprise waiting for him here.

THE MINE

The mine itself is in reasonably good condition, considering the rotted timbers and all the seepage which has occurred over the years.

All horizontal tunnels slope slightly toward their farthest end, and all vertical shafts are equipped with rough, narrow plank ladders, two of which are relatively new and in good repair, thanks to the efforts of Elviny Pogue.

Some flooding has occurred in the lower level, and one tunnel is completely impassable even when the water level is at its lowest. During times of heavy rains, the flooding is vastly more pronounced, and on such occasions the entire lower level is completely submerged.

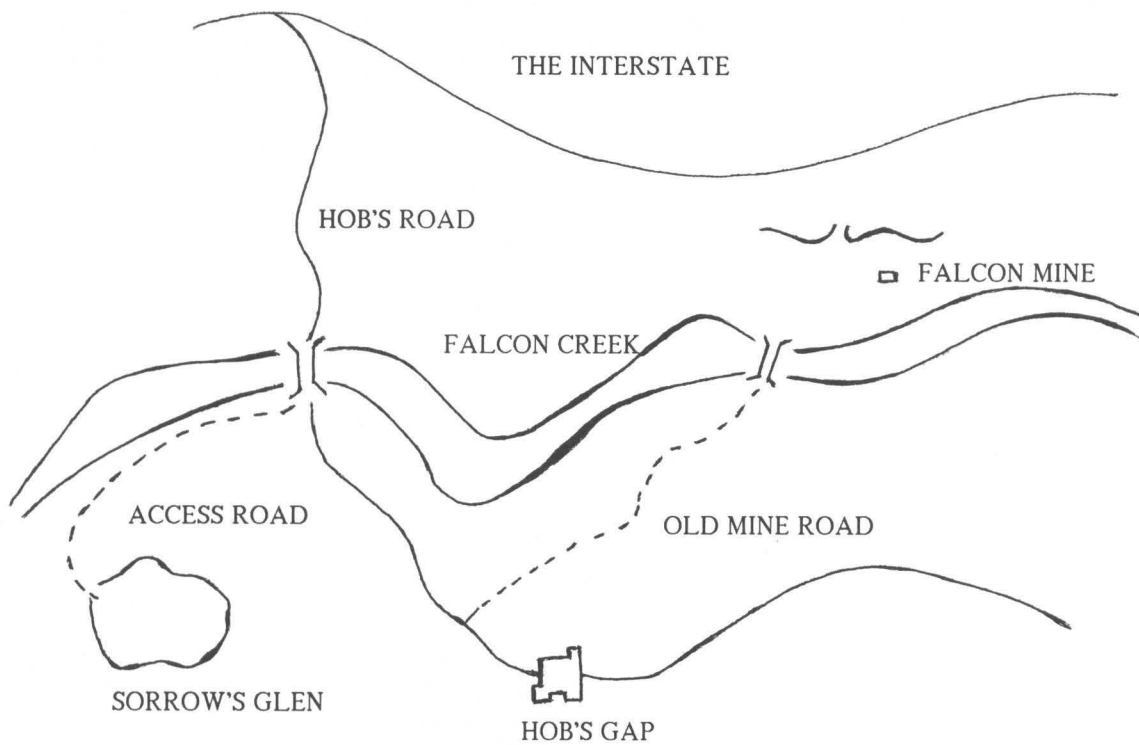
There has been only one serious cave-in here, this down on the second level. This entire tunnel has been weakened and hovers on the verge of total collapse. Any excessive vibrations – such as an explosion – will trigger just such a disaster, and sections of the tunnel will immediately fall in. Any Investigators in the area should make a Luck roll to see if they happened to be in a safe section.

Because of the flooding in the lowest level, Elviny Pogue has chosen a chamber at the farthest extent of a tunnel on the third level in which to conduct her evil ceremonies. It is to this chamber she hopes to entice her unwitting dupe when the time comes to attempt an activation of the Icosahedron.

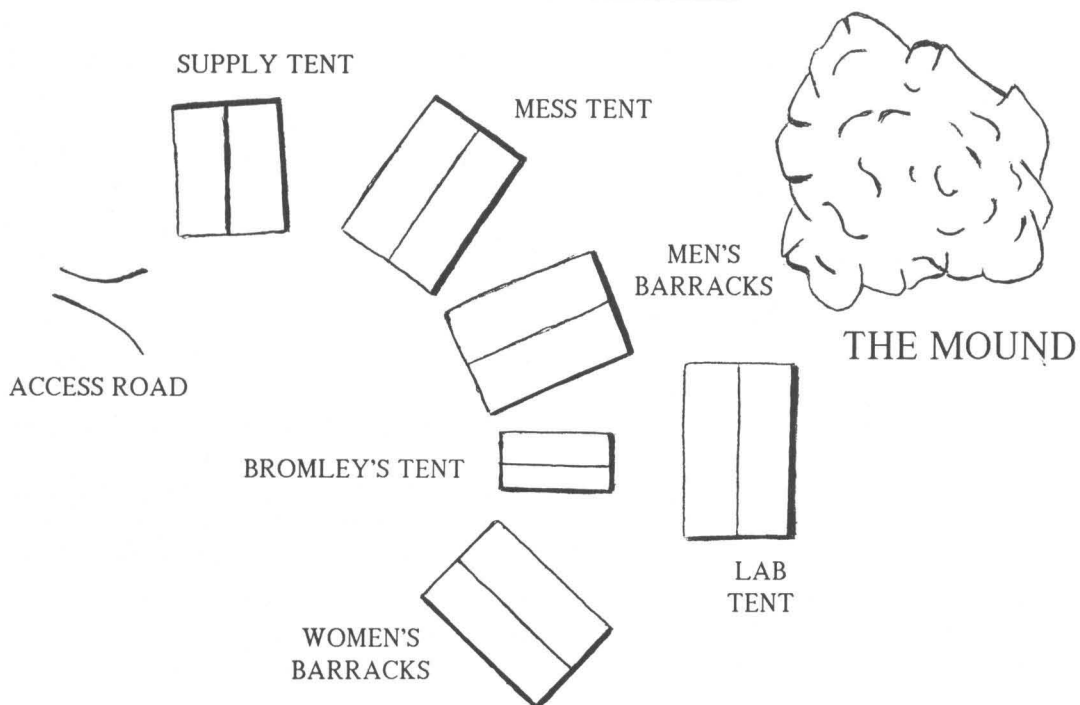
Unbeknownst to Elviny, this chamber is located quite near an underground water pocket of some considerable size. Some of the more powerful ceremonies she has conducted here have weakened the intervening rock, and there is a 65% chance that the activation of the Icosahedron will cause that wall to crack, releasing a powerful stream of water that will completely flood the two lowest levels of the mine within 30 minutes.

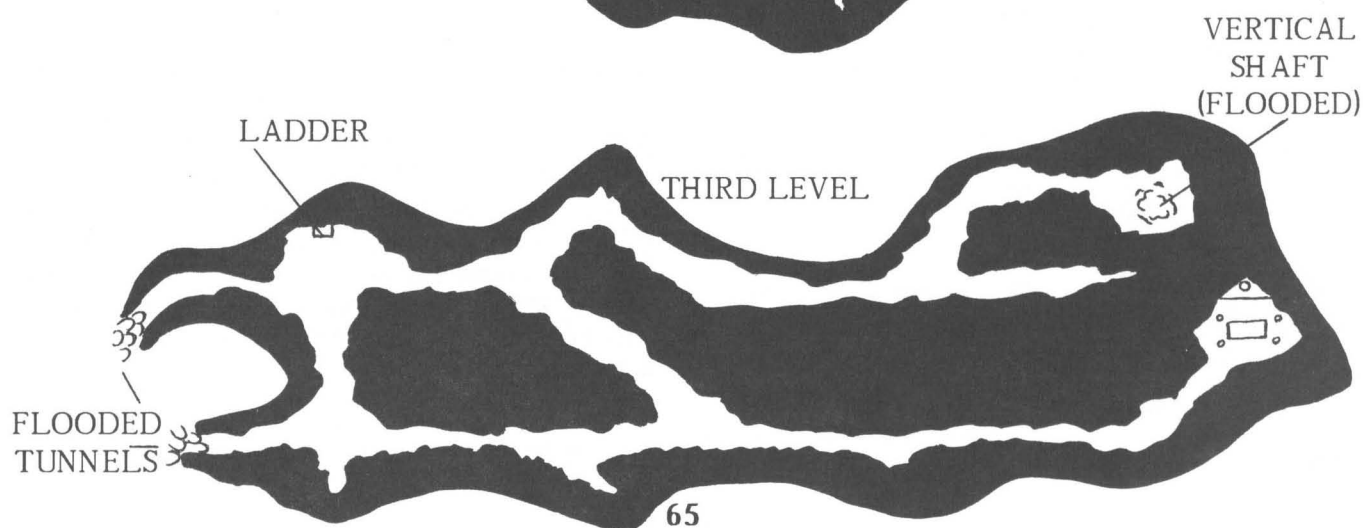
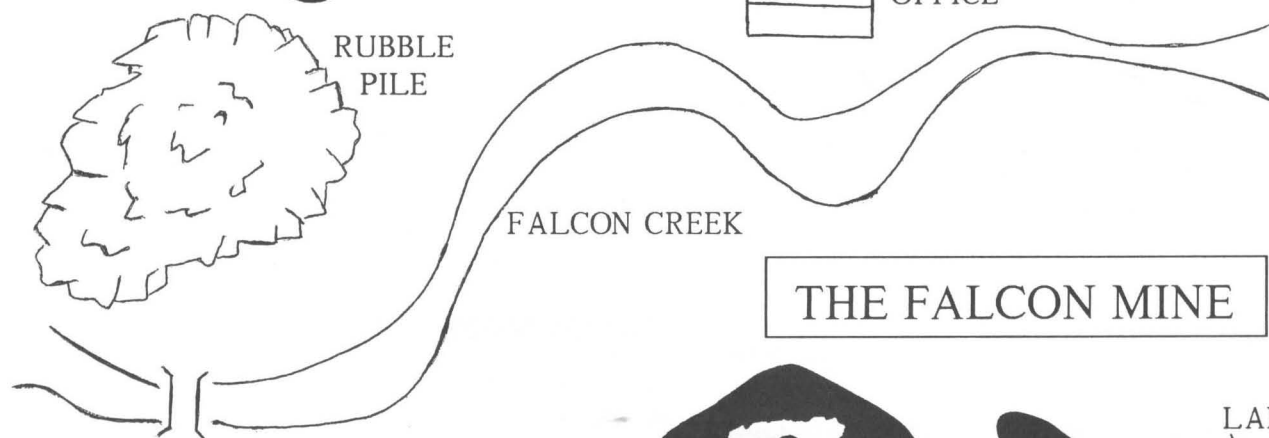
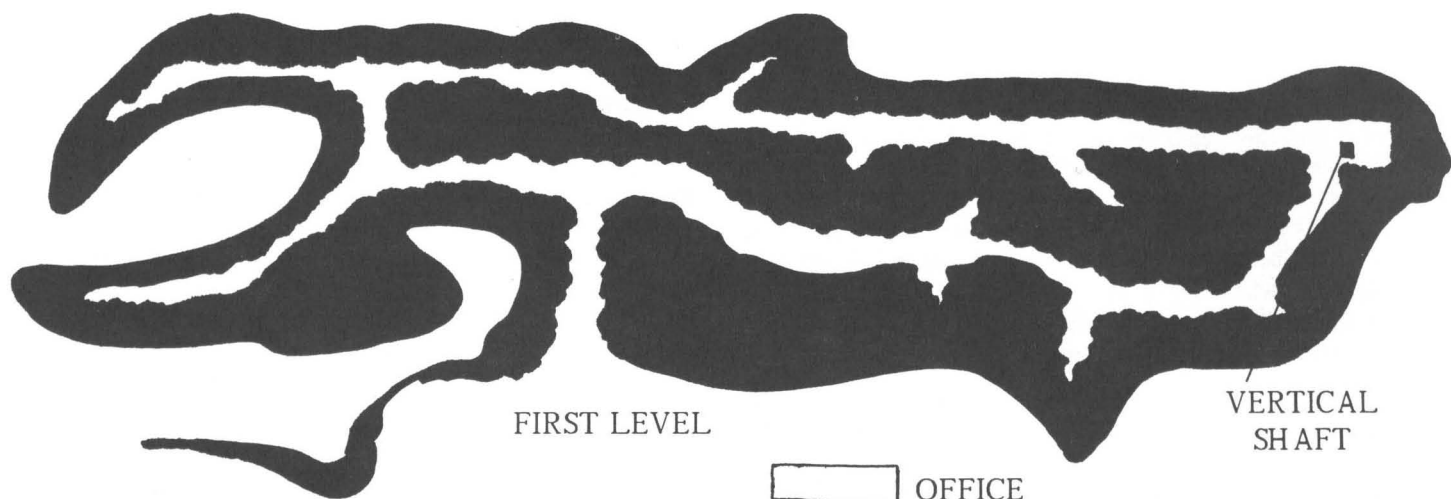
Needless to say, anyone trapped by this inundation must make their rolls against drowning to avoid a grisly death in the black depths of the earth.

AREA MAP



THE DIG SITE





THE DIG SITE

The dig site at Sorrow's Glen is accessible only by a rough dirt lane recently excavated along the banks of Falcon Creek. A treacherous ride even at the best of times, this road becomes impassable when it rains, and completely drowned when heavy rains cause the creek to rise and overflow its banks. Thus, the dig site will be completely cut off in the event of inclement weather.

The Glen itself is a bowl-shaped valley formed by the surrounding hills, with narrow passes cutting through the west and east ends of the valley. The western pass is the most negotiable, and it is through here that the access road runs.

The small encampment of the dig team is also located at the western end of the Glen. It is comprised of a large mess tent, one supply tent, two dorm tents, and a smaller tent which serves as Professor Bromley's office and quarters. The encampment is spartan and austere, as befits an academic field post, and the only conveniences present are those carried in by the staff themselves.

Besides Professor Bromley, there are twenty male and female college students who are working at the dig for the hands-on experience offered by the expedition.

By the time the Investigators arrive, there will of course be one less male student; namely Peter Iesenstien. The guys and gals have their own separate dorm tents, and they are strictly chaperoned by Professor Bromley.

However, it will soon become apparent that such chaperoning is hardly necessary. Everyone at the site will seem curiously fatigued and listless, and on a successful Idea roll at one-half, the Investigators will realize that this enervating effect is most pronounced in the mornings, after what should have been a full night's sleep.

This of course is caused by the feeding of the Lloigor, and should the Investigators spend the night at the dig, they will find themselves victims of the very same draining effect.

While not a particularly pleasant experience, this phenomenon will provide the first clue to the nature of the evil which lurks in Sorrow's Glen.

The Lloigor	1	2	3
STR	42	40	45
CON	28	26	30
SIZ	50	45	55
INT	20	18	16
POW	14	18	12
DEX	10	11	9
HP	39	35	42
MOVE	7/3*	7/3*	7/3*

*Movement through solids when immaterial.

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Claw	30%	1d6+5d6
Bite	50%	2d6+5d6
Drain Magic Points*		1d6 per night
Telekinesis**		
Implosion vortex***		

* At 0 Magic Points the victim must make a CON X 5 roll. Failure means the loss of 1 hit point, and a roll of 96% - 100% will mean the loss of 1 CON point permanently. This roll must be made once for each day spent at 0 Magic Points.

** 10 Magic Points creates a force of 1 STR above ground. 3 points will create the same force in a canyon or valley, and 1 point will generate the same force when completely underground.

*** 10 Magic Points are required for every square meter area of destruction, and everything within that area suffers 1d100 points of damage, and is literally torn to pieces. This effect usually takes place at night, and requires several rounds to manifest.

PROFESSOR BROMLEY

The good professor looks the part of a scholar; thin-faced, bespectacled, slightly balding, with a fringe of greying hair. While possessed of good humor under normal circumstances, he attempts to maintain a stern attitude where the conduct of his students is concerned. He is well-respected by those students, and they have learned a great deal from him on this dig.

Professor Bromley will be more relaxed with the Investigators, and in as good a humor as can be expected considering the Lloigor-induced fatigue. He will be more than willing to discuss the dig, though he will attempt to underplay the significance of the more recent remains found in the mound.

When pressed, he will admit to some curiosity concerning the ever-increasing age of the specimens they have been unearthing, for this refutes his original theory of a mass burial, and leaves no acceptable idea to replace it.

While he is certain that such an explanation will be forthcoming, he will steadfastly refuse to consider supernatural phenomena, and any mention of the Mythos will bring a casual dismissal of the notion - and a dry chuckle for those who would believe in such claptrap.

Once the tunnel into the Lloigor temple is uncovered, Professor Bromley will clear his students out of the dig and warn them against any exploring they might have in their minds to attempt. He will then set about preparations for a careful exploration of the nether passage himself, though he will welcome the company of the Investigators if they can prove themselves competent spelunkers.

If, on the other hand, the tunnel mouth is cleared by the

vortex action of the Lloigor, the shaken professor will welcome any company whatsoever when he descends into that dark fissure in the earth.

Professor Bromley

STR	10	CON	14	SIZ	14
INT	18	POW	12	DEX	15
APP	14	EDU	18	SAN	60
HP	14	MOVE	7		

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
.38 Revolver	35%	1d10

Skills: Accounting 15%, Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 75%, Chemistry 20%, Climb 40%, Dodge 30%, First Aid 35%, History 40%, Law 25%, Library Use 55%, Make Maps 30%, Occult 20%, Read/Write Latin 40%, Read/Write Greek 40%, Speak French 50%, Speak Italian 55%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 55%.

Spells: None.

THE MOUND

Over the centuries, the Lloigor have attempted to gain access to the temple of their god, but in this they are thwarted by their very nature. They draw humans into the Glen in the hope that one of them will be able to open the way to the tomb.

Unfortunately, the humans they contact all suffer from varying forms of depression that are aggravated by the Lloigor's mental contact, and when exposed to this pessimistic aura for any length of time they become prone to suicidal urges which bear their fatal fruit in Sorrow's Glen.

By their very efforts to bring forth the Icosahedron, the Lloigor have only succeeded in making it more difficult to obtain.

This terrible process has continued through the present day, though the people from the Jasper Institute have kept that bit of information from public knowledge, lest it draw an unwanted brand of publicity to the dig. Peter Iesenstien was one of the few to survive such an experience, but only through the swift intervention of medical and psychological treatment.

The Investigators will soon discover that not all of the bodies in Sorrow's Glen are of ancient origin, but rather are as recent as a year to six months!

Beneath the mound is a continuation of the bowl of the little valley which comprises the Glen. It is choked with the bodies of countless dead dating back centuries before the white man first set foot on the continent. Many of these bones will be identified as American Indian, of those tribes which inhabited this region during the time periods in question.

With each new layer that is uncovered, preserved tribal

artifacts will grow increasingly more primitive until at last, near the very bottom of the bowl, they will consist of nothing more than clubs and sharp stones.

Upon discovering these remains, Professor Bromley will estimate them to be well over 60,000 years old, a find unlike any other in the country. Though excited about these marvelous finds, the professor will be completely at a loss to explain how something like this could be possible.

At the northern end of the bowl near the very bottom of the depression there is a narrow fissure in the bedrock – this is the entrance to the Lloigor temple.

Just inside this slender opening is an equally narrow tunnel whose steep floor is worn into a series of rough steps by the passage of countless human – and less than human – feet. The steps are slick and glisten with moisture as they descend some 50 feet into the darkness.

At the base of these steps the tunnel widens into a natural chamber, in which the first of many horrors awaits the Investigators.

KEEPER'S NOTE: Read the following aloud to the Investigators:

The tunnel you have descended opens out after approximately 50 feet into a chamber which extends beyond the reach of your light. Though large in size, this chamber is crowded with limestone formations of various sizes and strange shapes.

There is a profusion of stalactites, stalagmites, and columns, and the slippery floor is quite irregular and difficult to traverse. Even from the mouth of the tunnel, you sense a weirdness about this cavern.

Perhaps it is the cloying, sickening odor of something long dead, or perhaps it is the curious, twisted shapes the limestone has created in its endless, painfully slow buildup of minerals.

But there is an unnaturalness about the formations, something shuddersome and horrid that you cannot put your finger on...

Should an Investigator make a successful Spot Hidden roll at this point, he will solve the mystery of this chamber, and be required to make a SAN roll or lose 1d6 points of Sanity (1 point loss on a successful roll). Anyone this Investigator points out his discovery to must make this roll as well.

When all required rolls have been made, continue reading the following:

At last you understand the unnaturalness of this nighted chamber; at last you have pierced the veil of mystery and seen what you should have expected, given the morbid discoveries of the mound above.

Long before the entrance to this cave was blocked by human remains, men had come down into this place – and

died here. The steady mineral seepage cared little for their mortality, or the dignity of their flesh, and it had consumed them, encasing their remains in layer upon layer until eventually they became a part of the formations themselves.

Now you can see it; the twisted claw of a hand emerging from a grimly suggestive lump on the floor, the chilling hint of a face wracked by agony within a thick column which holds many other things you deem best left unrecognized.

You are walking through a tomb of fossilized dead, amongst bodies that are ancient beyond reckoning. You shudder as you push away the horrid nagging in your minds which screams at you that certain of these calcified forms are not entirely human...

At this point, have the Investigators make a CON X5 roll. If they make it, they are able to fight down their nausea and continue on. Any who miss this roll must pause here to heave up the contents of their stomachs. This is a gruesome place, and only the hardest of souls can pass through it unaffected.

THE DESCENT

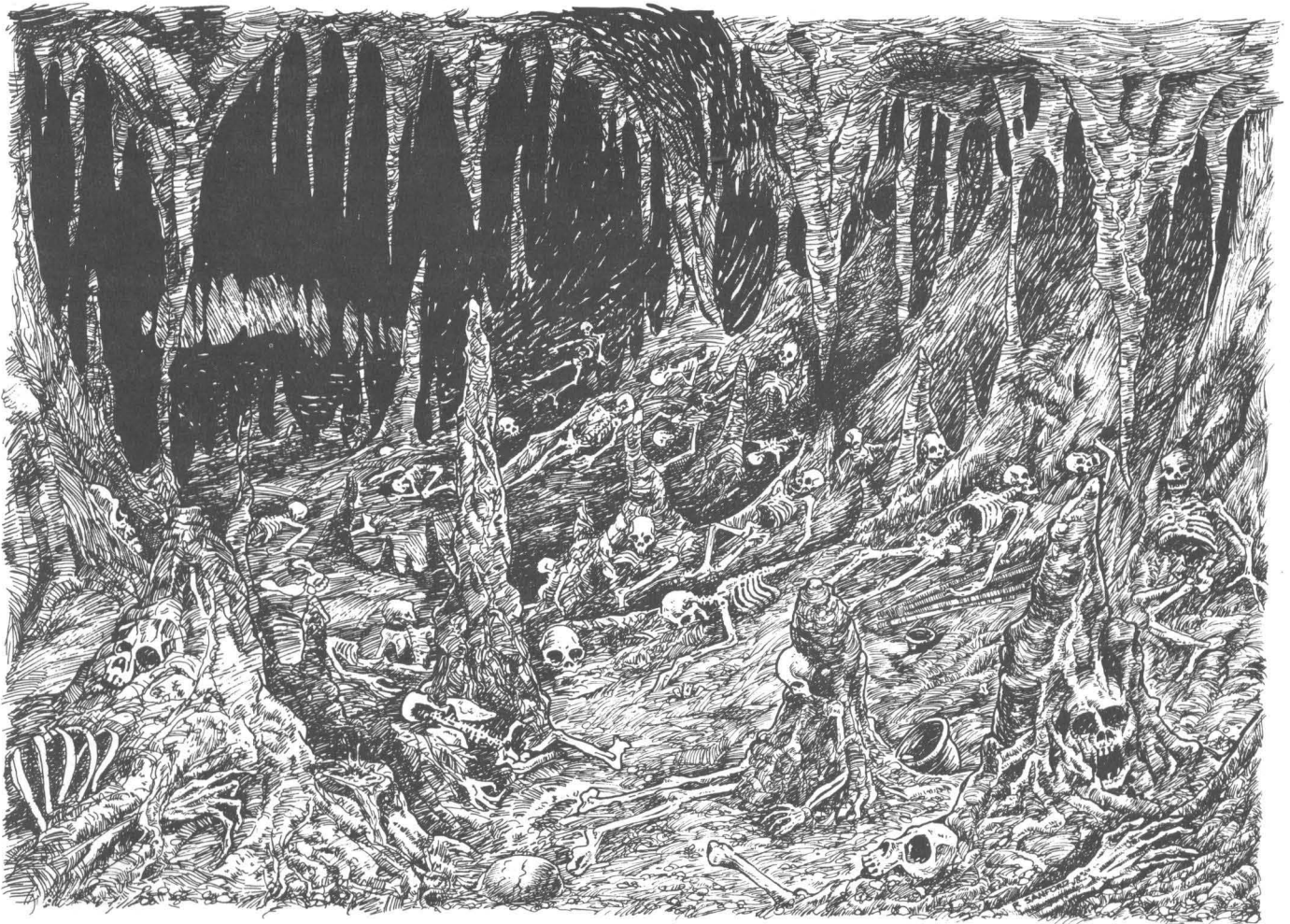
At the far end of the tomb-cave there is a tunnel opening which the surrounding flowstone formations have fashioned into an obscene-looking orifice that leads to another steeply descending tunnel, this quite rough and devoid of steps.

After they have traveled approximately 100 yards the Investigators will be able to hear the faint sound of rushing water. Within the next 100 yards the faint sussurance will grow into a deafening roar above which even the loudest shout cannot be heard.

At this point the downward trail follows along the edge of a great crevasse which slashes down into the lightless depths of the earth; it is from this nighted abyss that the water-roar emerges.

After another 50 yards the tunnel veers away from the crevasse and slowly begins to level out, its moist surfaces now illuminated by a pale green phosphorescent light seeping in through the mouth of the tunnel.

When the Investigators emerge from this tunnel, read the following description aloud:



As you step out onto a wide ribbon of unreflective ebon sand, your minds reel at the dimensions of this green-litten nether chamber. Solid bedrock arcs a hundred feet above your heads, curving down into shrouded gloom perhaps half a mile distant.

The black sand on which you stand curves away beyond sight to left and right, broken by twisted, tortured shapes of glistening black granite which crowd together in furtive clumps of unnaturalness. And this strip of pulverized stone borders a lake, an expanse of dark fluid which reflects neither image nor light, but rather sucks it in hungrily and gives nothing back.

In the middle of this voidal pool rises a low table of granite. Squatting loathsomely at the center of this flat stoney isle is what can loosely be referred to as a structure. Bulbous and amorphous, yet still possessing a certain morbid symetry, this curiously organic construct is alive with the sickly green light whose reflections illuminate the grotto.

Between the shore of the lake and the island are scattered a number of small, flat rocks which in a saner world might have been called stepping stones, though these are much too far apart to accept the natural human stride.

The entire macabre cavern holds the silence of the tomb. The only sounds to be heard are those which you have brought with you - the ragged rasp of your breath, and the anxious pounding of your hearts.

THE TEMPLE

The bizarre, obscene structure squatting on the island is the eldritch temple of Ghatanothoa, raised by the priests of Mu in the chaotic time before the advent of Man to house the dread Icosahedron. To reach it, the Investigators must use the stepping stones scattered across the ebon lake.

These stones are too far apart for the stride of a human being, so the Investigators are going to have to jump from one to the next until they are across. A successful Jump roll at +10% is required for each of the nine steps, and should a roll be missed, the Investigator will plunge into the voidal muck of the lake.

This cloying, semi-solid substance will exert a steadily increasing downward pull, beginning at a STR of 9 and increasing by one point for each round thereafter. If the Investigator cannot pull himself free or be hauled out by his companions, he will be dragged down into the black thickness to a fate unknown but assuredly hideous. Bear in mind that only two Investigators can occupy a stepping stone at a time.

Also keep in mind that swallowing any of this horrid muck (see the rules for drowning) will cause a terrible viral infection which shows its effects immediately in fits of violent nausea and vomiting and the loss of one point of

CON. Within 12 hours the victim will be completely helpless and bedridden, losing one point of CON per day unless he can make a successful CON X 3 roll.

This horrid infection will last for 1d10 days, and if the victim survives this long he will be out of danger, but will suffer the permanent loss of one CON point.

Having gained the island, the Investigators will be free to explore the temple. The exterior of the structure is quite hard and relatively smooth, like the shell of a clam or snail. Faint ridges are barely discernable in the pale green glow which its surfaces emit, and a successful Zoology roll will point out that the entire construct has the distinct appearance of having been grown rather than built. There is but one entrance into the temple; a fifty foot tall oblong orifice which looks as though it had been melted through the temple wall, looming darkly between the pincer-like extensions of the structure, appearing for all the world like a gaping, hungry mouth stretched invitingly open...

Once the Investigators have entered the temple, use the descriptions below to inform them of what they find.

CHAMBER OF THE GUARDIAN

The sickly green luminescence dims as you enter into what appears to be the main concourse of this structure. The walls here glisten slickly, running with a steady flow of thick, mucousy substance that is somehow reabsorbed into the floor.

The glossy, blue-black interior walls are broken by four shuddersome openings, two to the left and two to the right, while before you is...

At this point the Investigators are required to make a SAN roll or lose 1d10 points of Sanity, or 1 point on a successful roll, as they come face to face(?) with the guardian of the temple.

An amorphous thing, grey and pallid, hulks loathsomely atop a low platform in the center of the chamber. Hinting horribly of both squid and frog, it is quite clearly of no natural origins. It stands silent, unmoving, pledged to some eternal, alien guardianship.

A Mythos roll will identify this creature as a Servitor of the Other Gods, though a few moments' observation will show it to be a remarkably lifelike statue carved from some unknown rock.

Looks can be deceiving, however, for this "statue" is in fact a living Servitor, held in stasis by the strange powers invested in the temple by eldritch Gatanothoa.

Set upon its platform eons past to guard the temple against infidel intruders, this horrid creature will come to life within 1d20 rounds after the Investigators enter the temple, and it will begin to track down the intruders with malign intent.

THE SERVITOR

STR	14	CON	17	SIZ	21
INT	17	POW	20	DEX	16
HP	19	MOVE	7		

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Tentacle	45%	2d6

ARMOR: None, but regenerates 3 points per round. Magic weapons will inflict normal damage.

SPELLS: Clutch of Nyogtha, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Grasp of Cthulhu, Levitate, Shriving, Summon Hunting Horror, Summon Byakhee, Call Ghatanathoa, Wither Limb.

SAN: 1d10 or 1 point on a successful roll.

NOTE: If this scenario is run for a small or inexperienced group, the Keeper may choose to treat the Servitor as nothing more than a statue and use it for shock value only.

THE SHRINE

This crescent-shaped chamber is studded with numerous warty nodes which glow weirdly through an unpleasant spectrum of tainted multihues. On the righthand wall as you enter there protrudes a pair of pincer-like extrusions of a milky white substance veined with twisting streaks of unhealthy blue.

Further around the curve of the chamber and near its end there is a flight of three strangely-molded steps leading to a platform which supports a 20 foot tall outer carving whose form and substance is vague and insubstantial, causing the eyes to water and burn after but a few moments' observation.

This formless image radiates a harsh, violet light which sends an unpleasant tingling washing over your bodies even where you stand. Even though it is without form, you somehow sense that this is a receptacle for that which was called to this place in times eons past when the world was young, something which instilled an awesome fear into the entities which had raised the edifice.

This is the shrine to Ghatanathoa, a place where the dreadful Great Old One sometimes manifested itself to accept a sacrifice. The formless carving is merely the material which gives the deity temporary substance.

The two pincer-like structures are a form of sacrificial font, where worshipers would give up POW to feed and placate their god. Anyone stepping between the two pincers will trigger the process. Once this occurs, the victim will be trapped, and must engage in a POW struggle against the font's POW of 20. Losing the struggle means the permanent loss of 1 POW point, and only by winning a POW struggle will the victim be able to break free.

NOTE: This is the one place in the entire temple into which the Servitor of the Other Gods will never attempt to enter.

THE GATE CHAMBER

A curious, uncomfortable static crackles through the atmosphere of this dark and curving chamber, which at first glance appears to be completely empty.

It is only when your eyes travel to the convex wall before you that you encounter something — a design, or rather, a complex series of designs drawn upon the wall with a self-luminescent, chalky substance whose diseased green glow provides the sole source of illumination in this place.

A chill, damp hint of breeze heavy with the salty odour of the ocean's depths wafts out from some hidden source within this chamber, despite the fact that such a phenomenon is utterly impossible given your present geographical location. And yet, you can almost hear the ponderous roll of the sea...

A successful Mythos roll will identify this complex tracery of designs as a Gate, and a minimum of investigation will show it to be the source of the cold, salty draft.

This is a two-way gate, its other terminus being a vast, blackened circular chamber in drowned Mu, residence/prison of the dread Ghatanathoa, a place of beslimed ruin and eldritch decay.

Should any Investigators prove adventurous or foolhardy enough to pass through the gate, they will find themselves in a chamber which can be described thusly:

A briny chill cuts deeply into you, the very air pressing oppressively against you from the absolute darkness stretching beyond the reach of your light.

The floor beneath your feet is smooth, the seams between the great blocks which comprise it barely discernable, attesting to the skill of those long-vanished masons.

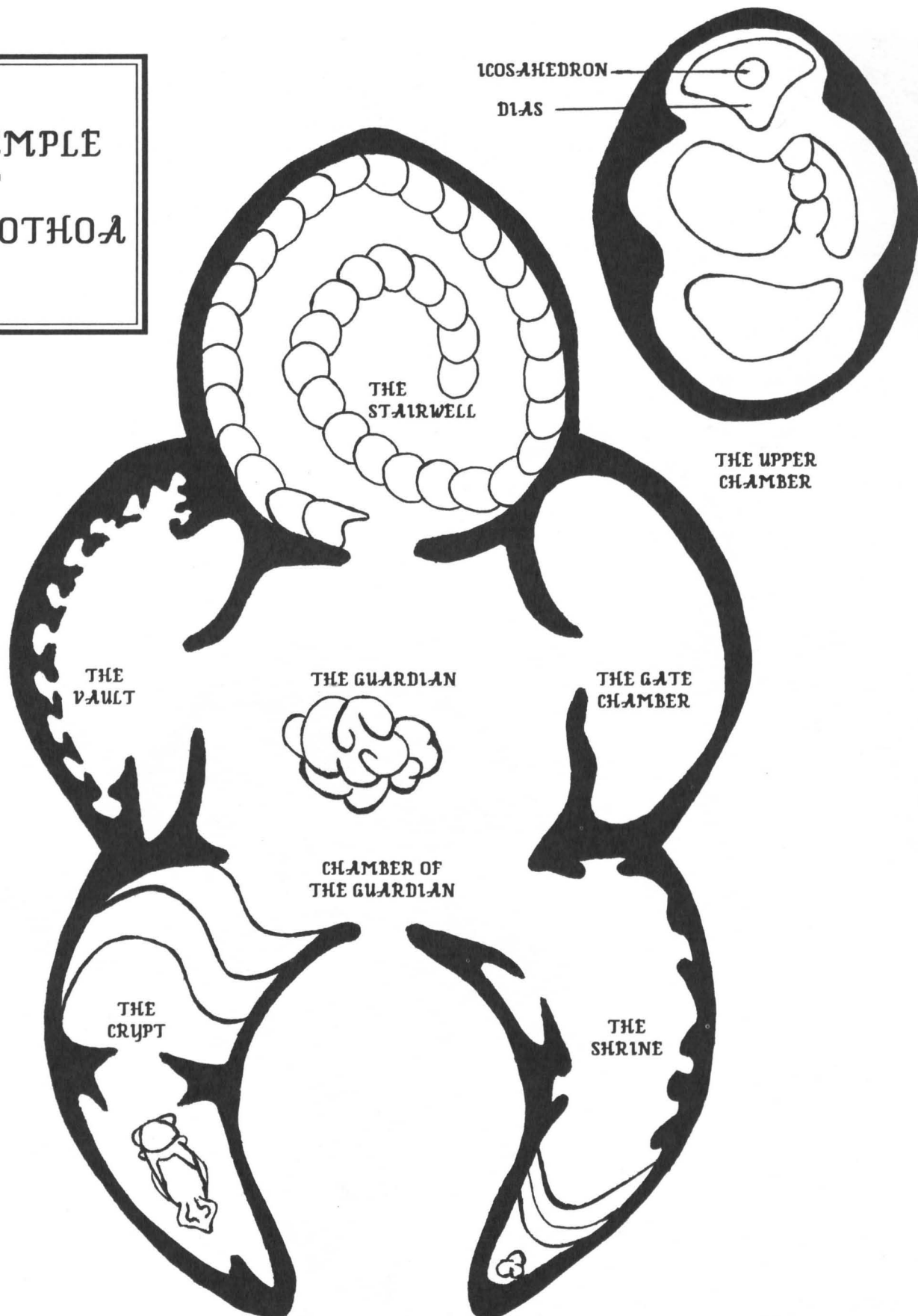
Your voices, your footsteps, even the rasp of your breath echoes back to you as if from the very ends of time, and though it may be your imagination, it seems from time to time that something responds to those echoes, and answers them...

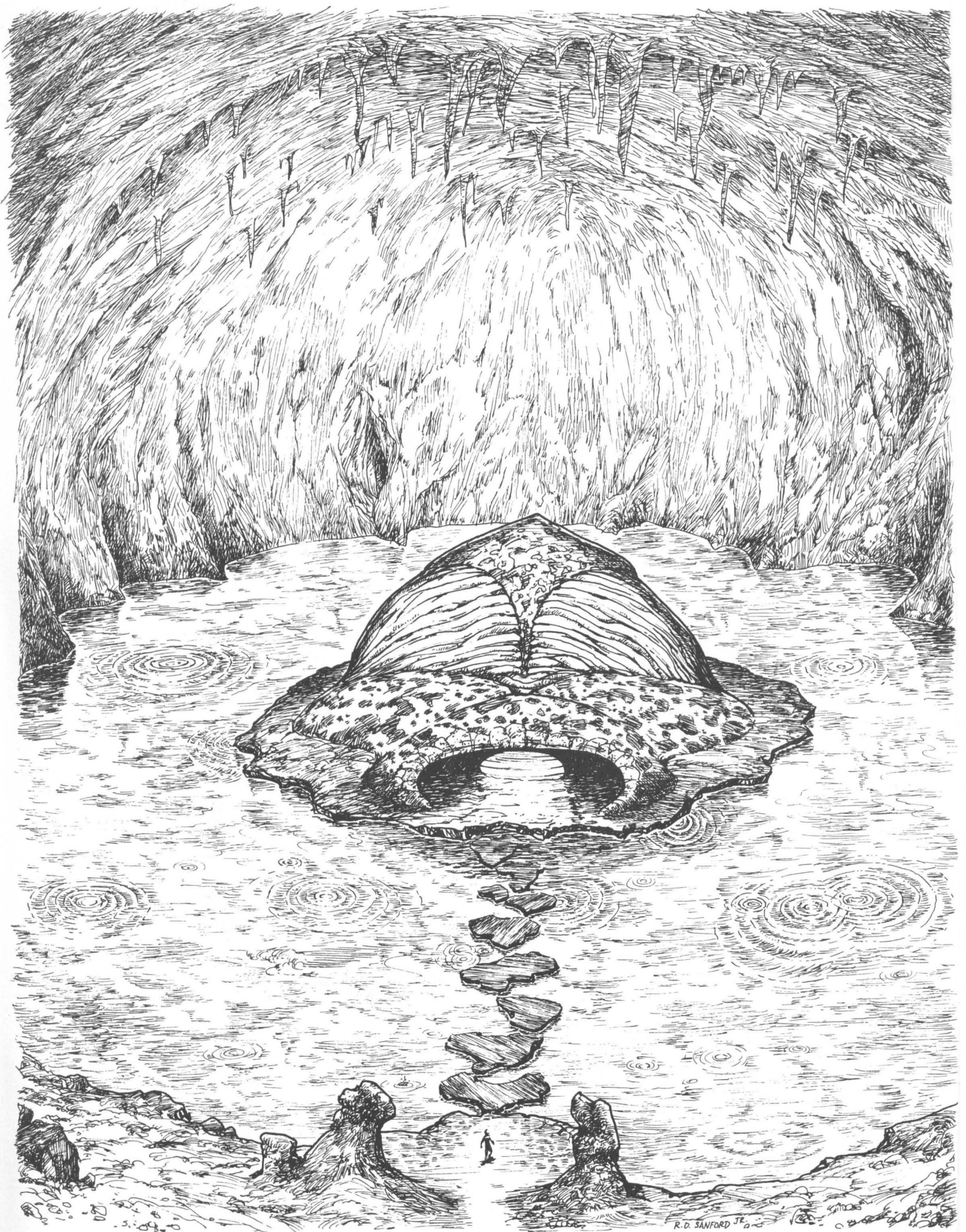
A cautious circuit of this chamber will reveal no less than nine arched doorways which at one time afforded access into this place. These are now sealed by walls of expertly laid blocks whose seams are as fine as those of the floor, each of these blocks measuring some four by eight feet, sturdy barriers which only a large amount of dynamite could ever affect.

It will be immediately noticed that every surface of this high-domed chamber is covered with a thick layer of soot, as though some great inferno had raged unchecked here for many days.

In the center of this great hall is a series of circular

THE TEMPLE OF GHATANOTHOA





platforms of decreasing size which are stacked one atop the other to the height of twenty feet. Atop the last platform is a partially melted slab which had clearly once served as an altar; but to what purpose is unguessable.

Clearly there had once been hundreds of intricate carvings decorating the altar, but the intense heat of that eons-old conflagration completely obliterated them.

Any Investigator with more than 15% Mythos Knowledge will feel the presence of a great evil in this place, and on a successful Idea roll they will realize that this is very likely one of those sunken prison-places which holds a blasphemous deity in check, and that that abominable Outer God must rest somewhere very near at hand!

This in turn will call for a SAN roll or the loss 1d8 points of Sanity (1 point if a successful SAN roll is made). This should provide all the reason the Investigators need to retreat from the morbid tomb of Mu.

THE VAULT

Anyone casting a light upon the objects occupying this chamber must make a SAN roll or lose 1d6 points of Sanity (1 point on a successful roll). Once everyone who intends to look into the vault has done so, they may be informed of the following:

The mummified remains of beings, many human, others vaguely so – and others which could never have been – crowd this lightless chamber, their bodies twisted, contorted into poses of unmentionable agony. Their frozen, sunken features are alive with mind-rending fear, and the empty sockets of their eyes are open pits of madness.

Any examination of these bodies will uncover the fact that they are quite hard, like the exoskeleton of an insect. These are the various and sundry sacrifices made to Ghatanothoa who, upon being forced into the presence of that dread god's true form, fell prey to the horrible curse which Ghatanothoa inflicts, their flesh transforms swiftly into a stiff, leathery consistency within which the still living brains must live out the remainder of their mad lives.

These damned creatures were placed in the vault as an obscene decoration, and as a chilling reminder of the power of Ghatanothoa. Depending from the neck of each of these ancient unfortunates is a medalion on which has been inscribed a curious and disturbing symbol; this is the mark of Ghatanothoa, and it can also be found on one of the facets of the Icosahedron.

THE CRYPT

A sickish purple mist pours unceasingly through the entrance of this chamber, clinging to the floor like some furtive, stalking thing until it dissipates into nothingness some three feet from the portal.

As you enter the chamber this mist curls sluggishly

around your feet, chilling them to the bone with its harsh, arctic temperature.

The very air itself is brutally frigid and difficult to breathe, and it is a certainty that you cannot withstand it long.

In the walls around you are a number of grotesquely-molded niches, and in each rests a thin tablet of some highly polished, silvery metal into which have been inscribed many lines of intricate heiroglyphs.

In the center of the chamber stands the source of the mist; a four foot tall, ovoid monument composed of many weirdly-shaped nodules, the whole made of a glistening, ebon substance which radiates cold as a blast furnace does heat. Yet for all its strange design and properties, still it has the look of a coffin...

The metal tablets were inscribed by the priests of Mu before it sank beneath the Pacific, and on them are contained a vast body of dreadful knowledge concerning the Mythos and many terrible places which haunt the gulfs of space. It may be possible, after years of concentrated study, to decipher these heiroglyphs, but for the time being, their contents will remain a mystery.

Also, the metal of which these tablets are composed is quite unknown to modern man, and quite sensitive as well. If exposed even for the briefest time to the direct rays of the sun, the tablets will begin to melt, and in seconds will be nothing more than a puddle of liquid metal very similar to mercury.

The ovoid object in the center of the chamber is in fact a coffin, in which rests the last high priest of Mu.

The metal surfaces of the coffin are incredibly cold, and will freeze solid anything which touches it – including human flesh. Unless caution is used here a few fingers and perhaps even a hand or two may be lost. And to no good end, for the sarcophagus will resist any and all attempts to open it by force.

However, a successful Spot Hidden roll will bring to light a series of three raised bumps on the front of the sarcophagus which would seem to function like modern push buttons. A successful Idea roll at -30% will allow an Investigator to figure out the correct combination that will unlock the ancient coffin – provided, of course, that a way can be found to manipulate the buttons without actually touching the deadly cold metal of which they are made.

Once the combination has been discovered and entered, the lid of the sarcophagus will slide aside, and a violet pillar of light will descend from the ceiling to envelope the entire coffin, in which rests the last priest of Mu.

Anyone may step into the violet illumination without injury, but should the body of the priest be removed from its rays, it will decay into dust in a matter of seconds. The light is in fact part of a sterilization field, and is the only

thing protecting the priest from instant dissolution.

The priest himself is seven feet tall, quite thin and completely hairless; in all other ways he resembles a normal human being. He is clad in elegant golden robes, with a large medallion hanging from a golden chain around his neck; the design on the face of the madalion is the symbol of Ghatanothoa, his feared deity.

Anyone making a successful Anthropology roll will be able to tell that this fellow was native to a tropic climate, and bears a close resemblance to the inhabitants of the South Pacific, particularly Easter Island. It is certain that he had never lived in the Appalachian region of what is now the United States, and his presence here should provide quite a mystery unless and until the Gate is discovered.

THE STAIRWELL

A seemingly endless rank of glistening, scale-shaped steps spirals up into the thick gloom of the temple's upper reaches. A vague, dead-white light filters down from above, though it is so weak that it is barely discernable in the consuming darkness.

This is the sole access to the uppermost chamber of the temple. In each step of this spiralling flight has been

inscribed one of the twenty symbols etched into the factes of the Icosahedron. Each symbol is repeated twenty times, for a total of 400 steps.

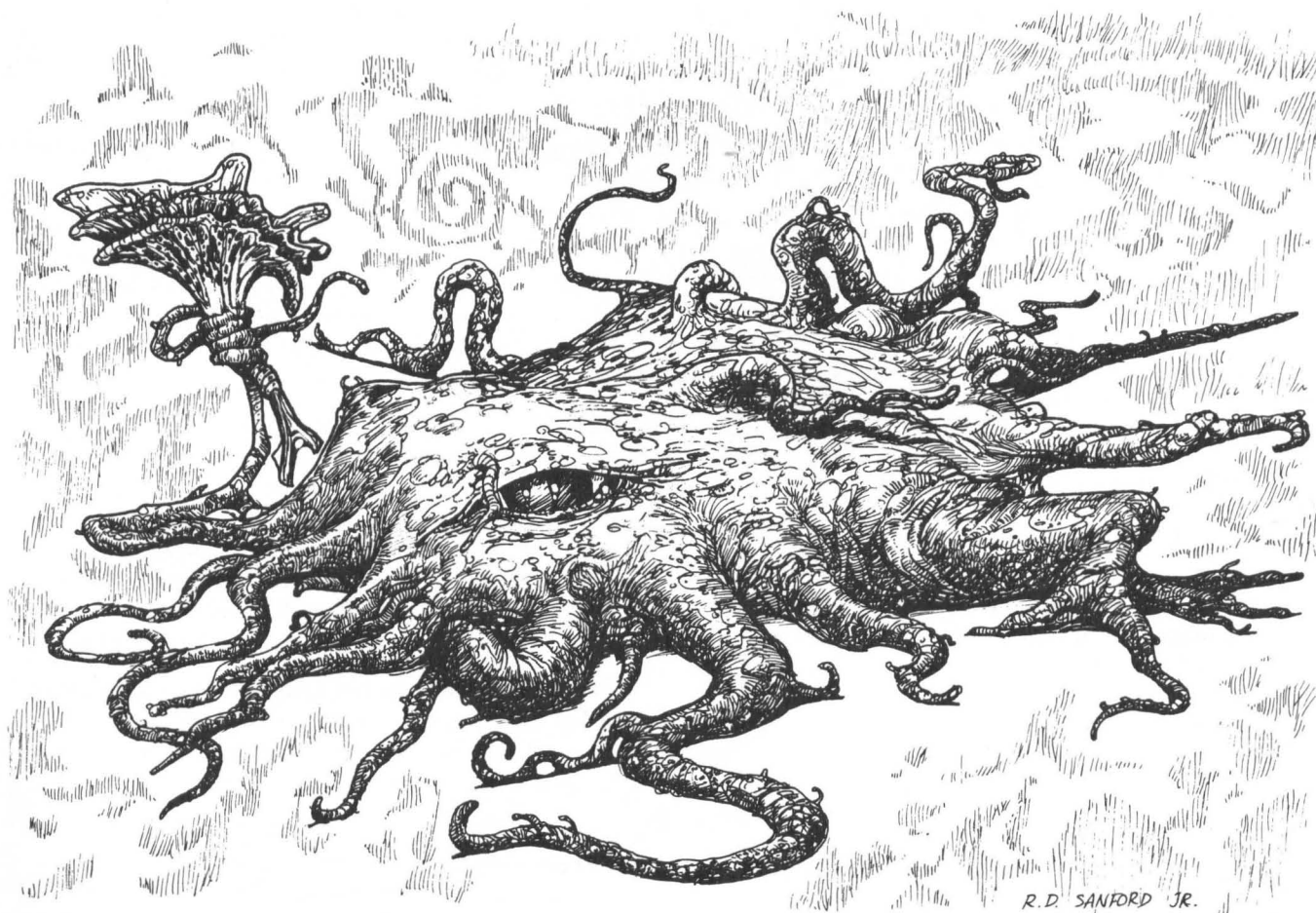
THE UPPER CHAMBER

The last spiral of the stairway stretches out across black, empty space, affording access to a Y-shaped platform somewhat off-center in an oval chamber which must be very near the apex of the temple.

Nestled in the larger curve of this oval stands a triangular dias with inward-curving sides. At the center of the dias rises a large pedestal consisting of three intermingled sperical nodules which support a milky-white, opaque object with many faceted sides.

The faint light you noticed from below pours from the walls, which are criss-crossed with cyan veins which seem to pulse with an alien heartbeat. The light is nearly sufficient to see by, but it casts a sickly glow over the chamber which is thankfully dispelled somewhat by your lights.

The multifacted object on the pedestal is of course the Icosahedron, a harmless enough artifact – until it is activated by a ceremony whose description the priests of



Mu destroyed for the sake of the world. Unfortunately, that vile ceremony was written of in other tomes of other races, and so its danger persists.

This is the object Elviny Pogue and her ally want retrieved at all costs. Professor Bromley will naturally wish to remove the Icosahedron for the Institute, since it is an artifact of a heretofore undiscovered civilization, and he will not be swayed by arguments to the contrary. Whether the Investigators like it or not, the Icosahedron is going to leave its ancient resting place.

FLEEING THE NIGHTED DEPTHS

It may be thought that the subterranean grotto is devoid of anything living – but this is not the case.

The shores of the torpid black lake are home to a colony of Ghosts, who over the years have developed a taste for human flesh. And since their supply was cut off with the blocking of the entrance of the cave system, they are abominably eager to feast.

The Ghosts will arrive on the scene just in time to pursue the Investigators on a nightmare race up to the wholesome realms of the surface. Since their movement rate is quite faster than the humans, the upward journey should prove a terrifying battle for every step of the way. These repugnant creatures were originally placed here as a first-line defense against unwanted intrusions, but the memory of their purpose has faded in the alien minds of these horrid offspring – yet even so, they have fulfilled that purpose, and hunger to do so again....

The Ghosts

	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>6</u>
STR	22	20	22	18	23	17
CON	14	15	14	12	15	13
SIZ	26	24	25	22	23	25
INT	3	3	4	3	2	5
POW	9	11	10	8	10	12
DEX	11	9	11	7	8	12
HP	20	20	20	17	16	19
MOVE	10	10	10	10	10	10

<u>Weapon</u>	<u>Attack%</u>	<u>Damage</u>
Bite	40%	1d10
Kick	25%	1d6+2d6

Armor: 3 point skin.

Spells: None.

Skills: Sneak 70%.

SAN: 1d8/0.

ON THE SURFACE

The survivors of this nether journey will emerge into another form of chaos. Driven to a frenzy by the impending release of the Icosahedron – threatened now by the pursuing Ghosts – the Lloigor will attack the pit of the burial mound with their full fury in an attempt to widen the route to the surface and the realization of their eldritch desire.

The Lloigor will expend their entire combined energies on the creation of a single powerful vortex in an attempt to pull away all the human debris from the pit; the result will appear to be a tornado of impressive proportions.

Unfortunately, this attempt will prove their undoing, for it will overstress the bedrock in the area and collapse the tunnel all the way down to the grotto of the temple, sealing it off forever.

This assault will wreak havoc on the expedition's camp and the surrounding countryside, making it impossible for anyone to remain at the dig site until the next morning, when all those concerned may return to discover the Glade, blasted, scoured, and completely denuded of all life. The archaeological dig at Sorrow's Glen is done.

THE END OF THE MATTER

If the Keeper wishes to use this scenario as the first in a two-part campaign, it is important that Desmond Collins' letter to Elviny Pogue be found, whether by the Investigators or someone else searching her cabin. This document is the link with the second scenario, providing the players with a phone number they may attempt to trace.

The Icosahedron should find its way into the possession of the Institute, but if it is lost in some manner, it will not affect the next scenario. Indeed, it can turn up as a rather unpleasant surprise in Act Two of this campaign as it begins to fulfill its dreadful purpose.

Should one of the Investigators be possessed by one of the Outer Gods, he will set out to reach Desmond Collins to further their dreadful plot, and the hapless Investigator can now be run by the Keeper as a villain in the following scenario.

The Keeper should review the advantages and disadvantages of a deity-possessed human being as described in the section dealing with the Icosahedron, and to play up the horror of the situation to its fullest potential – a fitting warning to all incautious Investigators!

If Elviny Pogue's part in these dreadful goings-on is exposed, the witch will attempt to flee the scene, and will seek sanctuary with Desmond Collins; if she is caught or killed here, then her participation in these events will have ended.

THE ICOSAHEDRON

This ancient and deadly artifact resembles a milky-white 20 sided die approximately nine inches in diameter. Into each of its facets has been inscribed a symbol representing one of 20 of the major Mythos deities (*see opposite page*).

When activated by the Ceremony of the Icosahedron in the Starshrine, it will allow an Outer God to take possession of a human body for a period of nine months - destroying the victims' souls and burning up their bodies as they work to plunge the world into chaos.

The Icosahedron itself is a harmless object, and will remain so until and unless the Ceremony of the Icosahedron is conducted atop the pyramid in the Starshrine. Note that the artifact itself need not be present during the Ceremony, so long as a sacrificial victim is holding it.

Because of its incredible importance to the Great Old Ones, written references to the artifact are rare, and vague at best. Such references will be found in the following books, and will require 1d6 days of research to locate.

Necronomicon – all translations:

“And in the Shape of Twenty resides the Power to seize that which lives to work the ends of that which can eternal lie.”

Liber Ivonis – all translations:

“The vessel of Ye Outer Gods offers a certain Freedom, at Horrible Price and Consequence.”

R'lyeh Text:

“The milky jewel can bring down empires. Through it, the world may be forever changed.”

Cthaat Aquadingen:

“Of the multiform horrors held prisoned by the power of the Elder Sign, none save The Crawling Chaos are totally free to roam the Earth. Yet there are means whereby even such as These might achieve a partial release.

The creation of an avatar is one such means, or that Object of surpassing power which permits investiture of Elder spirit into Human form.”

THE ICOSAHEDRON – A HISTORY

The Icosahedron was fashioned by the Insects from Shaggai on a planet orbiting Proxima Centauri approximately 10,000 years after the imprisonment of the Great Old Ones. So vast were the forces employed in the creation of this terrible artifact that the once pleasant, Earthlike world of its creation was transformed into a cold and barren sphere of lifeless rock.

The artifact was brought to Earth aboard one of the Insects' temple-ships, which landed in a large public square in the capital city of fabled Mu, signalling the decline and eventual fall of that ancient culture.

Though their civilization was ultimately doomed, the priests of Mu eventually exterminated the Insects and took possession of the Icosahedron. They took the artifact through a gate to one of their many farflung subterranean temples and placed it in the uppermost chamber.

The building housing that gate was purged by arcane fire and sealed off by stone and spell, never to be entered or even mentioned again.

By this time, however, the dread Ghatanothoa had usurped the more benign gods of Mu, and that once noble culture continued its steady decline until at last the entire nation was swallowed by the sea.

The Icosahedron remained safely hidden in the temple beneath what was to become the Appalachian Mountains, but the outre forces generated by the temple and its contents served to attract the Lloigor to this worship place of their deity and, driven by the desire to free the Icosahedron, they attracted men to the tiny glen in which an entrance to the caves below had opened up.

The fatal results of this terrible attraction drew other men to Sorrow's Glen, men the Lloigor could not so easily control or influence, as well as certain Investigators who had become unwitting dupes in a foul scheme to throw the world into chaos.

The remaining history of this dread artifact lies in the hands of the Keeper and the intrepid Investigators.


 YOG-SOTHOTH

 CTHULHU

 DAGON

 NYARLATHOTEP

 OHASTUR

 SHUB-NIGGURATH

 SHUDDE'MEL

 ITHAQUA

 TSATHOGGUA

 Y'GOLONAC

YIG 

GHATHANOTHOA



DAOLOTH



GLAAKI



CYAEGLA



CTHUGHA



ZHAR



ZOTH-OMMOG



ABHOTH



NYOGTHA



THE STARSHRINE

by Michael Szymanski

In which a vampire seeks to free the Great Old Ones.

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

Three weeks have passed since those terrible events at Sorrow's Glen, and during that time Desmond Collins has furthered his plan to bring 20 of the Great Old Ones into the world of flesh and blood.

Evidence of his abominable machinations is abundant in the daily papers of the world. Collins has undertaken to abduct 20 of the most powerful and influential people in the world and spirit them away to the eldritch Starshrine, there to provide hosts for those whom he serves.

Collins and his minions have managed to collect 17 victims in the time period from three weeks before the Sorrow's Glen affair to the present date. Reports of these abductions have been recorded by the world press, but the incidents are so widely separated that the pattern has not yet been detected.

Select two or three players at random and present them with **"An Intriguing Story"** from the Handout Section. Should they decide to look into the matter, a successful Library Use roll at the local newspaper morgue will turn up the following articles, to be found in the Handouts Section:

Arbus Stock Plummets

Famed Diplomat Vanishes

Dalton Missing

THE PARCEL

Once again, select an Investigator, preferably one who has traveled to Egypt at some time. To this Investigator a parcel will be delivered from Cairo. It contains a short note and a small, stained and worn notebook (See **Achmed's Letter** and **Walter Sturgess' Notebook** in the Handouts Section), which at first glance will seem to have nothing to do with the adventure at hand, but as events progress, this will prove to be an important clue to the whereabouts of the Starshrine.

"Remind" the chosen Investigator of his old friend Achmed, an associate and fellow researcher into the strange, who lives now in Cairo. Then hand over the letter and the notebook pages, and allow events to proceed from there.

KEEPER'S NOTE: It would be a simple matter to simply treat this scenario as a separate adventure with no connection with Sorrow's Glen, until such time as the

phone number of Jasper Ravelle is identified (see **The Mysterious Phone Number**, which follows).

It should also be noted that the pieces of this puzzle may be somewhat difficult for the players to fit together. If this is the case, an Idea roll or two at the suggestion of the Keeper would be an acceptable method of lending some small assistance.

SIDE TRIPS

OAK GLEN COTTAGE

This was the home of Walter Sturgess, the hapless, unfortunate researcher from Oxford University, whose notebook was sent to one of the Investigators.

The cottage is now a burned-out ruin, a charred and blackened shell in the middle of a sizeable area of devastation.

An elderly, balding chap on a bicycle will stop to chat with the Investigators, introducing himself as Clive Arbothnot, Sturgess' nearest neighbor. When asked about the destruction of the cottage, he will have this to say:

"Strange business, that; very strange. Saw the entire frightful affair from my bedroom window. Wasn't spying, you know; all that duced light simply caught my attention. Couldn't resist a peak, you see."

"Some vagrant must have set himself a camp fire near the cottage, or some such. At any rate, when I looked over, I could see thousands of sparks swirling all about the place, enough to light up the cottage clear as day. Can't begin to guess what was being burned - all trace was destroyed in the fire, you see."

"Well, those sparks began falling onto the roof of the cottage and, quick as you please, the entire building was in flames. I rushed to sound the alarm, of course, but even then it was too late. It was all we could do to keep the blaze from spreading farther than it did."

"Rotten luck for Sturgess, and he out of the country. I'm sure he'll take this hard when he returns."

AN INTRIGUING STORY

You are reading your morning paper at the breakfast table and are well into your third slice of toast when an article on page three grabs your attention:

FINANCIER DISAPPEARS

- NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Alvin Wetzel, wealthy financier and sole owner of Wetzel Armaments International, was reported missing this morning by his wife Ingrid after he failed to return home last night from his corporate headquarters on Park Avenue.

Investigation revealed that Mr. Wetzel worked in his office until 6:30 PM, as usual, and was seen getting into his car and driving off some minutes later. No one has seen him since.

Mr. Wetzel's car was discovered in the airport parking lot early this afternoon, and sources report that no signs of violence were apparent. This has led the police to believe Mr. Wetzel was enroute to a highly sensitive - and secretive - meeting with some unknown government representatives.

When questioned by the press, however, Mrs. Wetzel indicated that her husband always informed her of his plans to travel, but that on this occasion he had not done so.

Police are treating it as a missing persons case, unless and until a ransom demand is received, in which case the FBI will be called in.

As you read this article, you realize that there is a ring of familiarity about it, that you seem to have read this same story before, or one very similar to it, only with different names. What can this mean? Does it mean anything at all?

THE NOTEBOOK OF WALTER STURGESS (Keeper's Info.)

This is the last testament of a Broxton University researcher who stumbled into a confrontation with the Mythos - and was destroyed by it. This is a major clue to the location of the Starshrine, and should be read by the Keeper before the scenario begins. (Due to its size, it is not printed in this scenario.)

The notebook describes the preparations for the ceremony in the Starshrine, including a storm sent by Ithaqua, an encounter with a Dark Young, and an accurate description of the approach to the Starshrine.

If the Finger of Allah (see Caller in the Desert) was destroyed by the Investigators, they will understand Sturgess' entry concerning it. If it was not, a little research will reveal that another group of Investigators appeared at Wadi Ahl Kazir one day, and left town that same day, shortly before the terrible blast which destroyed the Finger.

The tunnels discovered by Sturgess were created by the Chthonians to provide safe routes to the Starshrine for those minions who dwell in the sea: the tainted well was an accidental contamination. These tunnels were burrowed to a short distance from the sea, and were completed by the Deep Ones and their servitors. These tunnels comprise an extensive maze beneath the sands of the desert, and they could prove the end of overly curious and undercautious Investigators. It was the Chthonians who became aware of Sturgess, and silenced him forever - but they did not destroy his notebook.

The amulet Sturgess took from his assailant venerates Shub-Niggurath, symbol of the Arab minions whom Sturgess assumed were bandits. They could not stop him, but those they worshipped did.

FAMED DIPLOMAT VANISHES

- LONDON

It was learned today the British diplomat Lord Byron Battlesby, who was instrumental in the successful outcome of last year's peace talks, has vanished without explanation.

Lord Byron has not been seen for the past three days, and callers at his home in Sussex found the family manor deserted, save for the housekeeping staff.

When questioned, the staff revealed that Lord Byron left the estate on Tuesday last, remarking that he expected to return in two days' time.

It is assumed that Lord Byron has entered into preliminary discussions which will precede this year's peace talks. This is a hopeful occurrence, for it indicates a continued willingness to participate in such discussions, and we look forward to this year's session of talks.

DALTON MISSING

- WASHINGTON

Sources in the Capital today reported the apparent disappearance of Senator Abe Dalton, a prominent figure in the recent series of peace talks.

The Senator cannot be reached at his office, and his co-members of the International Disarmament Committee have indicated that they have had no contact with the Senator for the past six days.

It has been suggested that Senator Dalton is taking part in a series of secret meetings to lay the groundwork for a second series of peace talks. Though no one will confirm this possibility, it is considered the most likely explanation in light of the Senator's overwhelming success in organizing the last summit.

A second series of Disarmament Committee talks could have far-reaching global effects, in that they could provide a tremendous stabilizing factor, which in turn could promote an increased interchange between our two countries.

Arbus Stock Plummets

Arbus manufacturing stock took a ten point plunge today, dropping to 107.25 on the New York Stock Exchange. This unprecedented drop is the direct result of the disappearance of Anton Arbus, President of the company.

Always a highly visible figure, Arbus dropped from sight late last week, and though it is assumed he is negotiating another highly profitable contract, speculation has driven Arbus stock to its lowest point in five years.

Nothing will be found at the cottage save ashes and ruin. Should an Investigator make a successful Mythos roll, however, he will recognize Mr. Arbothnot's description of the fiery sparks as possibly being a manifestation of Fire Vampires.

THE SPRAGUE FOUNDATION

This is the source of the strange paper which Walter Sturgess mentions in his notebook. It is one of the earliest think tanks, where scientists known for great intuitive leaps and innovative theories have been brought together for the sole purpose of adding to the body of scientific knowledge.

The facility is located near the town of Fulton, Massachusetts, just past a modest, recently-constructed housing development, which the Investigators must pass by to reach the think tank.

Security is tight here for obvious reasons, and the Investigators will not be allowed past the main gate guard post unless they have some sort of government or military clearance.

Trespassers who are captured on Foundation grounds will find themselves spending a very uncomfortable three weeks in a military prison while their entire history is thoroughly checked. By then, of course, Desmond Collins' plan will have moved ahead on schedule, and there will be no-one to stand in his way.

There is a large map of the research facility on the side of the guardhouse. All the labs, administration buildings, and storage facilities are clearly marked, but a successful Spot Hidden roll will point out the absence of any on-site housing.

This, coupled with an Idea roll will lead an Investigator to the conclusion that Dr. Tabor Ferenczy must live in the nearby housing development.

TABOR FERENCZY

Dr. Ferenczy is one of the researchers at the Sprague Foundation, who specializes in scientific anomalies, specifically in the area of Geology. He is also the author of the less than well-received paper on the causes behind certain earth tremors in the Egyptian desert.

Although the good doctor is right on the mark with his theories, the Foundation has withheld its endorsement of his paper, reasoning correctly that at the least such an endorsement would earn only ridicule for the Foundation, and at the worse cause a panic in certain circles – as well as draw some very unwanted attention to the Sprague Foundation.

As it is, Dr. Ferenczy himself has become the object of such attention, and has suffered numerous assaults upon his person from some very unwholesome sources. While the Doctor has managed to fend off such attacks to this point, the effort has caused him to fall prey to acute paranoia.

Dr. Ferenczy's antagonistic association with the Mythos goes back some time. It was he who was responsible for the successful raid on Innsmouth in 1923, and since that time, the Doctor has figured prominently in many of the government's secret actions against the minions of the Outer Gods.

Needless to say, during the course of his battles against The Great Old Ones, Ferenczy has amassed a substantial body of knowledge concerning the Mythos – so though extremely paranoid, he is more than capable of protecting himself through use of the darkling knowledge he has gained.

Approaching the scholar will be no easy task. Anyone even attempting a Fast Talk roll will get the door slammed in his face; persistence at this point will result in the offending Investigator experiencing firsthand the effects of a Mindblast spell.

If sensibly and professionally approached, Dr. Ferenczy will warily agree to hear the Investigators out, and invite them into his house.

If the Investigators present their case in a forthright manner and conceal nothing, the Doctor will let down his guard and supply the party with a summary of the report which brought them here (see Dr. Ferenczy's Paper – A Summary, to be read aloud to the Investigators).

Dr. Ferenczy cannot be persuaded to join the Investigators in their struggle for, as he will put it, "There are certain matters of grave import which require my immediate and undivided attention elsewhere."

Dr. Tabor Ferenczy

STR	8	CON	14	SIZ	14
INT	18	POW	16	DEX	15
APP	15	EDU	18	SAN	80
HP	14	MOVE	7		

Skills: Accounting 20%, Anthropology 10%, Archaeology 20%, Astronomy 15%, Chemistry 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Geology 10%, History 25%, Law 10%, Library Use 50%, Linguist 15%, Occult 35%, Photography 30%, Read/Write Latin 40%, Read/Write Arabic 35%, Speak Arabic 40%, Speak French 45%, Read/Write/Speak Rumanian 100%, Read/Write/Speak English 75%.

Spells: Mindblast, Cloud Memory, Deflect Harm, Earthly Serenity, Heal, Elder Sign, Voorish Sign.

THE MYSTERIOUS PHONE NUMBER

This is the number that was found in Desmond Collins' letter to Elviny Pogue (See "Sorrow's Glen"), directing her to contact an associate once her mission was successfully completed.

Up to this point the Investigators will have had little luck in tracking down the location of this number, but will

DR. FERENCZY'S REPORT – A SUMMARY

First of all, I should tell you that my report was not given the support of this Institute – though, knowing what you know, you can undoubtedly understand why this is the case.

The observations and conclusions put forth in my paper are at odds with the present body of knowledge, and my proofs are, as you can guess, unsuitable for public consumption. That does not make them any the less valid.

The seismic activity recorded in the Egyptian desert was not in accord with what we think of as normal tectonic activity. With good reason; those earthquakes were not earthquakes at all, but the result of a monstrous... burrowing.

Look for evidence of this burrowing; circular tunnels ten, twenty or more feet in diameter and glassy smooth, as if the very earth itself had been melted and fused.

These tunnels will converge on a point beneath the desert some distance south and west of Cairo, but bear in mind that they do not radiate from that point, but have been created to provide a number of routes to that location.

Should you explore any of those tunnels, exercise extreme caution, and if you hear anything – or sense anything – you must flee to the surface and leave the area as quickly as you can. Do not become known by those who burrow beneath the earth, for what one sees, all see, and they do not ever forget.

Something of great importance is about to take place beneath the Egyptian desert, I am sure of it. If certain matters did not require my attention elsewhere I would undertake the investigation myself, but that is not possible. I must, therefore, entrust the matter to you.

There is a terrible – co-operation taking place here between beings whose single common goal is the downfall of Humankind. You must uncover the human agents at work in all of this and cripple their scheme beyond hope of salvage, for whatever form that scheme takes, it will certainly lead to no good for the human race.

have at least narrowed down the search area to New York City.

From this point on, have a single Investigator make a Luck roll at -20% once every 3 hours. A successful roll will indicate that the Investigators' contact in the phone company has finally come up with a name and address to go with the phone number.

The name is Jasper Ravelle, and the address is square in the middle of the Bowery. Ravelle is Collins' accomplice in this horrendous endeavor, and as evil a man as ever walked the earth.

JASPER RAVELLE

A drug dealer by trade, Ravelle has grown rich on the misery of his fellow beings, and has had ample opportunity to explore the many and multiform realms of decadence. He is a man without morals or conscience; he is a madman.

Ravelle has set himself up in the Bowery because it is a secluded place into which the forces of law and order seldom venture. He has selected a particularly decrepit neighborhood whose buildings are for the most part deserted – and what occupies them now cannot be said to be human.

Through his drugs, Ravelle has brought death to many an unfortunate soul, but even then his perverse sense of irony will not allow them to rest. Most of Ravelle's victims have died in the Bowery, near to the source of their doom. Ravelle has sought out these wretches and, employing the Create Zombie spell, has reanimated the doomed souls and pressed them into service as the guardians of his twisted domain.

Ravelle has been indulging in this odious practice for the past three years, and in that time has amassed an army of 33 zombies, who roam the deserted streets in the night with orders to kill any who dares intrude there. Ravelle feels smugly secure here in his little nightmare kingdom, protected by a ring of undead horror.

THE ZOMBIES

During the day, the zombies shelter within the time-battered husks of the abandoned buildings which comprise this and the surrounding blocks. Anyone entering one of these structures unarmed is unlikely ever to be seen again in the land of the living. These pathetic and horrid creatures may be treated as having average stats as per the Call of Cthulhu rule book, but remember that the spell which created them does not permit them to decay to a point of uselessness.

They will never attack a group unless specifically ordered, but will instead attempt to pick off individuals one at a time. Any automobile entering this neighborhood will be disabled the moment it is left alone.

Remember that these zombies were created by a special

spell, and so they will be less prone to decomposition. They will, in fact, appear much the same as they did in life – pale, slack-jawed wretches trapped in the hellish nightmare of drug abuse.

The Average Zombie

STR 16	CON 16	SIZ 10
INT N/A	POW 1	DEX 7
HP 13	MOVE 6	

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Maul	35%	2d8+1d6
Club	30%	1d6+1d6

Armor: None, but all impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage, and all other weapons do half damage.

Spells: None

SAN: 1d6/0

MR. RAVELLE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

The cracked and pitted streets of this shabby, sagging tract appear less deserted than abandoned in a panic of cold fear, a fear which cloyes thickly to the decaying atmosphere of this place.

The buildings, the tallest ten floors high, stand reasonably ranked, yet stooped like aged veterans of a war they cannot possibly win. Windows are negligently boarded over, the panes long since shattered into soiled shards, and doorways stand entombed beneath heaps of debris and the less savory refuse of the city.

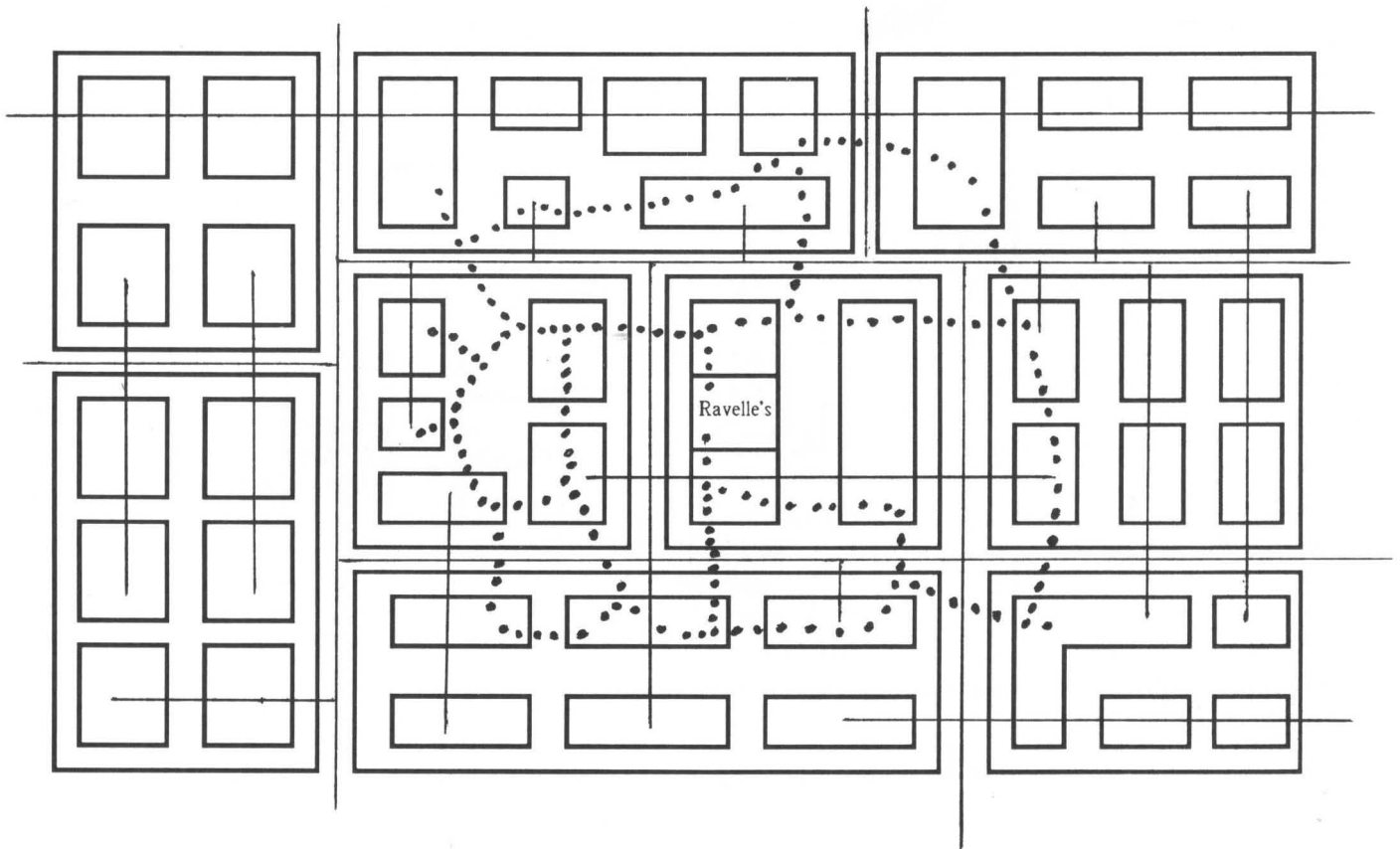
The silence infesting these crumbling monoliths has the flavor of the unnatural to it, for it is total, utterly complete, as if time were holding its breath. You feel in your bones that this is not a place into which many would enter willingly.

This abandoned, shunned section of the Bowery comprises roughly three square blocks of one of the oldest sections of New York City. Indeed, some of these buildings – such as Ravelle's own brownstone – boast foundations dating back nearly to the original settlement days.

The buildings of this cursed tract are crumbling ruins, some burned out, the rest merely waiting for the right moment to collapse. Most floors and stairs are badly rotted, and a successful Luck roll will be required to negotiate each of them in turn.

When any of the buildings are explored, a successful Spot Hidden roll will bring to light the fact that these structures are curiously devoid of rats – nor will any trace of any animal life be discovered here, for instinct has warned such scavengers away from this tenement of the undead. Most of these sagging structures are linked by a series of rough-hewn tunnels clawed out of the earth by Ravelle's zombie workforce. These tunnels serve as main

RAVELLE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

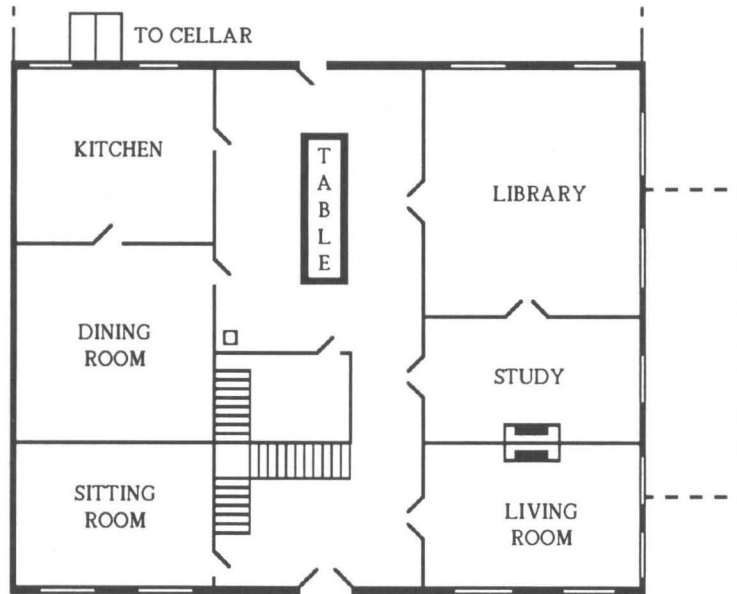


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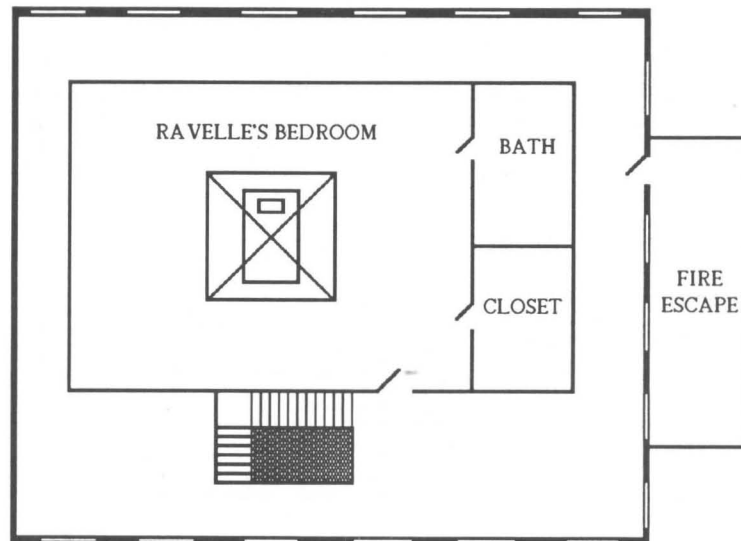
ZOMBIE TUNNELS

SEWERS

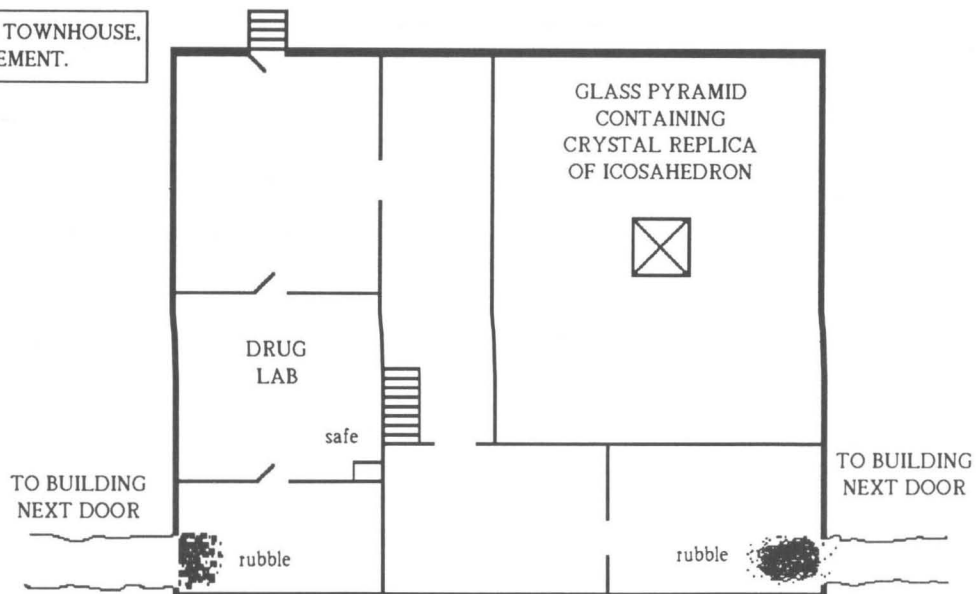
RAVELLE'S TOWNHOUSE,
FIRST FLOOR.



RAVELLE'S TOWNHOUSE,
SECOND FLOOR.



RAVELLE'S TOWNHOUSE,
BASEMENT.



thoroughfares for the undead during the hours of daylight.

The tunnels open into the basements of the neighboring buildings, connecting them all in a nighted webwork; but they are prone to occasional collapse, so there will be a 40% chance that any given tunnel discovered by the Investigators will be blocked at the time. There will also be an additional 30% chance that a section of the tunnel will cave in while the Investigators are exploring it; a successful Luck roll will be needed to avoid a premature burial.

Ravelle's zombies tend to congregate primarily in the basements, and there is a 45% chance of encountering one of them there, while only a 20% chance of encountering one in the buildings above, or in the tunnels connecting them.

One place the zombies will never enter is the mazework of an ancient sewer system running beneath their own subterranean passages. The sewer is feared because it opens into the rest of the city in places, and thus could provide an access route for ghouls, to whom zombies are a favored prey.

The sewer is accessible from the cellars of only the oldest buildings in the neighborhood (30% chance of one being present), and unless a successful Luck roll is made, the zombies will have buried it beneath heavy debris to cut off any ghoulish threat – real or imagined. The piles will all look as though they were deliberately placed there, and a successful Idea roll will call attention to the fact that this must have been done to conceal something.

RAVELLE'S HOUSE

Ravelle lives in an old townhouse in the very center of this neighborhood of the damned, and though the exterior appears nearly as decrepit as the surrounding structures, he has spared no expense on making the interior a palace of luxury and decadence.

As the Investigators are moving through Ravelle's domain in search of his home, have each of them make a Spot Hidden roll at one half once every three rounds until one of them succeeds.

This successful roll will draw attention to the fact that Ravelle's building is in a slightly better state of repair than those which surround it; the windows are unboarded and unbroken, and the front entry is guarded by a stout and obviously newly installed door. (This door will require a Mechanical Repair roll at one quarter skill level.)

There are two other routes into the townhouse, and they are both at the rear of the building, accessible by a refuse-strewn alley. In this alley will also be found a fire escape which runs up the side of Ravelle's building and affords access to a window on the second floor. But it is ancient and rusted, and pulling down the access ladder will cause a tremendous amount of ear-piercing, metallic screeching – more than enough to alert Ravelle to the presence of unwanted guests.

At the back of the building is a small fenced-in yard buried under piles of junk and debris, with only a narrow path to the back door and the cellarway. A Mechanical Repair roll at one half will get the Investigators through the back door, while another Mechanical Repair roll with no penalty will defeat the padlock on the cellarway doors.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

The interior of Ravelle's townhouse is like some gaudy palace; richly furnished in a decadent style which only a deranged mind could possibly find comfortable. However, few of these overdone chambers will provide the Investigators with any useful information, save for those described hereafter.

Ravelle's Bedroom

This windowless chamber sits squarely in the center of the second floor; it is also the only room on this level. The most outstanding feature of the room must surely be Ravelle's bed.

It is not as much the bed itself, but the fact that it rests inside a framework of pure silver in the form of a pyramid. Ravelle, a firm believer in the restorative properties of the pyramid, rests here for eight hours each day in order to renew and invigorate himself.

The rest of the room is otherwise bare, but a Spot Hidden roll at one half will reveal a loose floorboard at the foot of the bed which conceals a small niche containing a metal box.

A Mechanical Repair roll will open the lock. Inside the box will be found \$10,000 in assorted bills, several letters bearing Desmond Collins' address in New England, and a silver key which opens the door to Ravelle's shrine in the cellar. Lastly will be discovered a solid silver flute, which has been enchanted to provide an additional 30% chance to Summon a Servitor of the Outer Gods or Dampen Light.

The Library

Almost every volume in this chamber is of suspicious, disquieting, or disgusting nature. The most innocuous tomes comprise a single shelf of science textbooks; Chemistry, for the most part. It was from these books that Ravelle pieced together the knowledge required to concoct his foul and addictive brews.

The majority of the remaining books are devoted to the many vices of humankind, from erotica to pornography to stomach-wrenching texts on the despicable arts of torture. Each of the 12 shelves holding these tomes also sport a small brass plaque which categorizes this subject matter as "Light Reading."

Another section of shelves contains over three hundred texts on black magic, satanism, sorcery, and the paranormal. Any volume consulted contains a +10% Occult

Knowledge, should an Investigator have the time to spend a week reading. The plaques on these shelves list these tomes as "Humor."

In a last, smaller section of shelves categorized as "Reference", the Investigators will find 33 books, most extremely old, that in varying degrees relate to the Cthulhu Mythos.

Among these volumes are *"Quests in Dream"* by Douglas Aaron Windthrope (English, +3% Mythos Knowledge, +9% Occult Knowledge, -1d6 SAN), *"The Necropolis at the Heart of Time"* by Vikos Tindalos (Greek, +4% Mythos Knowledge, X2 Spell Multiplier, -1d8 SAN, containing the spells Contact Hounds of Tindalos, Call Yog-Sothoth), and *"Cult of the White Wym"* by Anton Dole (German, +4% Mythos Knowledge, X2 Spell Multiplier, -1d6 SAN, containing the spells Summon Dhole, Contact Chthonian).

Also present are *Liber Ivonis*, the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, an English translation of the *Eltdown Shards*, and *Cthulhu in the Necronimicon*.

The remaining books are fringe works of fact and fiction, each imparting 1% Mythos Knowledge to any who wishes to wade through them.

There is an ornately but repugnantly carved pulpit standing by the wall opposite the fireplace, and on it rests a singularly ancient volume whose dry, leathery covers are secured by a large and formidable-looking clasp.

There are three blood-red heiroglyphs on the front cover of this volume; anyone who has Read/Write Arabic will identify it as such, and on a successful Read Arabic roll will translate the glyphs as reading "El Azif".

This book is a trap, and a perfect example of Ravelle's twisted sense of humor. While the cover itself is old, it was merely taken from a mundane volume, onto which Ravelle inscribed its infamous title.

A successful Mechanical Repair roll will take care of the clasp, but all the pages of the book have been glued together so that if anyone opens it, the tome will fall open to the center of the hollowed out book, which contains a .45 revolver set to fire into the chest of whomever opens the volume. This is an automatic hit for 1d10+2 damage.

THE CELLAR

NOTE: As can be seen from the floorplans, the major portion of the cellar is open and accessible to Ravelle's army of undead guardians. There will be a 60% chance of encountering 1d3 of the soulless creatures down here, and a check should be made each time the Investigators exit another room.

The zombies will always appear from either of the two rooms containing tunnel mouths, and will move in on the Investigators from those locations.

The Drug Lab

This is where Ravelle concocts his drugs. Here will be found a wide assortment of chemicals, distillation equipment, and other assorted supplies required for that foul product.

A successful Chemistry roll will identify several chemicals that are highly combustible, and others which can be dangerously unstable when mixed. An additional Chemistry roll will be required for each concoction the Investigators wish to put together for themselves. The safe in the corner will need a Mechanical Repair roll at -30% to crack. If force is applied, the door will take 50 points of damage before it breaks open. Inside will be found nine packages of illegal drugs and three packets of one hundred dollar bills, worth \$10,000 each.

The Shrine

This chamber began as a forty-foot square, twenty foot high room, but Ravell has remodeled a bit, so that it now appears to be the interior of a pyramid with similar dimensions.

Four ornate braziers are arranged around the center of the chamber, which is occupied by a three-foot tall, three foot wide silver-plated pyramid serving as a display stand for a clear crystal replica of the Icosahedron, which Ravelle worships as a means of attaining his wretched goals.

There is a niche set into the side of the pyramid facing the door. In that niche is an enchanted antique dagger of pure gold, which will add 30% to the chance of Summoning a Dimensional Shambler.

More importantly, however, is the recently inscribed inscription on the hilt of this dagger, which reads, "To Jasper Ravelle with appreciation - Desmond Collins."

JASPER RAVELLE

Ravelle is Desmond Collins' go-between with Elviny Pogue, as well as a trusted ally in other nefarious dealings. It was Ravelle whom Elviny contacted after the events of Sorrow's Glen, and he who transported Elviny to whatever fate awaited her at the Collins' estate - if indeed she survived the Sorrow's Glen adventure.

Ravelle deals in illegal drugs for a living, but he is a devout worshiper of the Mythos deities, and will do anything at all to further their cause. He hopes to attain great power and position by assisting Collins in his endeavors, but that is merely secondary to the honor of serving his chosen gods.

On a personal level, Ravelle is smug, sarcastic, and cruel. He places no value on any life but his own, and he treats his drug-addicted customers with unconcealed contempt, amusing himself from time to time by withholding his filthy product and allowing some poor wretch to suffer the

agonies of withdrawal.

He is a totally corrupt excuse for a human being, and this is what Desmond Collins first found so attractive about him. Ravelle is completely insane and very, very dangerous. Should he discover the Investigators poking around his home, he will stalk them and attempt to kill them one by one in some horribly fiendish manner best left to the imagination of the Keeper – but note that he will never resist an opportunity to make use of his spells.

He will use these spells in an attempt to “play” with the Investigators, driving them mad with fear, and causing them to turn on one another. Should this fail, Ravelle will then move on to more direct methods of dealing with the intruders.

Jasper Ravelle

STR 14	CON 15	SIZ 14
INT 19	POW 18	DEX 13
APP 10	EDU 17	SAN 0
Hit Points 14		

SKILLS: Accounting 15%, Bargain 35%, Camouflage 45%, Chemistry 45%, Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Hide 30%, Jump 40%, Law 25%, Library Use 50%, Listen 50%, Occult 60%, Pharmacy 40%, Psychology 30%, Read/Write Latin 50%, Read/Write Greek 40%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Throw 50%, .45 Revolver 40%, 12-gauge Shotgun 45%, Butcher Knife 35%

SPELLS: Create Mist of Releh, Create Zombie, Dampen Light, Enchant Pipes, Flesh Ward, Implant Fear, Levitate, Mental Suggestion, Mindblast, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell.

RAVELLE'S FINAL SOLUTION

Being a cautious madman, Ravelle has not only seen to the defense of his foul realm, but has also prepared for a worse-case scenario.

Hidden away in each building of his domain is a cluster of 3 sticks of dynamite surrounded by 30 gallons of gasoline, an explosive mixture that will set the dry wood ablaze like so much tinder, causing a fiery conflagration that will engulf the entire neighborhood.

Should this eventuality come to pass, there will be no escape on the surface; the only safe route will be through the old sewer system.

Everything will be destroyed in the inferno, as is Ravelle's plan, for if he cannot continue as lord of this nighted realm, he is determined to take it with him into whatever abysmal oblivion fate has in store for him.

When Ravelle hits the detonator switch in the Shrine, the Investigators will have 30 minutes in which to find the escape route through the sewers before the raging flames consume them.

DESMOND COLLINS

Make no mistake about it; this fellow is a villain! Not only is he a vampire, a blood-hungry creature of the night, but he has compounded his offenses by serving the Great Old Ones. As ruthless as he is vindictive, Collins will think nothing of sacrificing even his closest allies if it will mean the furtherance of his evil goals.

Collins possesses all the vampiric powers and abilities described in the Call of Cthulhu Sourcebook, but he does not require a coffin in which to pass the daylight hours – any lightless chamber will suffice, and he owns many such bolt-holes situated strategically all 'round the world.

Desmond Collins is immensely wealthy, his holdings – as well as his power and influence – extending around the globe, though he has successfully managed to evade the public eye for over four hundred years. Wealth means nothing to him, but his lust for power is nearly as strong as the thirst for the blood which sustains him.

Approximately 200 years ago Collins, already deeply into Satanism and the occult, first learned of the Mythos and saw in it a path to such power as he had never dreamed possible. Embracing his new faith, he soon became one of the foremost disciples of the Great Old Ones.

His researchings eventually uncovered several ancient parchments long thought to have been destroyed near the end of the Roman Empire. These parchments told of the Icosahedron, its terrible properties, and offered enough clues for Collins to pinpoint the approximate location of the ancient artifact.

As he narrowed his search, Collins compiled a list of twenty powerful and influential men in government and industry, and set about abducting each of them in such a way that their sudden absence could be logically explained. In truth, the victims are being spirited away to cells beneath Collins' villa outside Cairo.

With the Icosahedron in his possession, Collins will conduct a terrible ritual in the Starshrine which will drive the souls from the bodies of 20 human beings to provide temporary hosts for an equal number of Outer Gods.

These horrors in human form will take up the lives of their unwilling hosts and, through their power and influence, drive the world into a bloody chaos from which it will never emerge – and then the minions of Cthulhu and his ilk will be free to break the seals which bind those horrid deities, and the Mythos gods will once more walk the Earth.

Desmond Collins is a deadly dangerous minion, and that fact should be impressed upon the Investigators so they will be prepared for a confrontation. If obliterating his entire estate to kill one Investigator will preserve his plans, Collins will not hesitate to do so. And anyone who stands in his way had better be ready to face the most frightening,

viscious threat to their existence that they have ever before encountered!

Desmond Collins

STR 22	CON 13	SIZ 16
INT 17	POW 18	DEX 16
APP 17	EDU 25	SAN 0
HP 16	Move 10	+1d6 Damage Bonus

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Touch*	50%	1d4 + 1d4
Bite*	50%	1d4
Gaze*	-	-

*For details see the Sourcebook.

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 45%, Astronomy 25%, Camouflage 40%, Chemistry 20%, Climb 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Dodge 85%, Geology 20%, Hide 75%, History 60%, Jump 90%, Law 30%, Library Use 80%, Linguist 30%, Listen 75%, Occult 99%, Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 80%, Read/Write Latin 50%, Read/Write Greek 50%, Read/Write Arabic 50%, Read/Write Chinese 30%, Sneak 70%, Speak French 40%, Speak German 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Throw 75%, Track 45%

SPELLS: Bind Bat, Bind Wolf, Clutch of Cthulhu, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Tsathoggua, Create Gate, Dampen Light, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Knife, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Mesmerize, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell, Summon/Bind Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Bind Bat and Bind Wolf as per Bind Animal Spell.

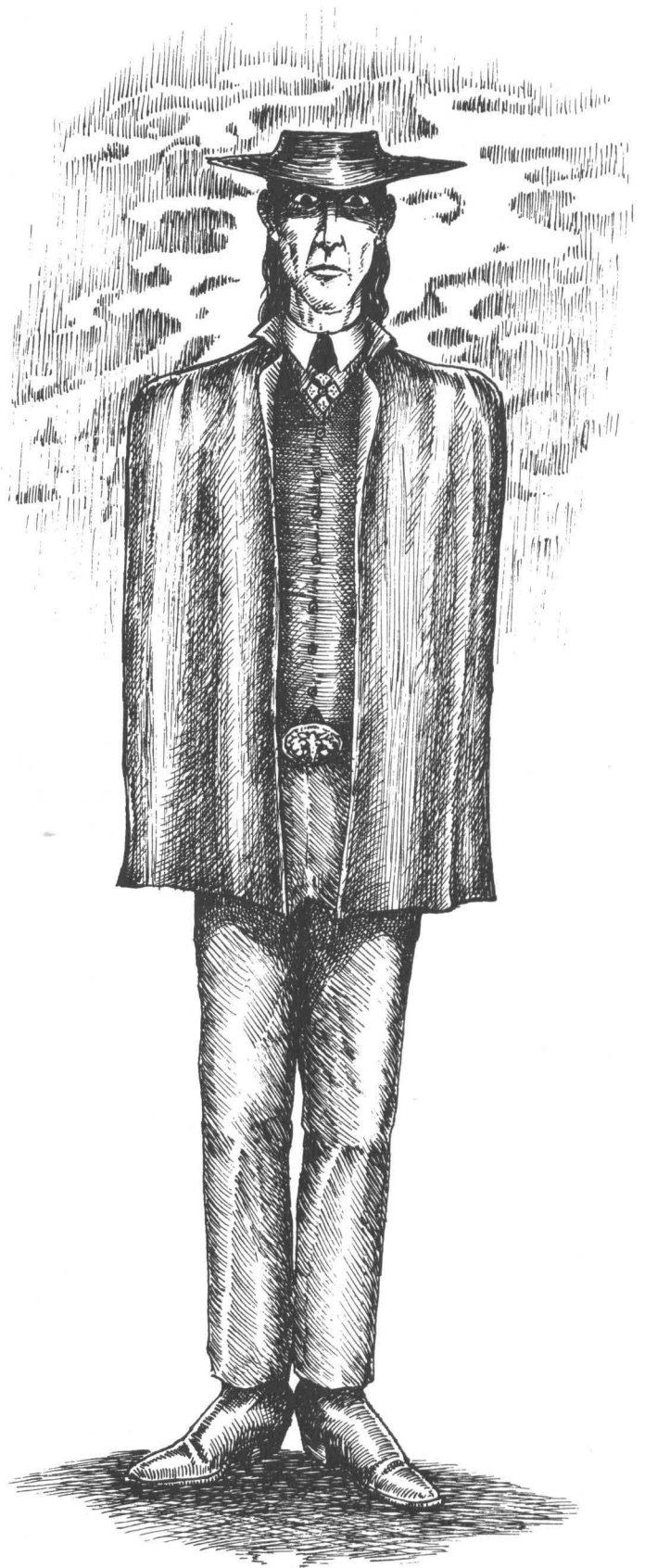
THE COLLINS ESTATE

This sprawling, palatial estate is the hub of an international network of evil, an arcane underworld whose grasping tentacles have infiltrated every level of society. Collins' guest list is comprised of the most evil, corrupt beings on the face of the earth – and some of these beings are not even human.

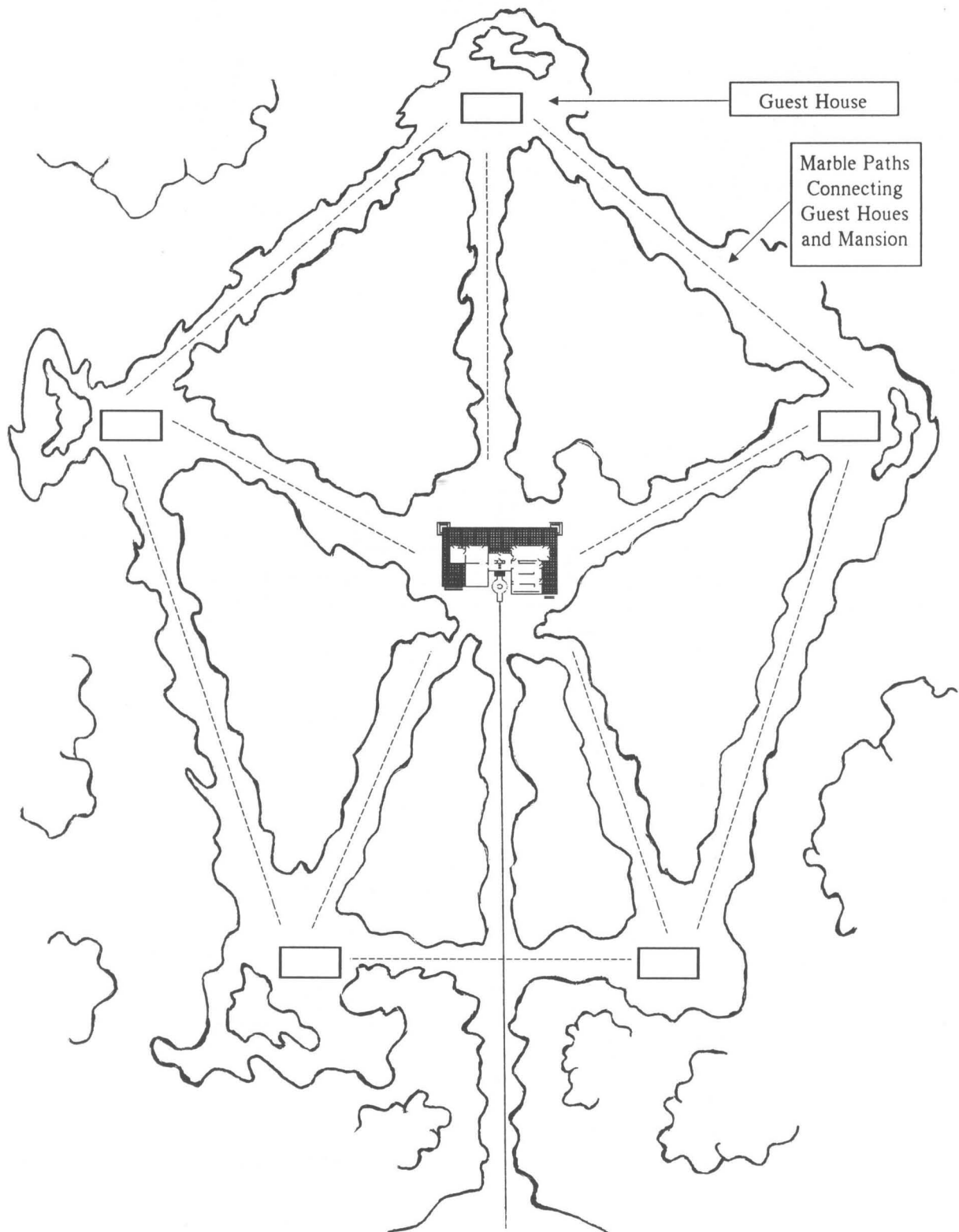
The estate has become a university of Evil, a clearinghouse of banned and forbidden knowledge, where minions of Satan and less pleasant deities may continue their foul studies, and to add to that already considerable body of tainted data stored here.

The Collins Estate consists of six main buildings set on 30 square acres of forested hills three miles from the main road. The Main House sits squarely in the middle of the property, while five smaller guest houses are arranged around it at a distance of roughly a quarter mile between them. All six buildings are connected by a series of paths paved with pink-veined marble; a single blacktop lane affords automobile access to the main house.

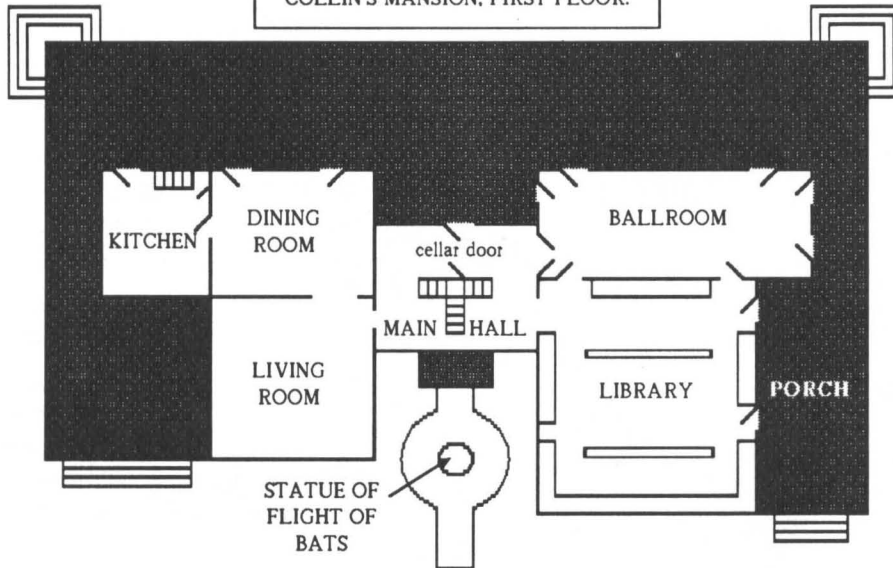
Any Investigator walking the majority of the footpaths should be asked to make an Idea roll at one quarter skill



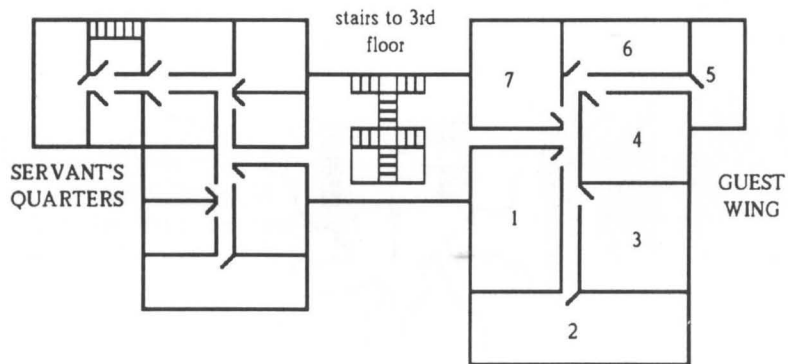
COLLIN'S ESTATE



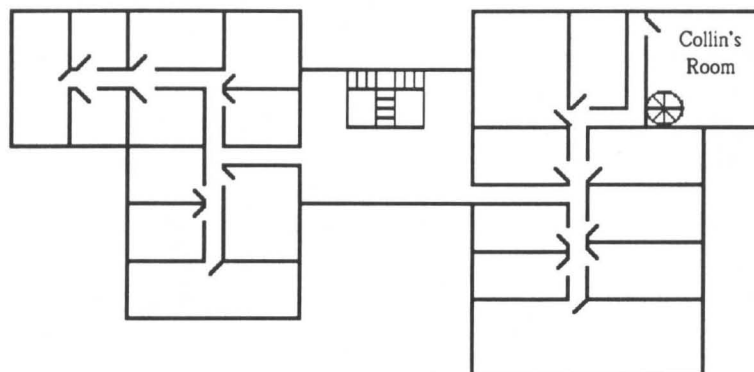
COLLIN'S MANSION, FIRST FLOOR.



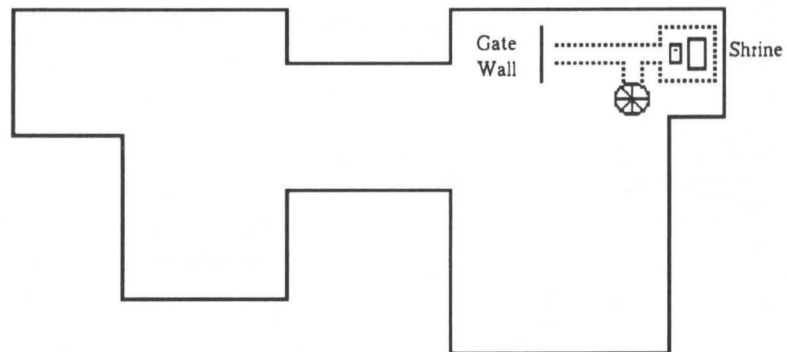
COLLIN'S MANSION, SECOND FLOOR.



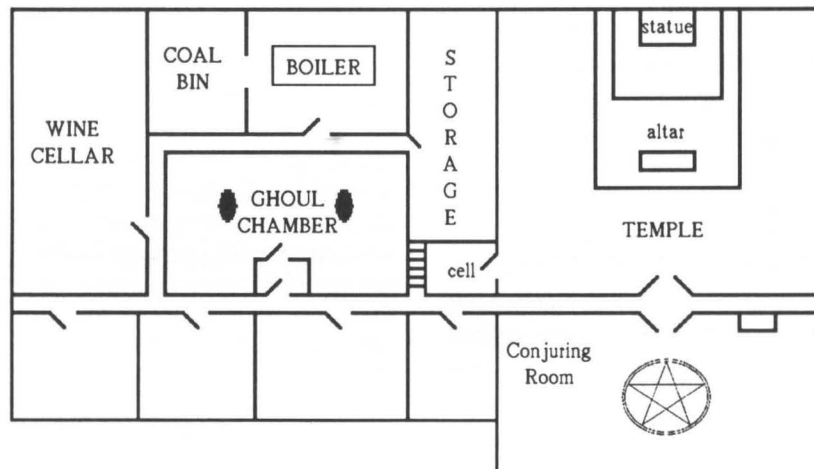
COLLIN'S MANSION, THIRD FLOOR.



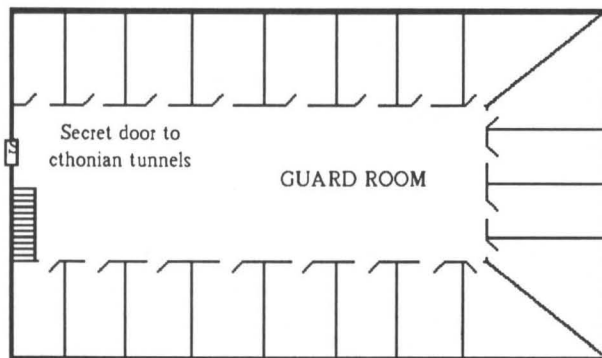
COLLIN'S MANSION, ATTIC.



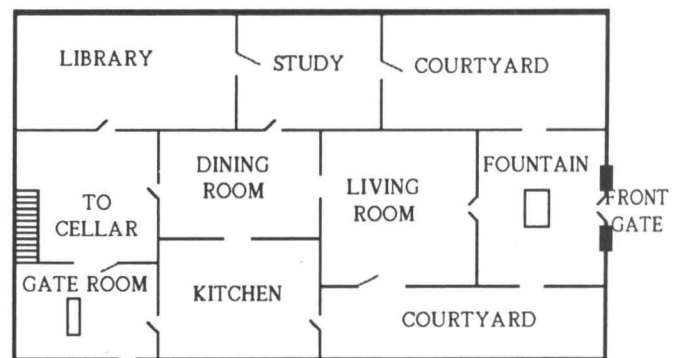
COLLIN'S MANSION, CELLAR.



COLLIN'S VILLA
CELLAR



COLLIN'S VILLA



level – one half if he possesses any Occult Knowledge. A successful roll will bring forth the realization that these interconnecting paths form a huge pentacle, with the main house located squarely in the middle.

ESTATE SECURITY

While Collins' security methods are not obvious, they are efficient – and deadly.

Firstly, a pack of wolves has made its home on the estate, and they are not overly shy of anyone who wanders too far from the paths – or anyone attempting to infiltrate the estate by traveling cross-country.

The Wolf Pack

	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	13	12	14	11	15	13
CON	10	9	11	9	12	10
SIZ	10	10	11	10	12	11
INT	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA
POW	10	12	9	10	11	10
DEX	13	13	14	12	13	14
MOVE	12	12	12	12	12	12
HP	10	9	11	9	12	10

Weapon

Bite

Attack%

30%

Damage

1d8

Armor: 1 point of fur

Other Skills: Track by Smell 80%, Spot Hidden 60%.

If observed, these beasts will appear unnaturally purposeful, as if possessed of more than mere animal intelligence. If encountered in the woods (45% chance) it will be quickly discovered that they have known the taste of human blood – and hunger to do so again!

If a hapless Investigator does encounter the wolves at night, there will be an additional 50% chance that Lucien Szvorna (see Collins' Guest List) will be with the pack in wolf form. This condition applies only on nights of the full moon. If Szvorna is present, he will control the pack, and it is he who will deal with any trespassers.

In addition to the wolves, Collins' second line of defense is a flock of hundreds of bats of many varieties, all uncommonly large and unnaturally aggressive. They sleep away the day in a large cave half a mile from the main house, emerging at night in a great black cloud of terrible blood-hunger.

Many of these frenzied creatures carry the dread taint of rabies. Should an Investigator be bitten, there will be a 10% chance of contracting the affliction. In any event, allow the Investigators an Idea roll to remind them that bats are carriers, and that rabies is a distinct possibility.

THE MAIN HOUSE

The main house is a grand, rambling affair, an imposing

relic of a far grander era. The exterior is white marble, while inside the walls are paneled in rich, dark oak, teak, and mahogany. All the hallways on the first floor, as well as the grand staircase in the main hall, are marble, while the rooms display a variety of rich hardwoods, floors blanketed by rare carpets from all over the world. Everything about this mansion speaks of great wealth; but it is a wealth accumulated through the study and practice of evil.

While guests are allowed into the main house, they are confined to the first floor and cellar, save for those rare select few who, through the blackness of their hearts, have earned the offer of rooms on the second floor. But no one, under any circumstances, is permitted on the third floor, for this is the domain of Desmond Collins.

THE THIRD FLOOR

Up here the walls and ceiling are of the darkest oak, the floors carpeted in a blood-red burgandy that is somehow unsettling. There are two rather curious facts about this level of the mansion, and two successful Idea rolls at one half will bring them to the Investigators' attention.

The first, and most obvious, is the curious absence of lamps, or any other form of illumination. Secondly, there do not appear to be any mirrors up here; another Idea roll at this point will spark the realization that there are none in the rest of the house either. These facts are only natural – so to speak – for Desmond Collins is after all a vampire. All but one of the rooms on the third floor are packed with the expensive memorabilia of an unnaturally long life. In these lightless chambers will be found clothing from several eras dating back, as a successful History roll will reveal, to the late 15th century.

The same holds true for books, jewelry, furniture, and assorted bric-a-brac, all casually strewn about with utter disregard for their considerable value. At this point in his undead existence, wealth has ceased to have any meaning to Desmond Collins.

The one room that is the exception is guarded by an ornately carved oak door (STR 30), which is always securely locked. A Mechanical Repair at one half is required to defeat this sturdy lock. Behind this door is a windowless chamber whose furnishings are by far the richest, most elegant in all the mansion. The centerpiece of the room is a large four-post, canopy bed hung with black silk curtains. It is on this bed that Desmond Collins sleeps away the hours of daylight.

Outside of a few small but priceless antiques and a handful of ancient personal items, nothing pertaining to Collins' plot will be found here. The vampire has other places to conceal such items, and he is arrogantly confident of his safety here in his secluded lair.

Of some interest to the Investigators will be a section of the wall-spanning bookcase. This particular section con-

tains nothing but works of fiction concerning vampires.

Lastly, in a small desk to the right of the bed will be found the deeds to the various properties purchased by Collins over the years. They include houses in London, Boston, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Athens, and – most importantly – Cairo.

In the north-west corner of the room is a splendid spiral staircase which ascends through a large opening in the ceiling. This leads to the attic – and to further horrors.

THE ATTIC

The darkness here is absolute; hot, dry, and filled with a musty odor as tenacious as it is repugnant. There is a solid floor up here, that much you can tell, but any more will require revealing light.

Only the first two Investigators in line will be able to see into the attic from the stairs. At this point, ask the lead pair to make a SAN roll. Success means the loss of 1 Sanity point, while a miss will cost 1d6 points.

When all who intend to enter the attic have also made their rolls, read aloud the following:

The entire vast, empty space above the Collins mansion has been transformed into a shrine – a shrine to death.

An aisle leads away from the stairwell for some twenty feet, breaking off to the left and right. These aisles are an abomination in themselves, for they are marked out in human skulls laid side by side, over a thousand of them, most yellowed and darkened by age – but there are a few that are clearly and terrifyingly recent.

The leftward aisle ends at a 30 foot section of wall which has no apparent functional purpose, save to display the countless glyphs, symbols, and patterns drawn upon it. The right-branching path draws your eyes to the ultimate profanity of this hellish dwelling.

It is a shrine of sorts, a place of unholy worship dedicated to a hideous, bat-like thing whose malformed likeness squats on a low dais surrounded by a ring of staring skulls. It is a thing carved by a madman, being a monstrous cross between man, bat, and other, less identifiable species.

Before this blasphemous work there stands a small altar, upon which rests a large golden goblet encrusted with precious stones; even from this distance you are able to tell that it is filled to the brim with some dark, crimson liquid.

This entire area you have entered smells horribly of something old and dead, and of a sickness not only of the mind, but of the very soul.

The altar and shrine are dedicated to Tsathoggua, whom Collins has adopted as a patron deity. The offering in the goblet is, of course, blood. For all its horror, this shrine has no bearing on the adventure, save to provide another clue to Collins' unnatural nature.

The seemingly non-functional wall, however, is of considerable importance, for the diagrams sketched upon it comprise the form of a Gate, which opens into Collins' villa outside of Cairo.

This Gate will be Collins' escape route should things go sour at the estate. Collins will abandon all his guests to their doom and flee to Cairo, where he will immediately set about dispelling the Gate. This process will require 15 minutes; if the Investigators are pursuing the vampire, they have that long to reach the Gate to avoid a more mundane – and lengthy – journey to Egypt.

THE GROUND FLOOR

The decor of this level of the house is disturbing, to say the least. Weird, obscene statues, unsettling figurines of unnatural creatures, and paintings whose scenes depict insane nightmares executed with chilling realism are displayed in wild abundance here.

Every decoration, every piece of art has some occult significance of unpleasant origins, and anyone possessing more than 10% Occult Knowledge will see these items for what they are.

Anyone making a successful Mythos roll will be able to identify the likenesses of Cthulhu, Shub-Niggurath, Dagon, and Nyarlathotep, as well as recognize various servitor races in the paintings of an obscure artist named Pickman.

Even the wine goblets in the dining room will be recognized as being used down through history in foul ceremonies where the blood of human sacrifices was drunk by the celebrants.

Besides a lack of mirrors, there is one other curious item here. A successful Spot Hidden roll will point out that all the silverware and place settings are in fact of solid gold; there is not a single gram of silver to be found anywhere in this vast monument to decadent luxury and unadulterated evil.

THE LIBRARY

This dreadful chamber contains the amassed evil knowledge of over five centuries, most of it contained in original first editions – purchased by Collins when they were first published! All these damned tomes are in mint condition, and for their historical value alone they are priceless.

But Collins cares little for historical value – it is the knowledge and dark power contained between those intricately-wrought covers for which he thirsts.

A thorough search of the library will unearth one copy of almost every Mythos book, with the exception of the original Arabic *El-Azif* – this he has in one of the earliest Latin translations.

No matter the time of day or night, there will always be someone in the library, boning up on the dark arts. There

DESMOND COLLINS' GUEST LIST

1. Lucien Szvorna (Werewolf)

STR	25	CON	15	SIZ	15
INT	14	POW	14	DEX	15
APP	13*	EDU	14*	SAN	40
HP	20				

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Bite	30%	1d8 + 1d4

ARMOR: 1 point skin

Skills: Track by Smell 50%, Hide in Cover 50%

*Human form only

A tall, dark-haired man of obvious Slavic origins with a look of wildness in his eyes. Szvorna is the type of werewolf who revels in his evil nature.

It is important to remember that anyone bitten by Szvorna in his wolf form will most certainly be infected by the curse of the werewolf – if they survive the encounter!

Born in Rumania some 200 years ago, Szvorna has developed a liking for the finer things in life, as well as a cruel contempt for human life. His favorite pastime is hunting human beings in wolf form.

Should any Investigator be captured while on the estate, they will most likely be given over to Szvorna to provide an evening's entertainment, unless Beatrix Mallow (see below) has use for the unfortunate.

2. Beatrix Mallow (Witch)

STR	12	CON	14	SIZ	15
INT	16	POW	18	DEX	15
APP	12	EDU	21	SAN	45
HP	12				

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 20%, History 35%, Law 15%, Library Use 60%, Listen 35%, Occult 65%, Psychology 40%, Read/Write Latin 45%, Speak French 35%, Spot Hidden 35%

SPELLS: Chant of Thoth, Command Bird, Conjure Glass of Mortlan, Consume Likeness, Power Drain, Wither Limb.

A ravishing, raven-haired beauty of approximately 32 years of age, who is in fact 136. Beatrix maintains her youthful appearance through periodic application of the Consume Likeness spell.

Any attractive female Investigator under the age of 30 could find herself a potential victim of Beatrix's 'consuming' appetite for youth, should she have the misfortune of attracting the witch's notice.

3. Olaf Voorlander (Alchemist)

STR	16	CON	14	SIZ	15
INT	16	POW	15	DEX	17
APP	16	EDU	20	SAN	55
HP	16				

SKILLS: Chemistry 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Geology 45%, History 30%, Law 20%, Library Use 60%, Occult 55%, Pharmacy 40%, Read/Write Latin 55%

SPELLS: Brew Space Mead, Chant of Thoth, Create Scrying Window, Create Time Warp, Enchant Knife, Powder of Ibn Ghazi, Shriveling.

Voorlander, a tall, elderly, and distinguished-looking villain, turned to the dark arts purely for the potential monetary rewards. For him, wealth can buy happiness, and he desires to be as happy as humanly – or inhumanly – as possible.

Voorlander is quite jealous of Desmond Collins' vast wealth, but he conceals that jealousy well. Of all Collins' special guests, it is Olaf Voorlander who would be most likely to turn against his vampiric mentor, provided the reward was sufficient, of course.

4. Alexi Drago (Sorcerer)

STR	14	CON	12	SIZ	14
INT	22	POW	18	DEX	17
APP	18	EDU	60	SAN	60
HP	14				

SKILLS: Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Debate 40%, Dodge 30%, History 45%, Library Use 60%, Listen 50%, Occult 70%, Oratory 40%, Psychology 40%, Read/Write Russian 100%, Read/Write Latin 50%, Ride 55%, Speak

English 75%, Speak German 55%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 40%

SPELLS: Create Fetch Stick, Create Mist of Releh, Curse of the Stone, Dust of Suleiman, Eibon's Wheel of Mist, Enchant Brazier, Flesh Ward, Hands of Colubra, Steal Life.

A child of the Russian aristocracy, Drago maintains a snobbish, superior attitude, and he will not hesitate to turn his powers against anyone "of lesser station" whom he feels has offended him in any way.

Tall and rail thin, his black hair and full beard are slightly frosted with grey, and his hard, cruel eyes are a strange, cold blue.

5. Dame Edith Waxley-Smythe (Psychic)

STR	10	CON	12	SIZ	10
INT	18	POW	20	DEX	14
APP	12	EDU	24	SAN	50
HP	10				

SKILLS: Astronomy 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 20% History 40%, Law 25%, Library Use 55%, Listen 60%, Occult 65%, Pharmacy 30%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 30%

SPELLS: Implant Fear, Levitate, Look to the Future, Mindblast, Power Drain.

Dame Edith is a natural psychic, but she has turned to the evil knowledge which Collins offered her in order to increase and enhance her powers. She seeks the prestige of being the most famous psychic in the world, one whose predictions are 100% accurate.

Though she appears to be a charming, middle-aged matron, Dame Edith will prove herself a ruthless enemy should anyone dare to come between her and her goal.

Dame Edith enjoys playing mind games, and she will practice the Implant Fear on anyone she considers an easy target. She is also not above practicing the Power Drain spell in the same manner.

6. Parker J. Philby

STR	9	CON	10	SIZ	9
INT	21	POW	19	DEX	4
APP	10	EDU	18	SAN	40
HP	9				

SKILLS: Accounting 50%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Debate 50%, Fast Talk 50%, Law 30%, Occult 40%, Oratory 50%, Psychology 45%,

SPELLS: Death Spell, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Flesh Ward, Heal.

Philby is a munitions tycoon who runs his empire from the wheelchair in which he is now confined. He is quite paranoid, and obsessed by the desire to live forever.

It is this desire which drew Philby to Desmond Collins, in the hope that Collins would one day induct him into the ranks of the undead.

A man of middle age, Mr. Philby has not withstood the passing of the years very well. Skeleton-thin and pallid as a ghost, he is nearly completely bald, his remaining dirty-white hair falling in sparse straggly locks from the side of his head.

It should be noted that, should Collins find himself lacking a final victim to play host to an Outer God, the vampire will not hesitate to offer up Parker Philby.

7. Rufus Marsh

STR	14	CON	14	SIZ	12
INT	15	POW	17	DEX	14
APP	10	EDU	15	SAN	25
HP	13				

SKILLS: Climb 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 75%, Dodge 50%, Hide 45%, Library Use 40%, Listen 55%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 100%, Throw 25%, .45 Revolver 40%, .12 gauge Shotgun 50%

SPELLS: Contact Deep Ones, Contact Starspawn of Cthulhu, Contact Cthulhu, Grasp of Cthulhu, Wave of Oblivion, Wither Limb.

Rufus Marsh is a Deep One who still maintains his human form. Marsh is Collins' true link to the Mythos, his single most valuable ally, whose dealings with those who dwell in the sea and other such minions have enabled Collins' plan to advance so smoothly to this stage.

Marsh, however, is a cautious creature, and at the first sign of trouble he will swiftly depart, not to return until he is certain that all is well. Should this occur, Collins' plans will grind to a momentary standstill, thus affording the Investigators more time in which to defeat the vampire.

will be a 50% chance that one of Collins' "special guests" will be present; if this is the case, roll 1d6 and consult the Guest List for the identity of this darkling scholar.

The Watcher in the Library

Being no fool, Desmond Collins has seen to the protection of his foul tomes.

Any Investigator entering the Library should be requested to make a Psychology roll. A successful roll will make them aware of a hostile presence in the room, and a feeling that they are being closely scrutinized, despite the fact that no one they can see is paying them any attention at all.

This library is under the guardianship of a Star Vampire, summoned by Collins and bound to protect the books stored here. Should anyone attempt to remove a volume from the library without Collins' permission, the Star Vampire will immediately attack, and even if it is defeated, the commotion created by the struggle will surely draw some very unwanted attention (use average stats for the star vampire).

The Cellar

The door to this subterranean labyrinth is securely locked at all times, and Collins has the only key. A Mechanical Repair roll at one-half will be required to spring the lock; forcing the door will call for a STR struggle against the door's STR of 21.

At the top of the descending stairs behind this door, read the following aloud:

Worn marble steps descend into utter, malodorous darkness, flanked by walls of dark granite blocks stained black by centuries of soot. You do not know what you might find down there, but it is certain to be nothing pleasant.

Then, at the base of the stairway:

A narrow hall stretches into the darkness to the left and right, broken only by an occasional torch holder and an even rarer door of stout, heavy oak, closed tightly upon even deeper mysteries.

The Temple

Flickering torchlight illuminates a scene from the darkest corner of nightmare. A large chamber of black stone lined with draperies of deep red houses an upraised dias on which rests an altar which looks to have been cast in pure gold, lustrous, leering demon faces lending an obscene beauty to the horrid work.

Behind the altar another platform rises, and upon it, flanked by twin braziers of wrought iron, is a statue, a likeness of such horror as could only be spawned by the Mythos itself.

A SAN roll will be required for viewing this faithful

representation of Tsathoggua, with a 1d10 loss or no loss on a successful roll.

In this chamber ceremonies dedicated to Tsathoggua are conducted each night between the midnight and 3 AM. During this time, Collins and his seven houseguests will always be found in this chamber - without fail, without exception.

On each night of the new moon, a much more involved ceremony takes place, one which includes a human sacrifice. This ceremony is open to all of Collins' guests, and on such occasions the temple may hold as many as 50 individuals, some human, some not - but all evil and corrupt.

Witnessing even part of this ceremony will cost 1d6 points of Sanity, or 1 point if a successful SAN roll is made. But even then, things could get worse.

There is a 30% chance that a Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua will manifest itself at the height of the ceremony to claim the human sacrifice in Tsathoggua's name. The shapeless abomination will ooze forth from the niches and crevices of the statue to flow over the altar and consume the helpless, screaming sacrifice whole. After a Formless Spawn consumes a victim, it cannot move until the victim is totally digested. It will then retreat back into the statue and fade back into whatever nighted realm it had come from.

Seeing a Formless Spawn means a 1d10 point loss of Sanity, or 1 point on a successful SAN roll. Witnessing the consuming of a sacrifice means the loss of 1d6 points of SAN, or 1 point on a successful roll.

The Ghoul Chamber

This is where Collins disposes of the bodies of those human sacrifices that are not taken by a Formless Spawn. It is also where he sends those of his human guests who have in some way offended him.

The body - whether living or dead - is placed in the small antechamber and the outer door is closed and locked. There is a lever on the wall to the right of this door, and pulling it down opens the interior door, while pulling the lever up closes it.

Beyond that inner door is an entrance into the realm of the Ghouls, who will pour forth from their burrows to devour the offering Collins has left for him.

The Ghouls	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	17	16	18	15	20	14
CON	12	10	14	10	16	12
SIZ	13	12	16	11	18	13
INT	14	12	15	10	14	9
POW	13	15	10	14	11	16
DEX	13	11	15	10	17	9
MOVE	9	9	9	9	9	9
HP	12	11	15	10	17	12

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Claws	30%	1d6+1d4
Bite	30%	1d6+1d4+ worry*

Armor: None, but guns do half damage.

Skills: Sneak 80%, Hide 60%, Listen 70%, Spot Hidden 50%, Climb 85%, Jump 75%.

Spells: #1 – Consume Likeness
#2 – Wither Limb
#5 – Contact Ghoul

* Unless the victim can win a STR vs. STR contest with the ghoul, the foul creature will receive an automatic successful bite attack the following round.

The Conjuring Chamber

This cold, black-stone chamber is illuminated by the shifting glow of five tall candles which mark the points of a large pentagram of white marble inlaid into the black granite floor. Other than an ornate trunk which rests to the left of the door, this chamber is bare. The atmosphere in this place is thick and oppressive, heavy with the taint of sulphur.

This is where Collins' guests practice to improve their skills in the arts arcane. There will be a 65% chance of a darkling student being present here at any given time, save for the hours of midnight and 3 AM, when only Collins and his seven houseguests are allowed in the cellar.

Various supernatural creatures are summoned here from time to time, though for the most part it is either ghosts or wraiths – as per the Sourcebook. Note, however, that nothing related to the Mythos will ever appear in this chamber, since the two forms of summoning magic are too divergent to permit it.

The trunk is unlocked, and in it will be found a golden bell, and ancient book written in Latin, and a single black candle. The book is a volume of arcane incantations which will add 25% to the Occult Knowledge of any Investigator who can translate the work and spend three full weeks reading it.

COLLINS' VILLA

This is one of the vampire's international bolt holes. While of no great importance to Collins, it is still furnished in the same grand manner as his mansion. Here, though, there is an abundance of Egyptian antiquities scattered recklessly about the place.

The villa is maintained by a staff of six, four of whom return to their homes at night. The remaining pair, Abduhl and Mustafa, are Collins' minions, who guard the estate and see to it that the potential sacrifices are kept safe and healthy.

Note that the Cairo terminus of Collins' Gate is located in the rear corner room of the villa, which is always locked from the inside when Collins is present at his New England mansion.

A new wall was constructed in the middle of the room, and upon it Collins has drawn the necessary inscriptions and symbols to make the two way Gate operable.

The villa itself is of no great importance to this scenario, with the exception of the cellar, where Collins has imprisoned his potential sacrifices. This cellar consists of a centrally located guard chamber surrounded by twenty recently-constructed cells which now hold one prisoner each.

Each cell door is stoutly made (STR 24), and protected by a bulky lock requiring a Mechanical Repair roll at -10% to defeat. The keys to these locks are located on a ring which hangs from Mustafa's belt.

In the outer wall of the guard room is a hidden door (Spot Hidden at -25%), which is opened by pulling down on the nearby torch-holder. This door opens onto a cramped, rough-hewn tunnel, also of recent construction, which runs 100 feet to a nearby Chthonian tunnel some 20 feet in diameter.

This and other similar tunnels were created by the children of Shudde M'ell for the express purpose of providing access to the Starshrine, further evidence of the horrible co-operation hinted at by Dr. Tabor Ferenczy.

At the intersection of this and the tunnel from Collins' cellar will be found a flatbed truck, large enough to transport Collins, his allies, and his victims to the Starshrine by this underground route.

The truck was taken apart, brought down piece by piece by Abduhl and Mustafa and reassembled in the Chthonian tunnel to provide a speedy mode of transport to the shrine, some 50 miles distant. The keys to this truck will also be found on Mustafa's key ring.

While this tunnel is the main route, it does intersect with several other Chthonian burrowings, creating a veritable maze beneath the desert in which the Investigators could become easily lost. And these blasted nether routes are not entirely deserted...

The truck can travel safely at a rate of 10 miles an hour, and for every hour there will be a 45% chance of an encounter with one of the dread Burrowers Beneath. There will be ample warning of such an impending encounter – the trembling of the earth, an increase in temperature, and a sudden foul, acidic stench in the air – so that cautious Investigators will be able to retreat before such an abysmal confrontation can take place.

If the Investigators chose to undertake this journey on foot, they will average three miles an hour, and a check for a Chthonian encounter should be made once every hour.

ABDUHL AND MUSTAFA

	Abduhl	Mustafa
STR	18	15
CON	17	16
SIZ	17	15
INT	14	15
POW	13	14
DEX	12	16
SAN	65	70
Hit Points	17	15

SKILLS: Climb 30%, Dodge 35%, Hide 35%, Jump 30%, Ride 60%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Throw 40%, Track 60%, .22 Rifle 40%, Scimitar 55%, Knife 50%

REALM OF THE SERPENTFOLK

The tomb of Ram-ahn-re was constructed over the entrance to this city of the Serpentfolk, partly to seal it off, but most importantly to conceal its existence from an unsuspecting world.

But the minions of the Outer Gods were cunning, and a secret door was constructed in the back wall of the tomb's last chamber, thus providing access into the nighted metropolis below for those who would come after.

When the Investigators open this door, read the following aloud:

Dry, dust-laden air heavy with the reek of centuries pours over you from out of the profound darkness before you. Your lights penetrate a short distance down the rounded sandstone tunnel, until they are defeated by the inward curve of the downward-sloping passage. Ahead lies silence and mystery.

Some 300 yards down the tunnel, the Investigators will enter the city proper:

Narrow side tunnels appear to the left and right, branching off to wind sinuously into the concealing darkness as the main route continues on in its curving descent. The air here is tainted by something ancient and long gone into dust - something unmistakably reptilian.

Exploration of the city will provide a time-consuming journey through a warren of narrow passages and bare chambers hewn and smoothed out of the sandstone. This is now the home of nothing more than snakes and insects; some of which may prove venomous, should the Keeper choose to add a more normal danger.

THE SHRINE

Your downward journey is blocked by a wall of metal, which seems to consist of several crescent-shaped sections of tarnished bronze. There is an odd-looking glyph in the wall beside the iris door, its meaning long eradicated by an incredible span of time. Perhaps it is a warning - and one

that should not go unheeded.

The glyph is no more than a simple mechanism. Depressing it will cause the iris door to grate open; depressing it again will cause the bronze sections to slide back into place, sealing off the tunnel again. When the iris is opened, continue with the following description:

The iris door grinds open, sending echos across a large cavity only half seen in the glow of your lights. A small antechamber opens to your right, and in its shadowy, curved recesses you can just make out a squat and misshapen figure whose bulbous outlines seem to blur and twist even as you look at them.

Ahead of you the passage opens into a large, oval chamber, with yet another shadow-choked tunnel branching off to your left. There is something about the air wafting out of that writhing side tunnel which causes you to shudder, an odor of ancient death which lies in waiting...

The main chamber, you see, boasts a high-domed ceiling, and across it you can see the main passage continue on into the depths of the earth.

Occupying the center of this chamber is a tall dias of smoothed and polished black granite carved into images of crawling, writhing things which are best left unidentified, and atop that dias stands a writhing mass of tentacles dotted with countless gaping, hungry mouths, a black abomination which towers some 50 feet above you as you involuntarily cringe in horror at the sight of it.

This chamber is a shrine to Shub-Niggurath, and the thing on the dias is a statue of The Black Goat in the Woods With a Thousand Young. Viewing this creation will cost the Investigators 1d6 points of Sanity unless a successful SAN roll is made, in which case the loss is only 1 point.

The small antechamber is a shrine to Yog-Sothoth, and the shadowy form is a representation of the Outer God, fashioned of strange, multicolored crystal which actually does shift its form and structure in a continual metamorphosis. There is no Sanity loss for looking upon this image.

The side-branching tunnel leads to what was once a laboratory, which now lies in ruins, destroyed by the Shoggoth which has made this place its lair.

Brought into being by the Serpentfolk, this horrid creature was confined in a special vessel, from which it was observed and experimented upon. After the demise of the city, the power which maintained that vessel waned, allowing the Shoggoth to break free and roam its empty kingdom of darkness.

The sound of the iris door grating open will alert the creature to the presence of prey, and within 1d10 rounds it will slop forth to begin the hunt. Anyone exploring the tunnel to the lab will, of course, discover the ravaging horror rather quickly.



THE STARSHRINE AND ENVIRONS

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------|----|---------------------|
| A. | ENTRANCE FROM TOMB | E. | SHOGGOTH LAIR |
| B. | SERPENTFOLK CITY | F. | ZOTH-OMMOG TEMPLE |
| C. | ANTECHAMBER | G. | SERPENTMAN TOMB |
| D. | SHUB-NIGGURATH SHRINE | H. | FOREST OF THE NIGHT |
| | | I. | THE STARSHRINE |

The Shoggoth

STR 63	CON 42	SIZ 84
INT 7	POW 10	DEX 4
HP 63	Move 10	

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
Crush	100%	8d6

ARMOR: One-half damage from fire and electricity, and only 1 point from physical weapons (firearms). Regenerates 2 points per round.

SAN: 1d20 or 1d6 on a successful roll

And on into the tunnel at the far end of the Shrine:

The tunnel continues its downward spiral for one hundred dark yards until it emerges at last into another large, roughly triangular chamber, whose walls and high-flung ceiling are covered with the strange, sinuous glyphs of the Serpentfolk, which hold no meaning for the human eye. And there, at the narrowest point of the chamber, the main passage continues down...down...

In the center of the chamber is a second dias, this much larger than the first, providing a base for the statue of a cone-shaped entity with a lizard-like head, from which sprout a number of writhing, serpentine tentacles. Four thick, starfish-like pseudopods are arranged around the neck of the thing, each groping hungrily, as if possessed by some urgent, alien need.

Around the base of this statue, the floor is littered with multicolored lumps of minerals which reflect back the illumination of your lights in a strange splendor of multihues.

A successful Mythos roll will identify the statue as a representation of Zoth-Omog. Viewing such a realistic image of the Great Old One will cost 1d10 points of Sanity, or 1d6 on a successful roll.

The glittering lumps of minerals surrounding the statue's base are diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, left by the Serpentfolk as tribute to their primary god.

Any Investigator who stops to pick up a few samples will find himself enriched to the tune of 1d100 x 10,000 dollars - provided they can survive long enough to appreciate their good fortune!

Continuing on:

The passage is an endless, nighted curve, with numerous, narrow tunnels wending off to left and right. There is an odd mustiness about this stretch of tunnel, an odor of things long dead...

These narrow side passages each lead to a low, cramped chamber lined with many niches in which have been set ornately decorated stone boxes.

These "boxes" are sarcophagi, containing the remains of ancient Serpentfolk royalty and their wizards. Discovering

the contents of these sarcophagi will cost 1d6 points of Sanity, or no loss on a successful roll.

THE FOREST OF THE NIGHT

As the Investigators reach the end of the spiralling passage, read the following aloud:

The smooth walls of the passage you have followed drop suddenly away, opening out into a vast cavern whose great expanse is revealed in the ghostly green illumination of great sheets of phosphorescent fungal growth.

The gargantuan cavity seems roughly crescent-shaped, continuing the inward spiral of the passage behind you. Much of the cavern floor is taken up by a weird forest of black crystalline spires of various heights and thicknesses jutting forth at all angles to effectively conceal anything which might lurk beneath their towering mass.

The walls, too, are pitch black, and glistening as though polished to their high, sheeny gloss; yet it is clear that this is a natural condition.

There are sounds emanating from that ebon crystal forest; a faint crackling mingled with a high-pitched whine which at its peak causes a sharp pain in your ears and seems to vibrate through your very bones.

This you know is not a wholesome place, and yet you also know that you must find your way through it if you are ever to reach your goal - which you are certain lies very near at hand.

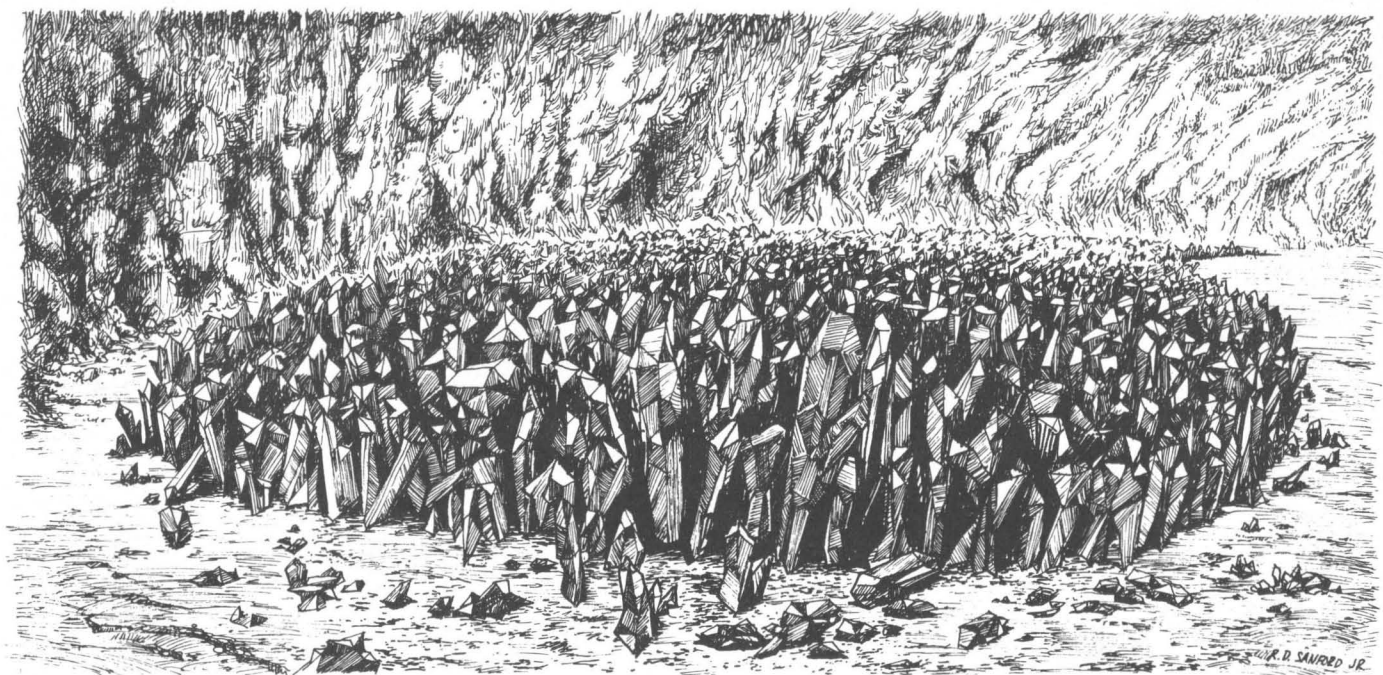
This is a natural chamber, discovered by the Serpentfolk during their long-ago excavations. The strange properties of the black crystals are, while uncomfortable, wholly natural and of no real danger.

The Forest of the Night was corrupted by the Serpentfolk, and the grotto was - and still is - used to house many things which are shunned by nature.

Here in this forest of stone and ebon crystal lurk all manner of loathsome horrors, sent by the Outer Gods as their abominable representatives and participants in the impending Ceremony of the Icosahedron.

In this forest lurk a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, a Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua, a Hunting Horror of Nyarlathotep, and a Dimensional Shambler. If the Investigators skirt the edges of the Forest, they run a mere 10% chance of encountering one of these denizens, but if they should enter that crystalline maze, there will be a 50% chance of an encounter. All creatures have average stats for combat.

It will require 9 rounds to skirt the Forest, and 27 rounds to travel through it. The Keeper should check for an encounter once every three rounds. Should one occur, randomly select which of the four horrors is encountered. Unless that creature is destroyed during the confrontation, the chance remains that it may attack again.



THE STARSHRINE

The great cavern narrows and closes in, becoming a rough-hewn tunnel which spirals down and in as it narrows. But then, after a hundred yards, it abruptly opens out again, and what meets your eyes as you emerge from the tunnel is a scene beyond your wildest imaginings.

The chamber is a perfect sphere approximately 200 yards in diameter, its walls made up of millions of shimmering crystal facets which glow with colors unlike any you have ever seen, and which irritate your eyes as you attempt to identify them.

Three pillars of crystal, each more than 50 feet thick, rise from the floor of the sphere to plunge up through the high-domed ceiling. So intense is the outre illumination emanating from those pillars that at first they seem to be composed entirely of light, flickering and flashing in weird multihues.

Centered between the pillars looms a 300 foot tall, flat-topped pyramid of some sick, hellish green material that cannot possibly have been mined on this earth. Three flights of disturbingly-carved steps ascend the flanks of the pyramid, steps that have rarely, if ever before, known the tread of human feet.

Far in the distance, near the opposite wall of this

gargantuan chamber is a lake of what may once have been water. Now it is a stagnant, foul, puss-colored expanse giving off an odor of profound decay dredged from the unfathomable depths of the sea.

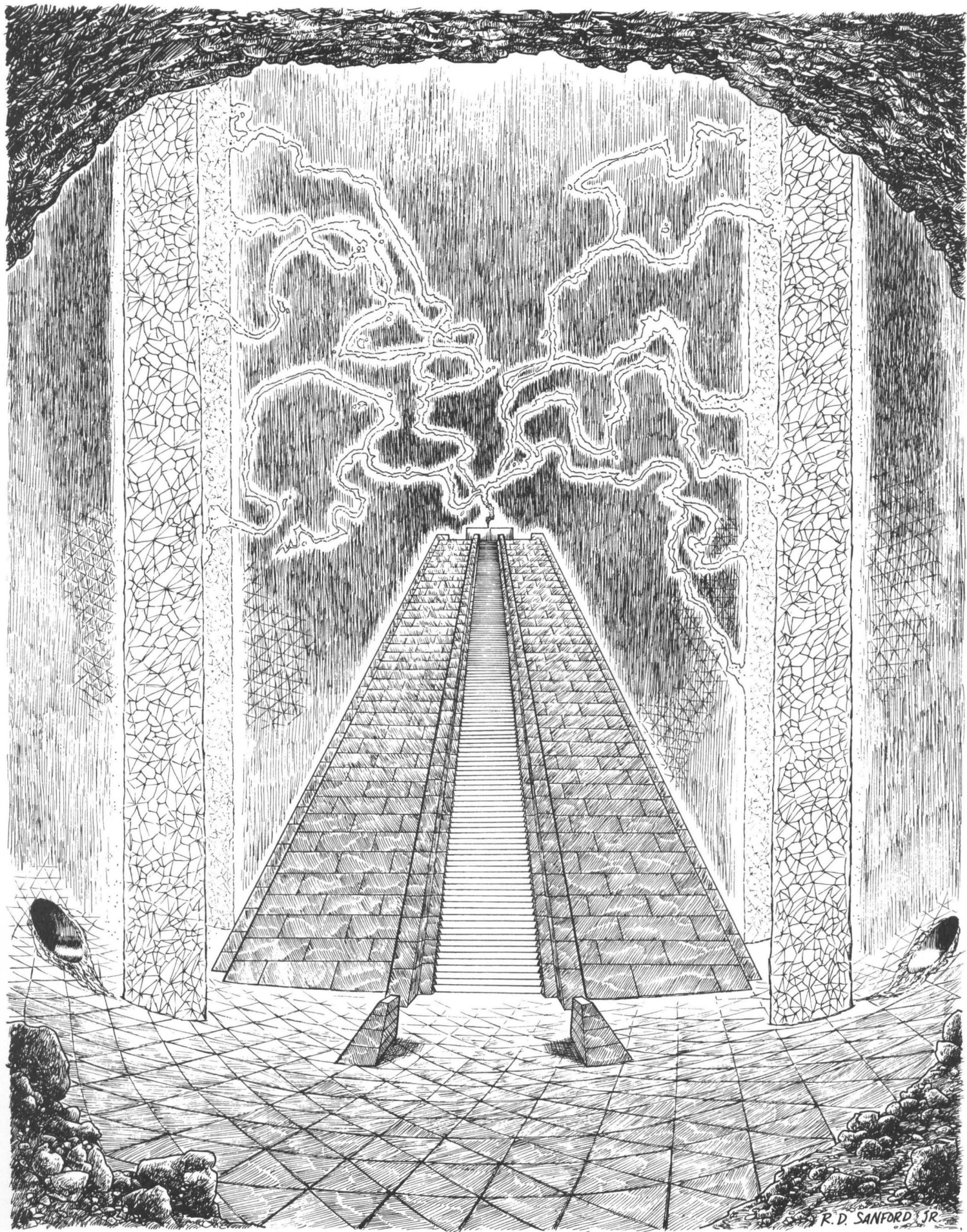
To the north, south-east and south-west the mouths of strangely-wrought tunnels gape wide. Each is at least 20 feet in diameter, and all three have a curiously fused appearance, as though they had been melted out of the very bedrock.

There can be no doubt; your long and terrible journey through the dark realms of horror is at an end. You have arrived at the Starshrine.

The Investigators will arrive at the Starshrine roughly one hour before Desmond Collins; they will have that long to formulate a plan of action.

There is little, if anything, they can do to the shrine itself; both the pyramid and the pillars are impervious to explosives, and sealing off all entrances will merely delay the ceremony by a week at best.

The best chance the Investigators will have is to defeat Desmond Collins himself. Failing that, they will have to hunt down each of the successfully liberated Outer Gods and destroy their human hosts before any damage can be done. This would, of course, provide a springboard for any scenarios of the Keeper's own design.



POINTS OF INTEREST

The flattened top of the great pyramid is roughly 30 feet square – more than enough room to accommodate Collins, his allies, and the 20 potential hosts. In the center of the roof is a triangular altar, and at the center of that is a weirdly-shaped niche into which the Icosahedron will fit perfectly.

NOTE: If for any reason an Elder Sign is placed in this niche, there will be a most spectacular – and violent – reaction within 3 rounds after the Icosahedron is placed into it.

Great tongues of lightning will engulf the pyramid, obliterating it in a tremendous fireball that will spread to consume the Starshrine, the Forest of the Night, continuing up through the Serpentfolk city and on through the tomb of Ram-ahn-re, finally expelling itself 300 feet straight up into the desert air.

Anyone still within the Starshrine at the time of the detonation will be lost. All others must make nine Luck rolls to stay ahead of the blast all the way to the surface. A missed roll indicates the loss of 1d6 hit points from severe burns.

The lake of foul water is the end of a long nether route to the depths of the sea. At the height of the Ceremony, a Starspawn of Cthulhu will emerge from these putrid waters to bear witness to the partial release of its patron deity.

This is but one of the creatures that will appear during this abysmally evil ceremony; included in their number will be those denizens of the Forest of the Night which the Investigators have not destroyed.

Before the Ceremony of the Icosahedron reaches its climax, a servitor of each of the 20 Outer Gods represented on the artifact will manifest. To the good, these manifestations will vanish if the Ceremony is interrupted, with the exception of the Starspawn, the creatures from the Forest, and one of Shudde-Mell's Chthonians, all of whom are physically present in the Starshrine.

THE CEREMONY

Desmond Collins and his 20 victims will emerge from the south-east Chthonian tunnel, which runs under Collins' villa outside Cairo. Also present in the group will be Elviny Pogue and Rufus Marsh, should they have survived to this point.

The ceremonial party will arrive in the flatbed truck located in the tunnel beneath Collins' villa. It will thunder up to the base of the pyramid, and the group will slowly ascend the stairs to the summit.

NOTE: The keys to the truck will be left in the ignition. What fear of thievery would there be in this place?

Once atop the pyramid, the sacrifices will be arranged

around the triangular altar, and the Icosahedron reverently placed in its niche.

When this happens, a low, rumbling vibration will begin, accompanied by a high-pitched whine from the crystal pillars as they begin to pulse in ever increasing flashes of brilliance.

As the ceremony progresses, the pyramid itself will become transparent and begin to pulse in a sick-green hue. Occasional bursts of pale green energy will streak up through the pyramid and into the Icosahedron, whose 20 symbols will begin to glow with painful brightness.

As each sacrifice is possessed, the glowing symbol which represents that Outer God will lose its unnatural glow. Should the attempted possession fail, that particular sacrifice will be burnt to a cinder, and the process will begin again with the next victim.

There is a 50% chance that each attempted possession will prove successful. If it is, then that Outer God and its host body will vanish with a horrid cry of triumph, transported back into the world to spread chaos and horror.

AND IN THE END...

Should the Investigators stop Collins before the Ceremony can take place, The Earth is saved – and each surviving Investigator should receive 1d20 + 9 SAN points for a job well done.

The Icosahedron will still be dangerous, and great care should be taken in the selection of its hiding place. If consulted on the matter, Dr. Tabor Ferenczy will recommend a secret government bunker in which other such evidence of the Mythos is hidden safely away.

Should any of the Outer Gods escape with their hosts, the world will be in for some trying times. (If this adventure takes place before World War II, the Keeper could inform the players that these monstrous survivors were responsible for the events leading to World War II and all the horror of that era.)

Should the Investigators elect to hunt down the alien horrors, remember that the duration of the possession is nine months, after which time the Outer Gods must return to their prisons. It is doubtful that all the surviving Outer Gods can be hunted down and successfully dealt with in so short a time.

1d10 SAN points should be rewarded for preventing the schemes of the Outer Gods from enjoying full success.

The one bright spot to this outcome is that the Icosahedron, which can only be invoked once, is now utterly useless, and is no more than a curious artifact. Never again can it threaten an unsuspecting world with the chaotic, boiling horror which festers in the insane places within and beyond Creation.

The Devourer

By Michael Szymanski

In which an all-consuming horror threatens to devour the Earth.

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

Your intrepid Investigators will be drawn into this darkling nightmare by a letter from an acquaintance, asking one of the party to come to shadow-haunted Arkham and assist in solving the mystery of a vanished professor of geology. What they will find there is an all-devouring horror spawned by the loathsome Abboth, the Source of Uncleaness.

This foulness was brought to Arkham by the now vanished Professor Zephram Draper, who thought it to be a strange geode discovered on his recent expedition to the Western States.

The unnatural egg hatched, and what emerged consumed Draper and his intellect. Now it hunts with human cunning, feeds with dire zeal – and grows....

The Devourer can be played in any time period, but for best effect, it is suggested that it be set in the 1920's. Also, it would be convenient to have Chaosium's Miskatonic University supplement at hand for quick reference, since all of the action takes place in or around the University. Failing that, the maps in the rulebook will suffice.

PLAYER'S INTRODUCTION

It is brisk and chill, this forlorn day in the final week of October. Lurking winter has made itself known with a light dusting of snow on the brittle, leave-strewn ground, and an Arctic greyness dominates the world.

Your mood matches the season, and even the unstoppable approach of All Hallow's Eve finds no interest in your hearts this year. But then, as if in answer to your sullen depression, one of your number receives a most interesting letter....

KEEPER: At this point, hand over both Dr. Brockleman's Letter and Background Information (see Handouts Section) to whichever player you have selected to receive this information. Play will now be dictated by the Investigators' response to Dr. Brockleman's letter.

The Keeper should read both of these documents, along with all the other handouts, before running the scenario in order to become familiar with the information they contain.

THE CALL TO BROCKLEMAN

Once the Investigators have settled in at their lodgings, the recipient of Dr. Brockleman's letter will undoubtedly wish to call his old acquaintance and inform him of the party's arrival.

"My dear _____," the good Doctor will exclaim. "How good of you to come, and on such short notice, as well! But I'm afraid our little mystery has solved itself. Earlier this morning, I received a phone call from Professor Draper himself, who is even now at his home right here in Arkham. It seems he was called away quite suddenly on urgent business which could greatly benefit the University. He would give no details over the telephone, but promised to reveal all at dinner this evening at my home.

"You and your friends are of course invited; it's the least I can do for dragging you all the way out here, and I venture to say that you will find Professor Draper a most interesting fellow indeed. You will come, won't you?"

Brockleman will not take no for an answer, and will resort to all forms of blandishment and friendly persuasion to entice his "dear old friend" into accepting his invitation. A Psychology roll at this point will reveal Brockleman's tone to be open and honest, with no trace of deception.

INFORMATION GATHERING

The Investigators will arrive in Arkham in the early afternoon, and since dinner is at seven o'clock, they will have some time on their hands. The players should be left to do as they please, but should they decide to dig up some information on Professor Draper, they will find much to interest them at the Miskatonic University.

Both administration and staff will refuse to divulge any personal or privileged information about the Professor, but they will say that he is one of the foremost geologists in the country, and that he has written several papers that have been well-received in the scientific community. All of these papers, they will say with pride, occupy a place of

Keeper's Information

Dr. Brockleman's Letter

My Dear Friend:

I apologize for not having written you sooner, but the demands of my position have kept me from my social responsibilities; and now that I do write, I am saddened to say it is to ask your assistance.

My friend and fellow professor here at the Miskatonic, Professor Zephram Draper, who recently returned from a geological expedition to the Arizona-New Mexico region, seems to have disappeared. I realize that this is a strong statement, but I do have some evidence to support my suspicions.

First, Zephram and I were to have met for dinner this last Friday, one week after his return -- but he never appeared at the restaurant, and I have not been able to raise him on the telephone since that time.

I have visited his home on several occasions and received no reply to my repeated knocking. The house was locked tighter than a drum, and remains completely dark even in the evening. I simply cannot believe that Zephram is inside.

Since my friend is known to indulge in brief, solitary expeditions into the wooded hills around Arkham, the local authorities see no reason to raise an alarm at this point. But this is different; Zephram would never leave on one of his jaunts without first telling me about it, and he would never, never fail to keep an appointment.

Knowing of your penchant for mystery, I knew you would be intrigued. Will you help me? I would not trouble you if I did not think Zephram to be in some difficulty. I am deeply concerned, and more than willing to reimburse you for any expenses you might incur as a result of your investigation.

I have taken the liberty of reserving a room for you at Crabb's Boarding House here in Arkham. You may call me from there when you arrive.

Please come, for I am at wit's end.

Your friend,
Hilbert Brockleman

Background Information on Prof. Brockleman

FOR PROFESSOR BROCKLEMAN'S FRIEND

You have known Hilbert Brockleman since your days in college, when the two of you spent a great deal of time together debating the issues of the day, studying, carousing, and getting into mischief. You had hit it off on your very first meeting, and quickly became fast friends.

Sadly, upon graduation you went your separate ways, yet you always managed to stay in touch by letter and phone, and met at least twice a year to catch up and have a night on the town to salute the good old days. The letter you have just received from your friend comes to you at the midpoint between your last meeting and the next.

Hilbert has a sound, scientific mind, and is not prone to flights of fancy. His expression of concern for his friend is genuine, with a basis in solid fact. This alone makes you seriously consider responding to Hilbert's request for assistance.

Also, you are concerned for your friend, and have been ever since he accepted the post of Astronomy Instructor at the legend-haunted Miskatonic University in shadow-shrouded Arkam, Mass. You have heard many strange tales told about that town and its environs, and what you have heard does not put you at ease where the safety of your somewhat too-trusting friend is concerned.

Better, perhaps, to make the journey and discover a false alarm than to do nothing and come to regret it later...

honor in the University library.

In the library, a successful Library Use roll will turn up three of Professor Draper's most recent papers. Of course, only the latest, concerning his expedition to the Western states, will have any connection to the horror about to descend upon Arkham.

While reading one of the papers, an Investigator must make a successful Spot Hidden roll to unearth one of the excerpts found listed under "Professor Draper's Papers" in the Handout Section at the back of this booklet.

The titles of these three essays are: "The Effects of Seismic Activity in the Area of the Peruvian Andes," "The Anatomy of a Sub-Strata," and, most importantly, "Unique and Typical Formations of the Central-Western United States".

KEEPER: Note that only the last of the three papers will be of any use to the Investigators; the other two are merely red herrings, and the entries discovered in them are merely mundane, no matter how significant they may sound. However, do not present this material any differently than the helpful material - let the players sort things out for themselves.

Upon reading the papers of Professor Draper, the Investigators may wish to examine texts on geology. There are several textbooks on the subject available in the library, but nothing of any importance can be learned from them in so brief a time. However, one week's reading of one such volume will increase the reader's Geology skill by 3%.

Only if an Investigator is specifically looking for information on Geodes, and only if he or she makes a successful Library Use roll will the information contained in Geodes (see Handout Section) be revealed.

Should the Investigators attempt to peruse the moldering tomes locked away in the "Special Section" they will find themselves denied access, unless they are vouched for by a known and reputable member of the teaching staff.

Even then, they will have to convince their sponsor of the necessity of consulting those abominable tomes by making a successful Debate or Oratory roll.

AT THE NEWSPAPER

Clues to the dire threat facing Arkham abound in the paper, and for each successful Library Use roll, the Investigators will unearth one.

The first is "College Couple Elope". Edith Carp and Tommy Sturgeon did not elope, as the romantics believe. They were in fact absorbed by the Devourer at the old Bass Estate, where they had gone to neck.

Casual questioning of Miskatonic students will lead to Pricilla Ruffie, a close friend of Edith's, who will tell the Investigators that Edith took neither clothes nor money on her supposed elopement, and said nothing of her plans to Pricilla, her closest confidant.

The second lead is "Local Youths Sought in Robbery/Murder". Knute Sharkey was absorbed by an extension of the Devourer, which he found lurking about behind his fish market. In the ensuing struggle, the market was thrown into disarray.

Irwin Salmon and Orville Minnow were notorious "bad seeds", who were always being pulled in by the police for breaking windows, bullying younger kids for their lunch money, and the like. They were seen by several witnesses near Sharkey's Fish Market on the day he vanished, and it

Geodes

A geode is a hollow, ball-shaped lump of common rock, but the hollow inside may contain fascinating crystalline formations or layers of minerals - or sometimes even both. Quartz, calcite, and dolomite are the most common minerals found inside such a geode.

Most geodes are formed as mineral rich water deposited materials in the cavities in the rock, or even in fossils and shells. Their size may vary drastically, from less than fist-sized to more than ten feet in diameter and over twenty feet long.

In the United States, geodes are most common in the limestone of the Ohio and Mississippi River valleys, but they do occur in other locations as well.

Should a piece of material inside the hollow of a geode become loose, this geode is then known as a Rattlestone because, when the rock is shaken, it will, as the name implies, rattle.

Should a geode become completely filled with mineral deposits, it can no longer be classified as a geode, though they are no less sought after by rock hounds and mineralogists.

Professor Draper's Papers

FROM: *"Effects of Seismic Activity in the Area of the Peruvian Andes"*

It is clear that, until recently, there had existed a subterranean cavity of some extent, this in a remote section of the Andean foothills roughly 50 miles south-west of Lima, Peru. It is also clear that this cavity collapsed upon itself for no apparent reason. This is one of the area's mysteries we intended to investigate closely for its ramifications on tectonic science.

FROM: *"Effects of Seismic Activity in the Area of the Peruvian Andes"*

It is now evident that the subsidance of the central cavity was caused not by seismic activity but by the force of a powerful explosive detonation which fractured already weakened support columns in the main cavern and generated tremendous stress loads on the entire roof of the chamber. The identities of the parties who set the blast and the reason it was set is a puzzle that may never be solved.

FROM: *"Effects of Seismic Activity in the Area of the Peruvian Andes"*

This expedition has proven to be a great success. We were especially fortunate to obtain so many interesting geologic specimens. Most outstanding of the lot is the peculiar fused and extremely dense bedrock material we were able to excavate from the upper tunnels of the cave system. It possesses many of the properties of the type of material one would expect to find in a volcanic flue, yet surveys of the surrounding area clearly indicate that there has never been such violent activity within a radius of 100 miles. This gives us much cause for speculation, and will continue to do so for some time to come.

FROM: *"Anatomy of a Sub-strata"*

Extrapolating from current data in the field, it is reasonable to assume that the entire upper surface of the world rests upon a mantle of molten magma, and that these strata of solidified material are in painfully slow but constant motion.

FROM: *"Anatomy of a Sub-strata"*

Vast portions of the Earth's crust are sectioned off, and these sections sometimes move in opposing directions at their point of contact. Eventually, something must give, something must shift, and it is this very shifting which causes earthquakes. Shrewsbury, of course, attributes certain of these seismic incidents to another cause, but his data remains unproved, and so cannot be considered at this time.

FROM: *"Anatomy of a Sub-strata"*

The Earth on whose surface we live holds many oddities within its depths, and many mysteries we have yet to explain. One such oddity is the occurrence of volcanic flues or lateral blow holes discovered at varying depths in some of the deepest coal mines of the Appalachians and several extensive diamond mines in Africa. There is no certain explanation for these perfectly cylindrical, tunnel-like cavities, some of which run for miles before plunging into the fiery depths of the Earth's core. It is only through careful, unrelenting study and research that such mysteries shall ever be solved.

FROM: *"Unique and Typical Formations of the Central-Western United States"*

Sandstone predominates the surface strata of this region, though in the nether strata there are quite common and frequent occurrences of limestone, whose water-erosion which is most typified by New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns, which presents us with a veritable museum of geological data. Much of this region is dotted with such caves and caverns, though on a much smaller scale, to be sure.

FROM: *"Unique and Typical Formations of the Central-Western United States"*

By careful study and application of the scientific method, we were able to locate no less than three heretofore undiscovered caves in the area of northern New Mexico and southern Arizona. Each was in some way unique, offering us classic examples of curtain, falls and grape cluster formations, as well as the typical stalactite/stalagmite/column formations common to all such subterranean cavities.

FROM: *"Unique and Typical Formations of the Central-Western United States"*

It was in the third cave that we discovered the largest of the geodes, measuring two feet, two and one-half inches in diameter, and weighing in at some twenty pounds in excess of what previous experience had led us to expect. We have since attempted to split this specimen using a variety of tools, but to no avail. We shall have to wait until we return to the Miskatonic to conduct a more extensive examination.

College Couple Elope

Unice Carp and Tommy Sturgeon, both of Arkham, were reported missing by their parents, who filed separate reports with the Arkham Police late this morning and early this afternoon.

Both missing youths were attending Miskatonic University as freshmen, having both attended high school together. It was widely known that Unice and Tommy were engaged, though without the approval of their parents.

For this reason, it is suspected that the couple eloped to avoid a confrontation, though the search will continue on the slim chance of foul play.

When questioned about the supposed elopement, Tommy's father, Larry Sturgeon, is quoted as saying "I told him to wait, at least until they were done with school. They're just too young to be getting married."

Local Youths Sought in Robbery/Murder

Irwin Salmon and Orville Minnow, both of Arkham, are being sought in connection with the break-in at Sharkey's Fish Market late last evening, and the disappearance of shopkeeper Knute Sharkey.

The two boys, known delinquents and local trouble makers, were seen loitering at the corner near Mr. Sharkey's market on the day he vanished.

Customers entering the unlocked store this morning found the shop in a shambles, with fish and money from the register scattered all about, but no trace was found of Mr. Sharkey.

Sergeant Arlo Troutman of the Arkham Police suspects the youths forced their way into the store, and when Mr. Sharkey resisted the attempted robbery he was killed, his body buried to conceal the crime. This theory is supported by the fact that neither boy can be located for questioning.

Anyone having information as to the whereabouts of either suspect is encouraged to contact Sergeant Troutman at the Arkham Police Station.

MONSTER SIGHTED IN MISKATONIC RIVER

Late last evening, Mr. Irwin Whales burst into the Arkham police station, claiming that he had just observed "a hideous creature" swimming the waters of the Miskatonic River.

Accompanied by two officers, Mr. Whales returned to the river, where several minutes' searching uncovered the beast - a partially submerged log onto which some unknown prankster had attached a moth-eaten moose head.

Mr. Whales was embarrassed - the officers were amused.

The owner of the moose head may claim it at the Arkham police station during normal business hours.

NATE PIKE TELLS ANOTHER TALE

Nathaniel Pike, erstwhile resident of Arkham, once more brought to town a chilling tale of the evil which he claims haunts the wooded hills around our fair city.

According to Mr. Pike, while hunting squirrels in the woods near his shack late yesterday afternoon, he stumbled upon and was pursued by a large animal or animals - he was not certain which, but he was certain that he had glimpsed a badger, a snake and a cat as he fled for the protection of his shack.

"It were a sight big fer any critter like a' that," Mr. Pike told this reporter. "An' I nair onct seen three suchins a' goin' about all together, 'cause each be powerful enemies of t'others. I nair reckoned suchlike in my born days. An' they wuz commin' after me like they had smarts enuf t' know whatall they was chasin', an' what they wuz fixin' t' do if'in they caught me."

Mr. Pike claims the animal/animals chased him right to his door and attempted to gain access to the shack at intervals throughout the night, until it was apparently driven off by the coming of dawn.

When informed of these events Sergeant Arlo Troutman, spokesman for the Arkham Police, responded with the comment that Mr. Pike was known to be involved in the sale of illegal moonshine in the Arkham area, and dismissed the tale as an effort on Mr. Pike's part to prevent the accidental discovery of his hidden still by some hiker in the vicinity of his cabin.

STRANGE LIGHTS SIGHTED IN WOODS

Early this morning Abner Fisher of Arkham reported sighting weird and unnatural lights in the woods north of town.

Mr. Fisher, who was out for an evening walk, reports that at approximately 9:15 PM he noticed what at first he thought to be a campfire some 50 yards ahead of him.

As he drew near, however, Mr. Fisher insists that the light grew steadily more intense, until at times he was quite nearly blinded.

At a distance of 20 yards, it became clear that this was no campfire. The light was apparently given off by what Mr. Fisher described as "floating balls of weird light bobbing and twirling about" in a small clearing that was illuminated as clear as day.

Mr. Fisher states that he observed this phenomenon for several minutes until he was frightened off when a number of the glowing spheres approached his hiding place.

Upon returning to the clearing this morning with friends, Mr. Fisher could find no trace of the previous night's events.

Among those accompanying Mr. Fisher was Professor Norton Gar of the Miskatonic University.

While there remains no evidence to support Mr. Fisher's claims, Professor Gar informed this reporter that any number of rare but natural occurrences could account for the phenomena.

St. Elmo's Fire was cited as one explanation but, according to Professor Gar, the loamy consistency of the soil in the clearing and its proximity to a small bog leads him to believe the phenomenon was triggered by a combination of swamp gases.

Further research of the incident is planned, but the Miskatonic has set no date for the investigation to take place.

is presumed they murdered Sharkey, hid the body, and took off with the stolen loot.

However, the police report of the incident states that \$52.40 was found in the cash register and scattered over the floor. If the motive was robbery, why did they leave the money behind?

Irwin and Orville were taken by the Devourer, also at the Bass Estate, where they went to consume a pie which they stole from Agnes Fish's back window that afternoon. The boys' bad reputation worked against them this time – and to the Devourer's advantage.

The third clue is "Nate Pike Tells Another Tale", which will lead the Investigators to Nate and his shack, which are discussed in a separate section.

Present these articles along with "Strange Lights Sighted in Woods", and "Monster spotted in Miskatonic River". Both are red herrings, but may be exploited by the Keeper as openings for other adventures.

PROFESSOR DRAPER'S OFFICE

Draper's office is a small cubicle located just off the geology lab. It is lined with floor-to-ceiling shelves stocked with interesting and bizarre geological specimens. A successful Geology roll will reveal that several of these specimens are quite rare and valuable.

The desk is heaped with stacks of paper, for the most part tests to be graded, but also many administrative forms and requisitions. Anyone searching the professor's desk will turn up a number of letters addressed to Draper at his home address on Crane street.

The desk drawers are all securely locked, and a Mechanical Repair roll will be needed to open them. Failing this, the Investigators may try forcing the drawers open by matching their STR against the drawers' STR of 17 on the Resistance Table. Should the Investigator miss this roll, the drawer will become so badly jammed that it will never open.

There is nothing of any interest in any of the drawers, save the bottom right hand one, which contains a carbon copy of the requisition for a diamond-tipped drill, dated three days after the professor's return from his last expedition.

The last object of interest here is the professor's safe, a moderately large, bulky affair that will require a Mechanical Repair roll at half the Investigators' skill level to open. Again, this roll may be attempted once every fifteen minutes.

Inside the safe are several large glass jars containing various acids used in the cleaning of geological specimens. On the top shelf is a large crystalline formation that a Geology roll will name as amethyst, valued at approximately \$300.

In the lower right-hand corner of the safe is a built-in lock-box, which requires still another Mechanical Repair

roll to open. Inside are a number of test answer sheets and a small, ornate key which will unlock the desk drawers.

PROFESSOR BROCKLEMAN'S OFFICE

Nothing even remotely connected to the events presently taking place will be found here, but the Keeper is welcome to lead the Investigators on a fruitless and time-consuming search of the office.

CAMPUS SECURITY

Like any other major university, the Miskatonic maintains a small force of security guards and night watchmen. Each guard has his appointed rounds, which are scheduled so that they will pass the same point on their route once each hour.

If any of the Investigators are skulking about the labs and classrooms at night, or are searching any offices at any time of the day, there is a good chance a security officer will come their way.

Should this event occur, the guard in question should make a Spot Hidden (at 30%) and Listen (at 45%) roll. If he succeeds at either, he will notice something untoward which will give him cause to investigate.

If the Investigators are caught anywhere but in the offices of Professors Draper or Brockleman, they will be taken before the Dean for a severe dressing down and be banished from the campus under threat of arrest. From this point on, the resources of the Miskatonic will be unavailable to the Investigators.

Should the party be caught in the office of either Professor Draper or Brockleman, they will be turned over to the police as suspects in the case of Draper's disappearance, and will be questioned closely by Sergeant Arlo Troutman (more of him later).

Lastly, if the Investigators are found in Draper's office and flee, they will be considered fugitives from justice who are responsible for Draper's, and later Brockleman's disappearance. All of which will allow the Devourer more time in which to grow and extend its influence...

BROCKLEMAN'S HOUSE

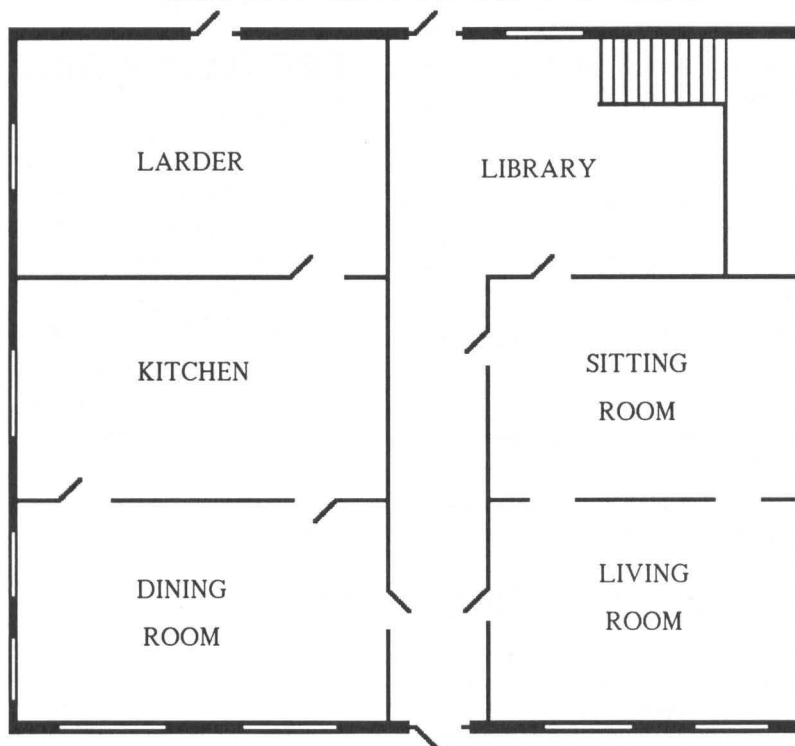
At the appointed hour, the Investigators will present themselves at Brockleman's home on college street, only to be confronted by another disappointment.

The Doctor will open the door only wide enough to peer out at his visitors, and will make no move to invite them in.

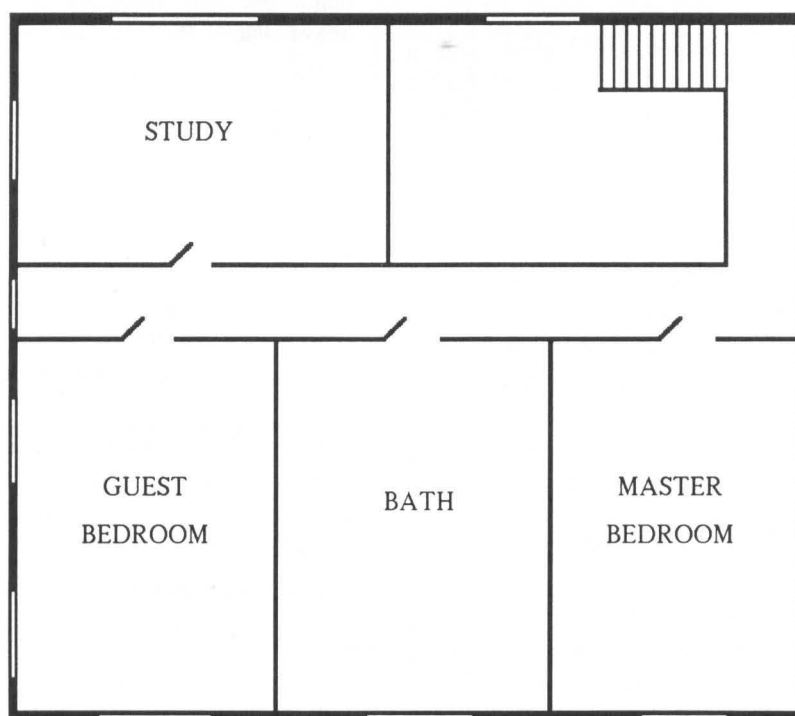
"I am sorry," he will say dully, "but Professor Draper has come and gone, and I am satisfied with the explanation he has given me. I am very tired, now, and I do not feel up to other visitors. Good night."

Any Investigator making a successful Psychology roll at

BROCKLEMAN'S HOUSE, FIRST FLOOR.



BROCKLEMAN'S HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR.



this point will be met by a total blank; not a tone or inflection to indicate any emotion whatsoever on the Professor's part. With this and a successful Idea roll will come the realization that this is a most unnatural condition.

Anyone attempting to push their way into the house must match their STR against Brockleman's STR of 25 on the Resistance Table. Failure, coupled with a successful Idea roll, will indicate that the frail professor's newfound strength is most certainly out of the ordinary.

Success, on the other hand, will present the Investigators with their first glimpse of the vile horror that has infected Arkham.

THE FATE OF PROFESSOR BROCKLEMAN

In the guise of Professor Draper, a portion of the Devourer visited the hapless Brockleman, consuming him as well, absorbing his intellect and memories.

However, the transformation will be only half complete when the Investigators arrive, and so the Brockleman-thing will attempt to put the party off with a bluff. Failing this, the creature will be fully prepared to deal with the Investigators in a more direct manner.

This portion of the Spawn possesses the same basic traits as its parent body (see The Devourer), but because of the half-transformation, it will be somewhat weaker at the time of its discovery.

Nevertheless, it will attack without mercy, but will flee at the first opportunity should the fortunes of battle turn against it.

The Brockleman-Thing

STR	20	CON	25	SIZ	14
INT	18	POW	15	DEX	19
Move	9	HP	16		

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Tentacle	40%	1D6 + Absorb on impaling

Armor: None, but all firearms do the minimum possible damage, and the horror cannot be impaled. In this case, fire will do full damage.

SPELLS: None.

SAN: Confronting this vileness calls for the loss of 1d10 Sanity points, or 1D6 if a successful SAN roll is made. The Investigator who was Brockleman's friend must take a -15% to his/her SAN roll.

As the alien portion of this abominable hybrid attacks the Investigators, the portion that still remains of Professor Brockleman will assert itself, to the horror of all who witness it.

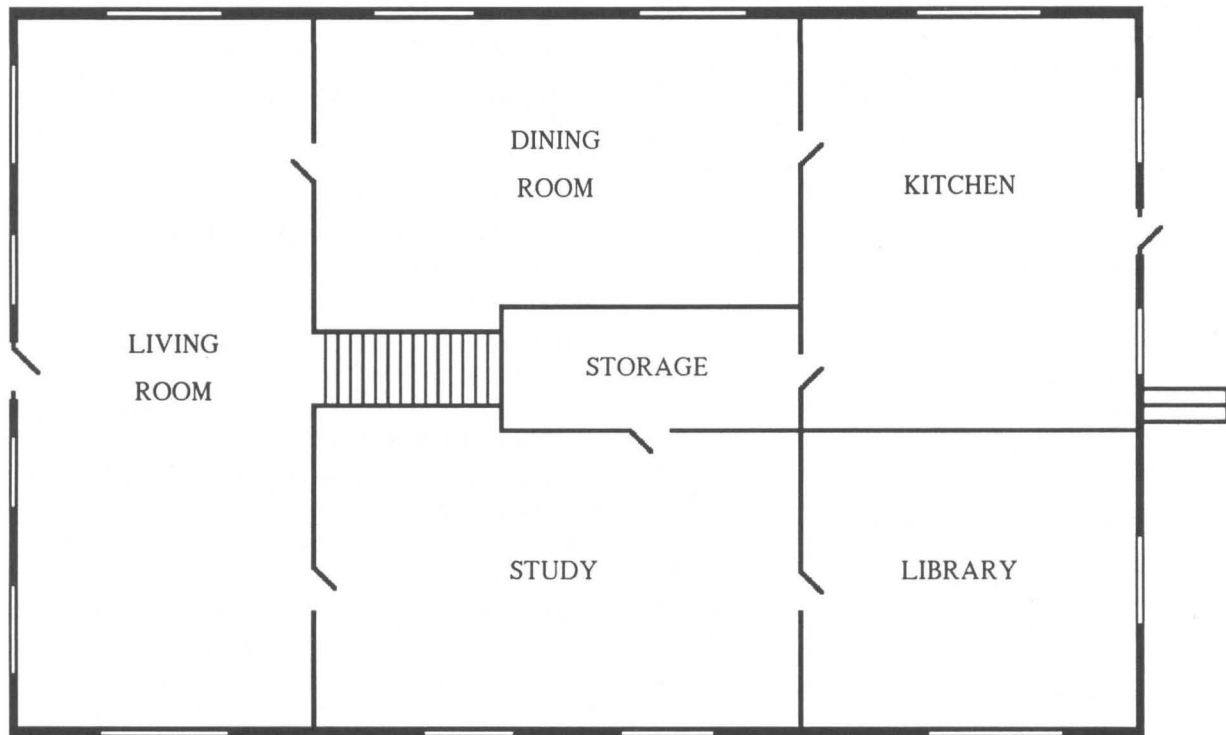
The hapless professor will beg the group for death, moaning piteously, *"I am losing myself.... All that I ever was is being sucked away to feed a foul, vile curiosity.... Kill me, I beg you, while I still remember gratitude..."*

Hearing the professor's voice from this formless mass of protoplasm will cost the Investigators 1d6 San Points, or 1 Point if a successful San roll is made. Again, the professor's friend must suffer a -15% to his her roll.

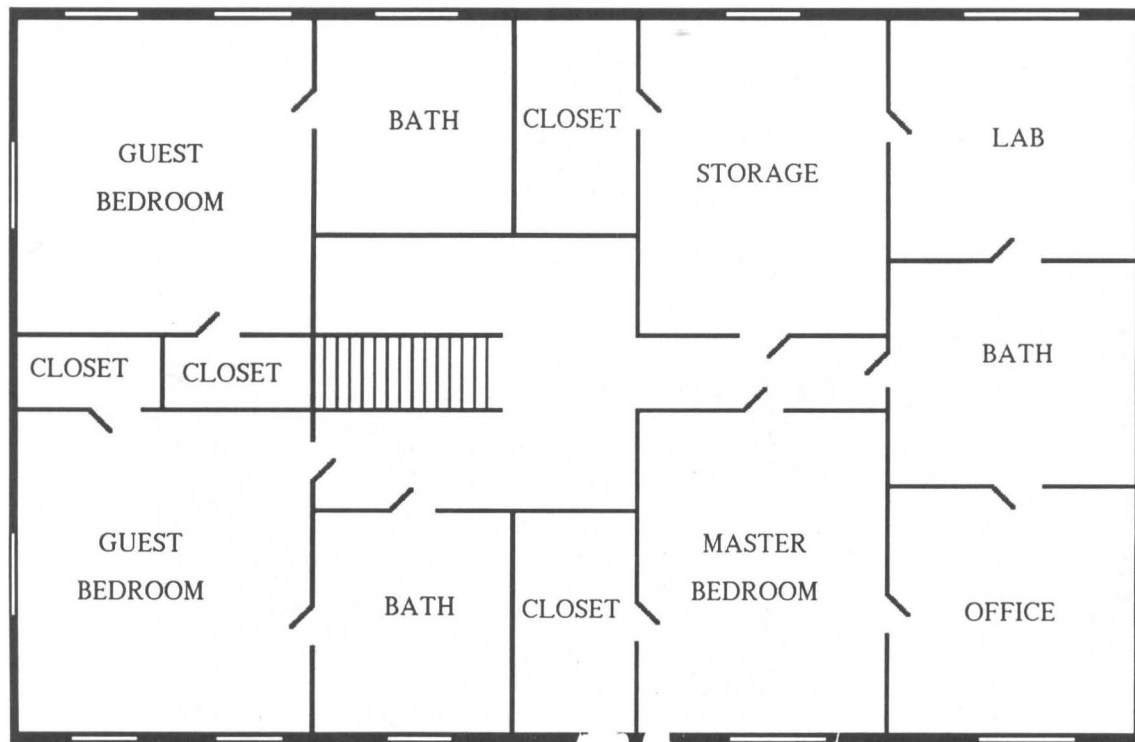
At the moment of death - should the Investigators be so lucky - Professor Brockleman will offer one final clue. *"It is*



DRAPER'S HOUSE, FIRST FLOOR.



DRAPER'S HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR.



infesting the town," he will gurgle wetly. "It is learning, growing in intelligence and cunning... Soon it will be ready to extend itself.... You... must not let this...happen... It... could... devour the world!"

With that the thing that had once been Professor Brockleman will go down to whatever fate awaits it, leaving the Investigators with a number of problems.

THE AFTERMATH

Firstly, anyone against whom the Devourer scored an impaling attack will now begin the slow, horrible process of absorption by the horror from the stars. At this point, cauterization of the wound will destroy the Devourer's alien cells, but after an hour has passed, only amputation of the infected member will save the victim. In another hour, there will be no hope for the poor, doomed wretch.

Secondly, there is the matter of Professor Brockleman's disappearance. Once his absence has been noted at the University, the police will be called in, and Brockleman's neighbors will provide fairly accurate descriptions of the figures seen running from the professor's home on the night of his disappearance.

This will bring some unwanted attention the Investigators' way, attention which may either severely hamper their investigation, or provide them with a useful ally.

PROFESSOR DRAPER'S HOUSE

The House of Professor Draper is dark, still, and silent. The drapes are drawn against the curious and the doors, front and back, are closed tight and securely locked. If the professor has in fact returned to Arkham, it is a near certainty that he has not visited his home.

A Mechanical Repair roll will get the Investigators into the house easily. Inside they will find every room in a shambles, this caused by the newly-formed Draper-thing's blundering about as it adjusted to its new mass and intelligence.

The second floor has sustained the greater damage, while the lab in which Draper confronted his doom looks like a war zone — which, for Draper, it was.

The lab has become the lair of the Draper-thing, which by the time of the Investigators' arrival will have lost most of its human intellect and memories. It now knows only Draper's house, most particularly the second floor where it spends most of its time spread out over the ceiling of the lab, where it will remain until someone enters the room.

Anyone about to enter the lab should make a Spot Hidden roll to determine if they detect their danger before it is too late.

The Draper-thing

STR 22	CON 26	SIZ 15
INT 10	POW 15	DEX 19
HP 20	MOVE 9	

Weapon

Appendage

Attack %

40%

Damage

1d6+1d6+absorb
on an impale

Armor: None, but will regenerate 1d6 points per round, and takes full damage from fire and spells only, all other damage being halved.

Spells: None.

SAN: 1d10/1d3.

Amidst the debris of the Professor's lab will be found the Spawn's geode-egg. It is split neatly in half, and the interior is covered with a layer of weird blue-green crystals which seem to glow with a mysterious inner light. Any attempt to chip off a piece of this specimen will, of course, result in failure.

However, a Spot Hidden roll will draw attention to the charred and pitted surface of this supposed geode. A successful Geology roll will point out that, while this could have been caused by volcanic activity, the condition of the "geode's" surface more closely resembles that of a meteorite.

Beyond the geode, there are no further clues to be found in Draper's house. The Keeper is urged to make full use of the floorplans of the Professor's house when planning the Draper-thing's battle strategies.

Once discovered, the creature will attempt one lightning strike, then escape from the lab, moving from room to room as it stalks the Investigators through the house.

SERGEANT ARLO TROUTMAN

Sergeant Troutman has served on the Arkham police force for many years, and in those years, he has seen many things which he wishes he had not, things which make him listen more closely to hysterical tails blurted out by those who would otherwise not be believed.

For the sake of his own sanity, however, Sergeant Troutman maintains a facade of gruff skepticism and an attitude of "Lock 'em up first, ask questions later."

The day after Professor Brockleman's alleged disappearance, the Sergeant will be seen about campus asking questions of both students and faculty. Anyone making a successful Luck roll while on the Miskatonic grounds will observe Troutman going about his very official business.

Also, anyone on campus will run a 60% chance of being intercepted and questioned by the Sergeant concerning the events of that horrible night.

Troutman will make a Psychology roll for each of the Investigators he questions, and if he should even suspect a lie, he will dog that Investigator's tail day and night, hampering any attempt to quietly end the Devourer's threat.

A successful Sneak roll at -10% will be required to elude Troutman, and then only for a period of 1d6 hours. After that, the old bloodhound will have caught the scent again.

If the Investigators take Troutman into their confidence, and if they have solid evidence of the existence of the Devourer, he will help in any way he can, even to coming up with some convincing explanation for the disappearance of Professor Brockleman.

Sergeant Troutman will of course want to be in on the final confrontation with the Devourer, and he could come in handy for a group lacking in firepower.

Sergeant Troutman

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 9
INT 15	POW 13	DEX 12
EDU 14	APP 13	SAN 75
HP 11		

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
.45 Handgun	55%	1d10+2
Riot Gun	40%	4d6

Skills: Chemistry 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, First Aid 45%, Law 55%, Listen 40%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Hide 30%, Sneak 35%, Fast Talk 35%.

Armor: None.

Spells: None.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT

If the Investigators do not gain the assistance of Sergeant Troutman, they may still wish to search for information in the files at the Arkham Police Department.

In their files, the police have records of many strange things being seen in and around town over the past years, but none of them have a direct bearing on the case at hand, and thus will serve as a time-consuming diversion.

Any Investigator making a successful Fast Talk or Oratory roll can wrangle a peek at the report files. Failing this, should anyone think to make a Law roll and succeed, they will know that these reports are a matter of public record, and as such are available to anyone who asks to view them.

The Keeper is encouraged to create a number of bogus reports which can provide openings for other Arkham scenarios designed to suit his/her campaign designs.

Nate Pike

Nate Pike is – or rather, was – the town eccentric, a heavy-drinking teller of tall tales who drank mostly to forget the many strange sights to be seen in and around Arkham. Unfortunately, the last thing Nate observed saw him as well....

Nate's final report was filed with the Arkham paper the day before the Investigators arrived, and so the article will appear in the morning edition, where it may be read by anyone making a successful Spot Hidden roll while perusing the tabloid.

The article appears in the Handout Section as "Nate

Pike Tells Another Tale", along with two red herring articles which are discussed in "At The Newspaper".

The conglomerate creature Nate encountered was of course an extension of the Devourer, a hideous amalgam of cat, badger, and snake, which did indeed chase poor Nate through the woods and back to his cabin.

What Nate could not have anticipated was the leeches intelligence of the parent creature, and so when he returned home the next day after relating his experience to the paper, he was unprepared to find the thing waiting for him inside his cabin.

The Nate/thing was left to prowl the cabin and its environs, the better to deal with any unsuspecting fool who thought to question Nate more closely about that which he saw in the woods.

Poor Nate is now also part of a multi-creature conglomeration, the other parts being that of a dog and a badger, and all three parts will be intent on the destruction or absorption of any intruders.

Nate's shack is a broken-down and weather-beaten structure of mismatched planks, beams, and plywood gathered from junkpiles and construction sites.

It is a malodorous one-room affair containing a bed, table and chair, fireplace, and a rickety set of shelves. The two windows, closed tight, are so grimy they let in the barest minimum of light, and are impossible to see through.

The Nate/thing will be hiding behind the warped and crooked front door, and will attack only when the entire party has entered the shack, or when it is discovered.

Any Investigator making a successful Listen roll after the door is open will hear a sickening, sticky slurping sound from inside; if the roll is made at one half the Investigator's skill level, the location of the sound will be correctly identified.

The Nate-thing

STR 20	CON 25	SIZ 14
INT 13	POW 15	DEX 19
HP 16	Move 9	

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Appendage	40%	1d6+absorb on an impale

Armor: None, but will regenerate 1d6 points per round, and take full damage from fire and spells only, all other damaged being halved.

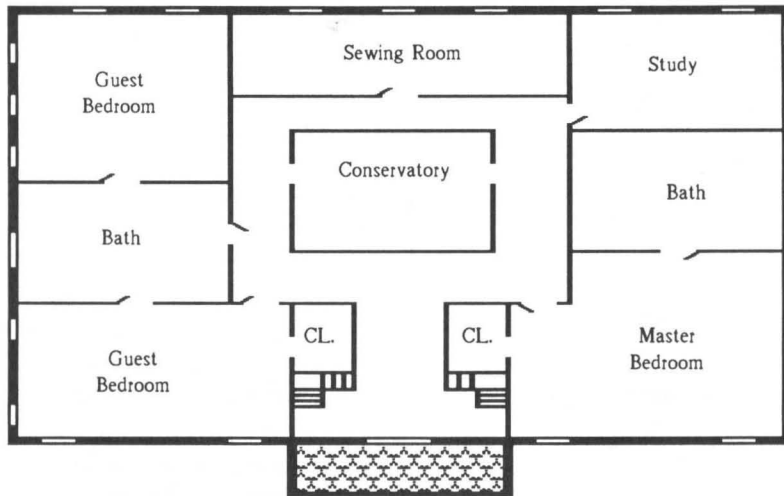
Spells: None.

SAN: 1d10/1d3.

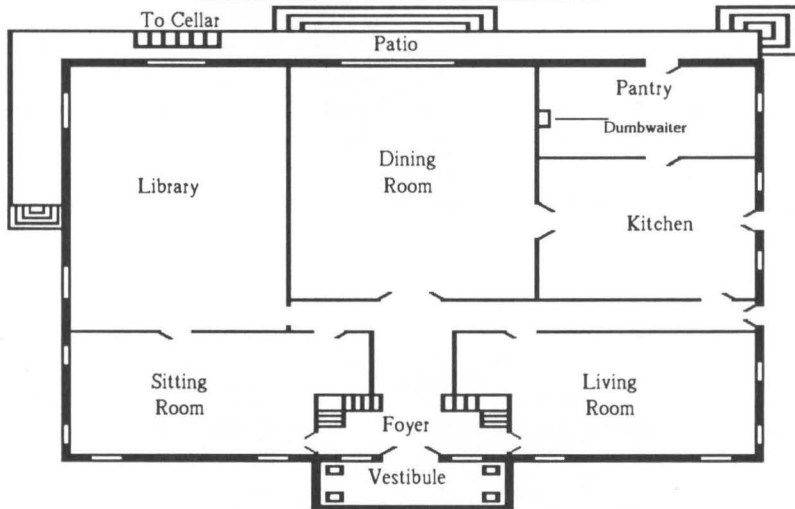
Again, should the tide of battle turn against the creature it will flee, in this instance by crashing through one of the flimsy walls. This will cause the entire ramshackle structure to collapse, doing 1d6+2 points of damage to anyone still inside.

After the battle, should any surviving Investigators search the ruins of the shack, they will find some very

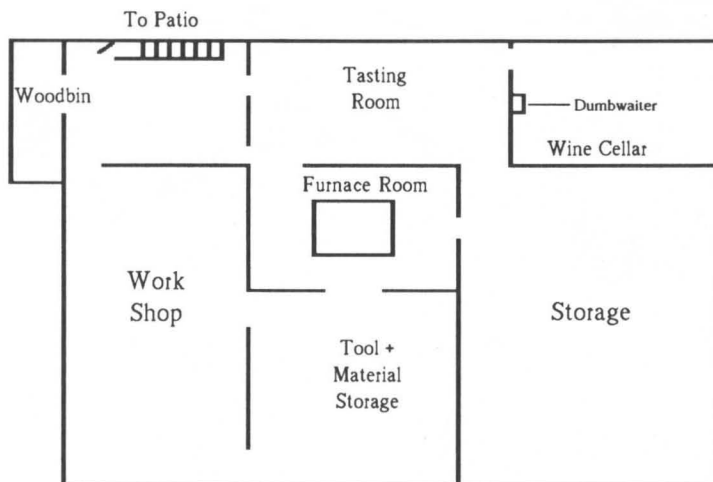
Bass House Second Floor



Bass House First Floor



Bass House Basement



interesting items which Nate had collected over the years, all of which were on display on his warped and teetering shelves.

A successful Spot Hidden roll will be required to find each item, each of which is a red herring, but may provide the Keeper with ammunition for further adventures in Arkham.

☞ A triangular, round-cornered medallion with a stylized representation of a tree etched into its face. A successful Mythos roll will identify it as an amulet of the Black Goat, Shub-Niggurath.

☞ A ceremonial dagger whose hilt is carved in the likeness of a winged snake, which a successful Mythos roll will reveal to be a Hunting Horror.

☞ A two inch tall statuette of strange gold which a Mythos roll will identify as a representation of Great Cthulhu.

THE BASS ESTATE

Bass House stands forlorn and neglected amidst the overgrown brush and vegetation which once comprised an elegant lawn and formal garden. It is surrounded by a crumbling but still serviceable stone wall broken by a single set of ornate wrought-iron gates. These rusted barriers have long since fallen from their hinges, and lay now across the

weed-infested cobbles of the main drive.

The exterior of the mansion is weathered grey, and even the fine brickwork is crumbling under the assault of time, just as are the four stately columns which support a sagging vestibule.

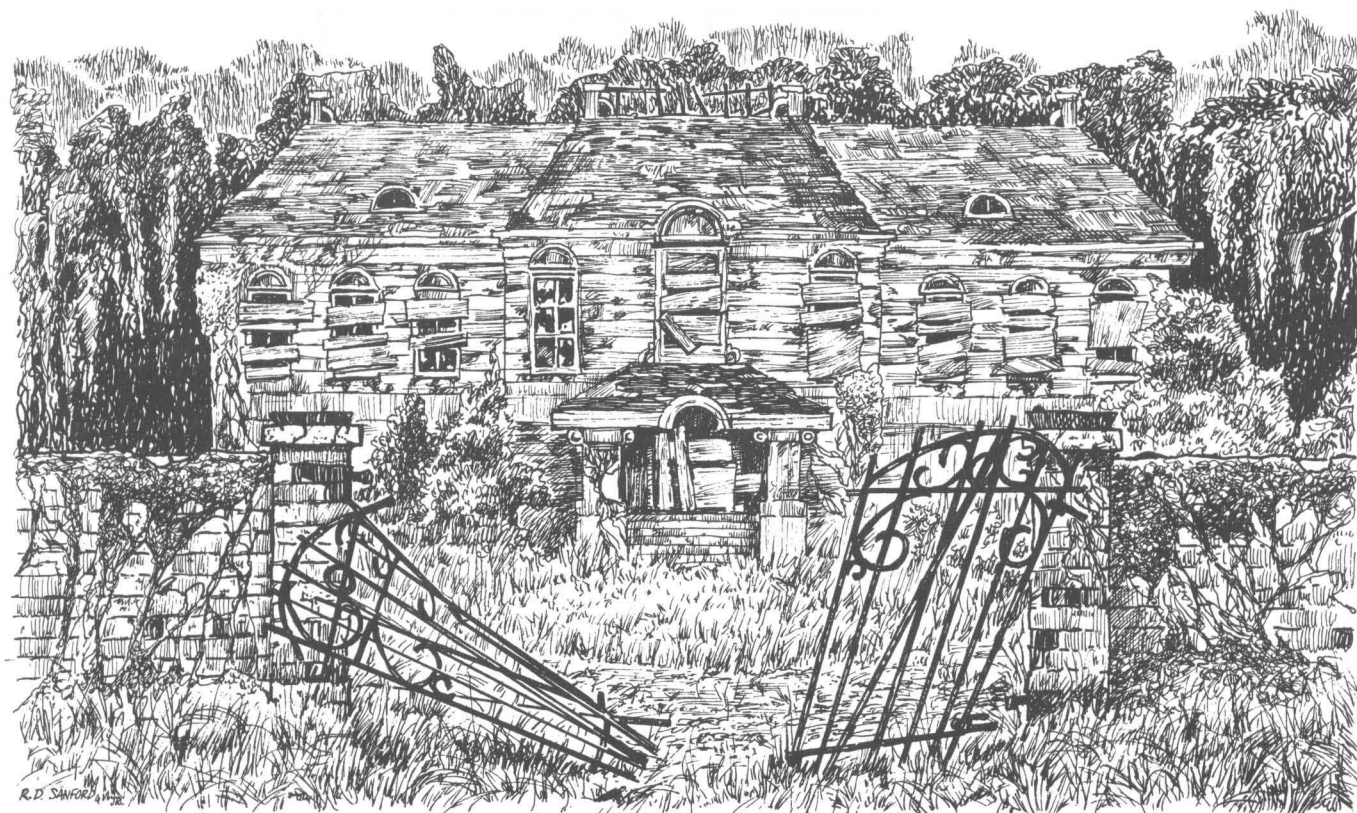
This sad, abandoned domicile stands devoid of furnishings, its bare wood surfaces warped and in many places infested with dry rot. Wallpaper remains only as faded splotches in the upper hallways, and plaster has cracked and disintegrated with the tolling of the years.

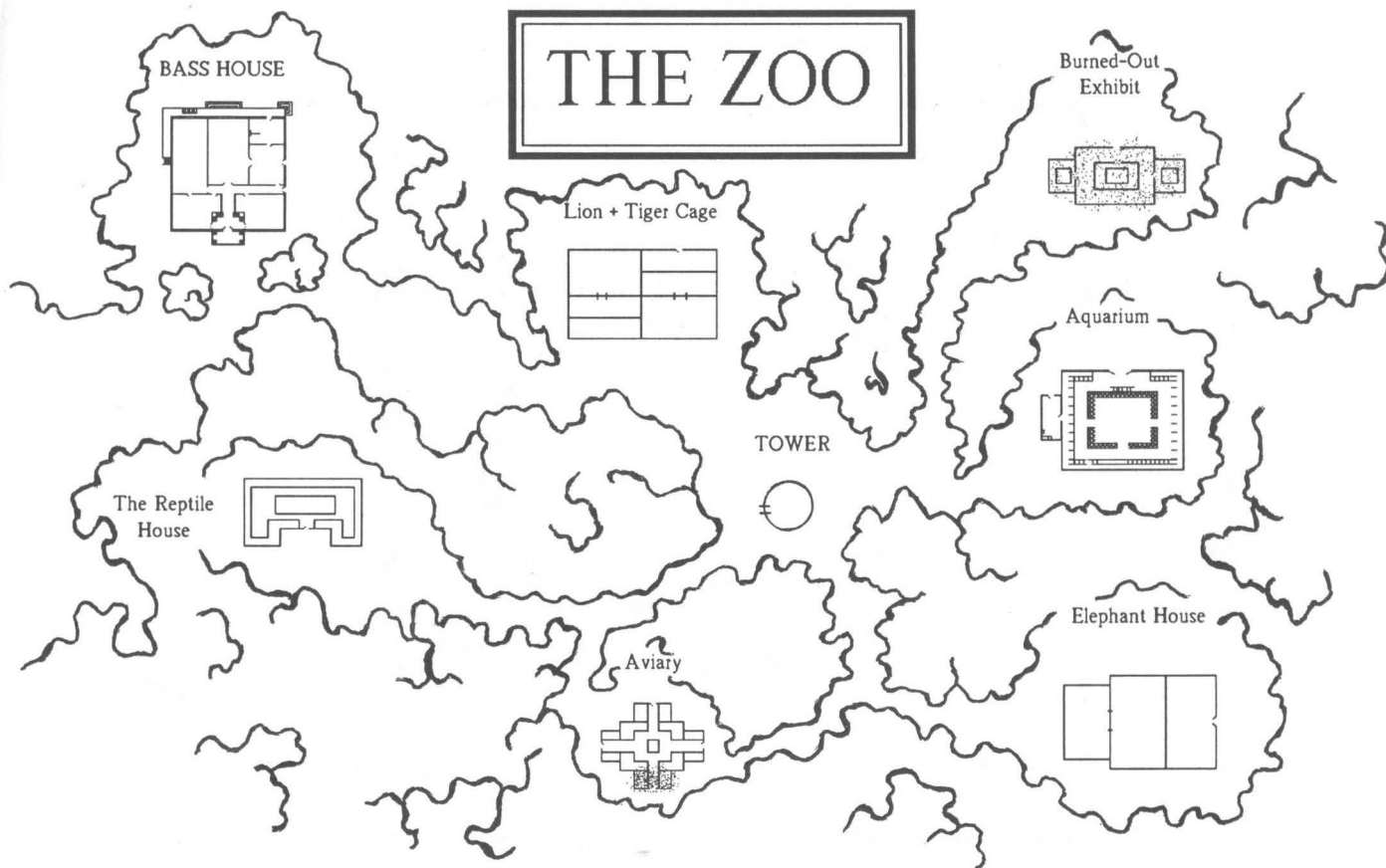
This once palatial mansion has long since been deserted and fallen into disrepair. The once grand manor house has stood abandoned for 30 years, ever since the night Walter Bass and his wife vanished under very strange circumstances.

The place has always had a reputation of mystery and strangeness, and there are many who will claim the house to be haunted – and they are right. In recent years, however, the Bass Estate has become quite popular as a Lover's Lane for the Miskatonic campus crowd.

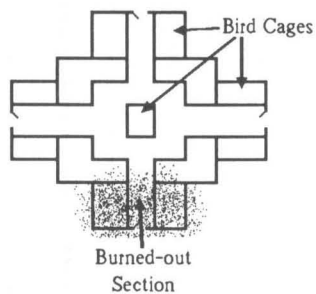
The old house is very much as it seems, empty and deserted, showing signs only of the intrusions of college students and hobos who have used the place for a rest stop. However, the house is not quite untenanted.

The Devourer has invaded Bass House, and has converted the creatures in residence there into hellish

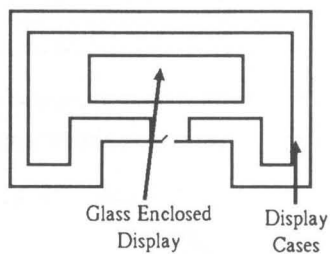




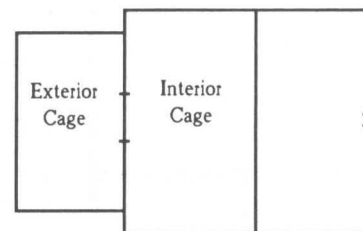
The Aviary



The Reptile House



Elephant House

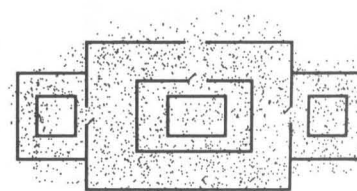


Lion and Tiger Exhibit

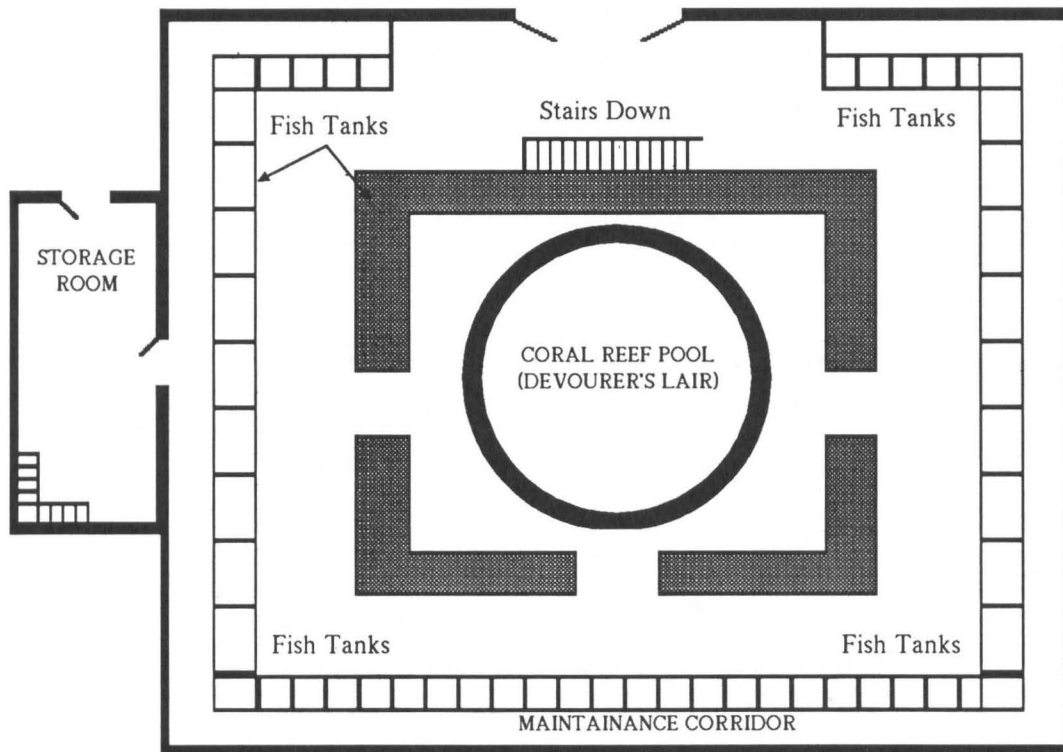
Exterior Tiger Cage	Interior Lion Cage
Interior Tiger Cage	Exterior Lion Cage

CLOSE-UPS OF INDIVIDUAL HOUSES AND EXHIBITS IN ZOO

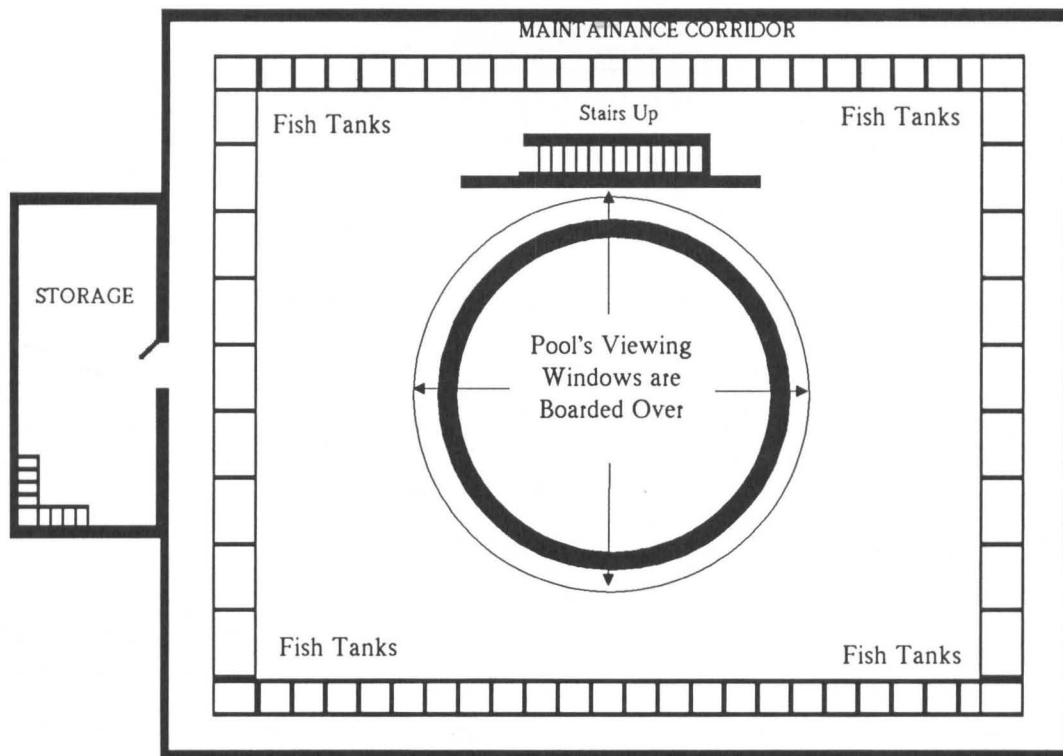
Burned-out Exhibit



AQUARIUM GROUND LEVEL



AQUARIUM LOWER LEVEL



extensions of itself. In this instance the Spawn has been consistant, and all of the extensions are exactly the same – a hideous amalgam of rat, snake, and spider.

The creatures lurk within the walls of Bass House, and will spy upon intruders through holes in the walls or the registers of the primitive heating system which once warmed the house. Their purpose is merely to observe, but if discovered, they will attack swiftly, and without mercy.

There are 50 such extensions infesting the walls, and if more than three of them are killed, the remaining 47 will converge, forming a man-sized duplicate with three times the hit points of the originals, but one-third the Move rate.

The Investigators should be asked to make a Spot Hidden roll at one-half their skill level whenever they enter another room to determine if one of the creatures is seen skulking in the gloom behind the grating.

The Rats in the Walls

STR	5	CON	7	SIZ	5
INT	NA	POW	5	DEX	18
HP	6	Move	13		

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Bite	30%	1d4 + absorbtion on impale

Armor: None, but will regenerate 1d4 points per round. All weapons do minimum damage, but fire will do full damage.

Spells: None.

SAN: 1d8/1 point.

THE ZOO

The most interesting feature of the Bass Estate is its private zoo, the crumbling ruins of which take up most of the property behind the mansion.

Walter Bass had been fascinated by weird and exotic animals, and since his wealth allowed him to indulge in such whims, he built the zoo so that he would never have to travel far to indulge that interest.

In its day, the zoo had been a spectacular sight to see, with its polished granite and marble buildings trimmed in teak and mahogany, gilt cages and intricately tiled floors.

But it had also been disturbing for those few outsiders who were allowed inside, in that the most mundane inhabitant was a giant Komodo Dragon from the Galapagos Islands.

Most of these creatures were beautiful, several were ugly, repulsive – and it was rumored that a few came from places which only rarely infringe upon our sane and natural world....

Whatever the case, upon the disappearance of Bass and his wife, the animals were sold off – though again it was said that certain cages were set afire to purge them of

what they contained – and the entire estate was left to decay after the funds left to maintain the estate eventually ran out.

Now, it is a decrepit, mangled shadow of its former glory, overgrown and forboding – and also the present lair of the Devourer.

Searching Professor Draper's memories of Arkham and its environs, the Devourer found this place eminently suitable to its alien purpose.

The parent body resides now in an indoor tropical fish tank measuring fifty feet in diameter, its subaquous viewing windows long since shattered and boarded over. From here the Devourer furthers its plot, sending out all manner of foul extensions to guard the tank and the zoo against unexpected intruders. From the moment someone enters the Bass estate, they will be watched by hostile eyes.

As can be seen from the map, the Zoo is quite extensive, but only the aquarium is of specific importance to this scenario. The other structures will, however, provide a grim and forlorn backdrop for a game of cat and mouse as the Investigators and the Devourer stalk one another through the ruins.

The Keeper should remember that the Spawn of Abboth has many extensions in and around Arkham, and as the Investigators close in on the parent body, it will begin calling in those extensions to defend its secret lair.

With this in mind, the Keeper is encouraged to create a number of these horrid, conglomerate extensions with which to plague the Investigators. Let your imagination run wild, but remember to keep each creature's SIZ down to approximately 6-10, roughly dog to human size.

Ending the Horror

Should the Investigators corner the Devourer in its lair and completely destroy it, they should be rewarded with 1d12+3 points of Sanity. Remember, though, that all the Spawn's many parts must be utterly destroyed, else the horror will begin again.

If this should prove to be the case, the Keeper should run one or two unconnected scenarios before allowing the Investigators to realize that their job in Arkham is not done – and indeed may have grown more imposing in the interim. Therefore, the SAN reward should only be 3 points for temporarily halting the Devourer's advance.

In the worst case, the Spawn of Abboth will continue to grow and consume, eventually spreading to infect nearby towns and on into the cities . . .

Federal authorities will no doubt become involved, but at this point the Investigators will receive no SAN reward for defeating the Devourer – by this time, they should consider themselves lucky to be alive!

THE DEVOURER

This creature is one of the most vile of all Abboth's countless spawn, and certainly one of the most deadly to Humanity. With its ability to absorb all animal life and in most ways mimic it, the Devourer and others of its ilk have consumed entire civilizations, using the technologies of those civilizations to spread their horrid contaminant throughout the Universe.

The Devourer was spawned on one such world, and was placed within a hollow cocoon of extremely dense material, which allowed it to survive, hibernating through the eons-long journey to Earth and its fiery entrance into our atmosphere.

The alien horror lay dormant for more than 100 million years, while the shiftings of the Earth's crust entombed and subsequently thrust it back to the surface strata of the forming planet, where wind and weathering eventually exposed it. Coming across this most unusual specimen, Professor Zephram Draper retrieved it and took it back to Arkham for further study.

The dense shell proved more than a match for any tool the professor applied to it, eventually prompting him to submit a requisition for a diamond-tipped drill, which he was certain would penetrate the curious substance.

But these concerted efforts to crack the shell had drawn the Devourer from its long and terrible sleep. Before the drill arrived, the alien horror hatched, consuming Draper and drawing upon his absorbed memories to help it survive.

Realizing the danger represented by Hilbert Brockleman and his concern for his friend, the Devourer created a doppelganger of the dead professor and sent that extension of itself to Brockleman's house. There, with no sliver of human mercy, it absorbed Brockleman, leaving the mass of protoplasm and wretched human remains at Brockleman's house as a spy in the town.

The Investigators will arrive at Brockleman's shortly after this event, and for them the horror will begin. The memories of Professor Zephram Draper are gone from the creature, but it lives on, stealing other memories for its hideous purposes as it continues to grow.

The Devourer (Formless Spawn)

STR	20	CON	50	SIZ	20 *
INT	7	POW	14	DEX	14
HP	35	Move	10		

Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Whip	90%	1d6
Tentacle	60%	1d6+2d6
Bite	30%	Special**
Bludgeon	20%	2d6+2d6

ARMOR: Any weapon using kinetic force (guns, knives, clubs, etc.) does half damage, while fire and spells do full damage. Regenerates 10 points per melee round.

SPELLS: None

SAN: 1d10, or 1d3 if a successful SAN roll is made.

* The Devourer's SIZ at the opening of the scenario. Each day of the adventure, the parent body will gain 1 point of SIZ, with appropriate adjustments to its Hit Points. Should the Devourer "call in" all of its extensions, its SIZ will increase by an additional 15 points.

NOTE: If threatened, the Devourer will call its many parts to defend itself, and as a result, all these parts will be absorbed back into the parent body to give the creature its greatest chance to survive.

** If this attack is successful, the victim is swallowed. Thereafter, the damage sustained will be 1 point the first round, two points the second round, and so on. The victim is helpless, but can recover if the Spawn is slain in time.

The Devourer can retain the intellect of a human victim for three days, but memories will linger for a full week. Therefore, the Spawn must continually absorb human beings to update its ability to reason and develop strategies, as well as maintain its knowledge of Arkham and its surroundings.

This creature possesses no innate intelligence; in essence, it is a gluttonous appetite with a horrid instinct for survival. Its sole purpose is to continue and grow; the absorption of Professor Draper and his intellect was a fortunate accident which allowed the beast an opportunity to follow its primal instinct along more subtle paths.

Absorption by the Devourer or any of its extensions is swift, but far from merciful. It requires a full hour for its alien tissues to adapt to their new environment and thus begin to consume it. Cleansing of the wound with intense heat or acid will destroy the invading tissue, but after the first hour, only complete amputation of the infected limb will save the new host from absorption. At the end of the second hour all hope is lost, and death is the only sanctuary, for the Spawn cannot devour lifeless tissue.

The Devourer relies on its stolen human memories for survival; it thinks like a human being - and thus can be tricked as a human being is tricked. This is the creature's greatest weakness, and one which can be successfully exploited by any Investigator who discovers it.

While the Spawn can mimic a human being (ie. the Brockleman-thing), it cannot fully master the nuances of human emotion.

The Spawn's performance will be wooden and mechanical, delivered in lifeless tones with many brief pauses as the creature searches its stolen memories for the right words.



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HANDOUT PACKAGE OFFER

If you would rather not tear the handouts out of this booklet or are not happy with the quality of copies, we are offering a special HANDOUT PACKAGE, which consists of:

- ☐ 1.) Ezekial Rosenwald's business card
- ☐ 2.) Twelve (12) Investigating Officer's Reports
- ☐ 3.) Elviny Pogue's letter
- ☐ 4.) Achmed's letter
- ☐ 5.) The Notebook of Walter Sturgess
- ☐ 6.) Dr. Brockelman's letter
- ★ 7.) One pattern for assembly of a 3-dimensional Icosahedron

These handouts are printed on paper of different thicknesses and colors to provide variety. Rosenwald's business card is an actual business card, while the Notebook of Walter Sturgess is completely assembled, with a labeled cover included.

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BRANDON YOUNG'S NOTEBOOK

October 12 - Have arrived in New Dunwich -- what a dump! The whole place seems to be falling apart at the seams. Very strange here; I've only seen one person so far, a creepy old coot named Crawford Slater. He seems friendly enough, but I get the feeling there's something not quite right about him -- maybe it's his breath.

October 13 - My first night here and it wasn't a pleasant one. Had bizarre dreams and woke up to some weird noises coming from the swamp. Could be I'm just jumpy; this place is spooky enough to do it to anyone, but I really could swear I'm not alone in this house.

October 18 - My first week is drawing to a close and so far I haven't had a single night's decent sleep. I feel like I'm being drawn towards some place out in the Everglades - pulled there by some hostile force. Guess they'd say I was acting like a scared kid back home - but then none of them are here!

October 21 - I asked Slater about those strange noises today. He gave me some runaround fairytale about bullfrogs and night birds, but that sounds like a lot of hokum. I'm becoming very suspicious of Crawford Slater and his town. I mean, I hardly ever see anyone, and then only at night. What is this, a town full of vampires?

October 24 - When I was out back today cleaning up the yard, I was sure I caught a quick glimpse of someone in an upstairs window, but when I checked I found no one. Maybe Slater is checking up on me. There's definitely something about Crawford I do not like -- something that just gives me the willies!

October 26 - There must be something out in the swamp that the townfolk are hiding, because every time I start out along that one path Slater is there to stop me. He tells all kinds of stories about gators and crocs, but that's exactly what I think it all is -- a crock!

October 27 - Still haven't had any decent sleep. The heat is horrendous, and the smell -- my god -- the smell of something long dead and rotting has filled this town; bad enough during the day, but in the night...! I heard that same weird noise again last night; in fact, I woke up from a really bad nightmare screaming like the devil was after me, soaked in a cold sweat - and there was that damnable noise! I don't recall much of the dream, just that I was standing on the shore of a lake or pool, and something came up out of it after me - something long dead and buried and smelling... like that smell!

October 30 - I stayed up last night, and I saw the strangest thing. Just after midnight the townspeople left their houses and tramped off into the swamp. Shortly after I heard that odd noise, and I saw a weird glow coming from out there where those people were. It was then that I felt an incredible urge to join them, but something held me back, made me resist. A little while later the noise faded, and everyone came back home. I think tomorrow night I'll follow and see where they're all going - and what they could possibly be doing in the middle of the swamp in the dead of night.

October 31 - My god! Horrible... vile! Insane things are done out there, and I saw it! What are they? Now I understand what's wrong about Slater; I only wish I would've guessed sooner. The chanting... That strange black man... My god, that thing that answered their calls! A huge spiny blotch in the darkness, but nothing this world could've birthed... Sweet mother of Jesus help me! They tried breaking into the house to get me, but I fought them off -- for now. They want me, want me to be one of them, and they'll never let me out of this cursed town. There's only one way out for me, one way to at least preserve my soul from this thing, and I beg forgiveness for what I'm going to do. But you must understand what's waiting for me in that putrid lake out there! I'm going up to the cupola, where it'll take them longer to reach me, and if they do, it'll be too late. The rope is strong and the drop is a long one if I want it. If you are reading this, get out of New Dunwich!

Pray for me.

EZEKIAL ROSENWALD

Attorney at Law

363 Trinity Circle

Boston, Mass.

THE RITUAL OF THE SLEEPER

Behold, the Sleeper wakens to rise up from the deep

Behold, the Master calls to us in sleep

Rejoice, for the Great Ones return from voids and dreams

Rejoice, the children journey home on wings and stellar beams

Sing out, for stars align to merge as one as seen

Sing for the chosen, on mortal blood shall ween

Look, and kneel at murky depths malign

Look, and behold, for ancient are the signs

Behold, the Master calls to us in sleep

Behold, the Sleeper wakens to rise up from the deep

Priest: Praise the Unbegotten Source

Congregation: Father of us all

Priest: Praise He Who Is Not To Be Named

Congregation: Brother to the Priest

Priest: Praise the Wind Walker

Congregation: Stalker of the wastes

Priest: Praise the Crawling Chaos

Congregation: Prophet to us all

Priest: Praise the Thing That Should Not Be

Congregation: Bishop of the dark

Priest: Praise the Black Goat

Congregation: Mother of us all

Priest: Praise the All In One

Congregation: Master of Time and Space

Priest: Praise the Sleeper

Congregation: The Inhabitant of the Lake

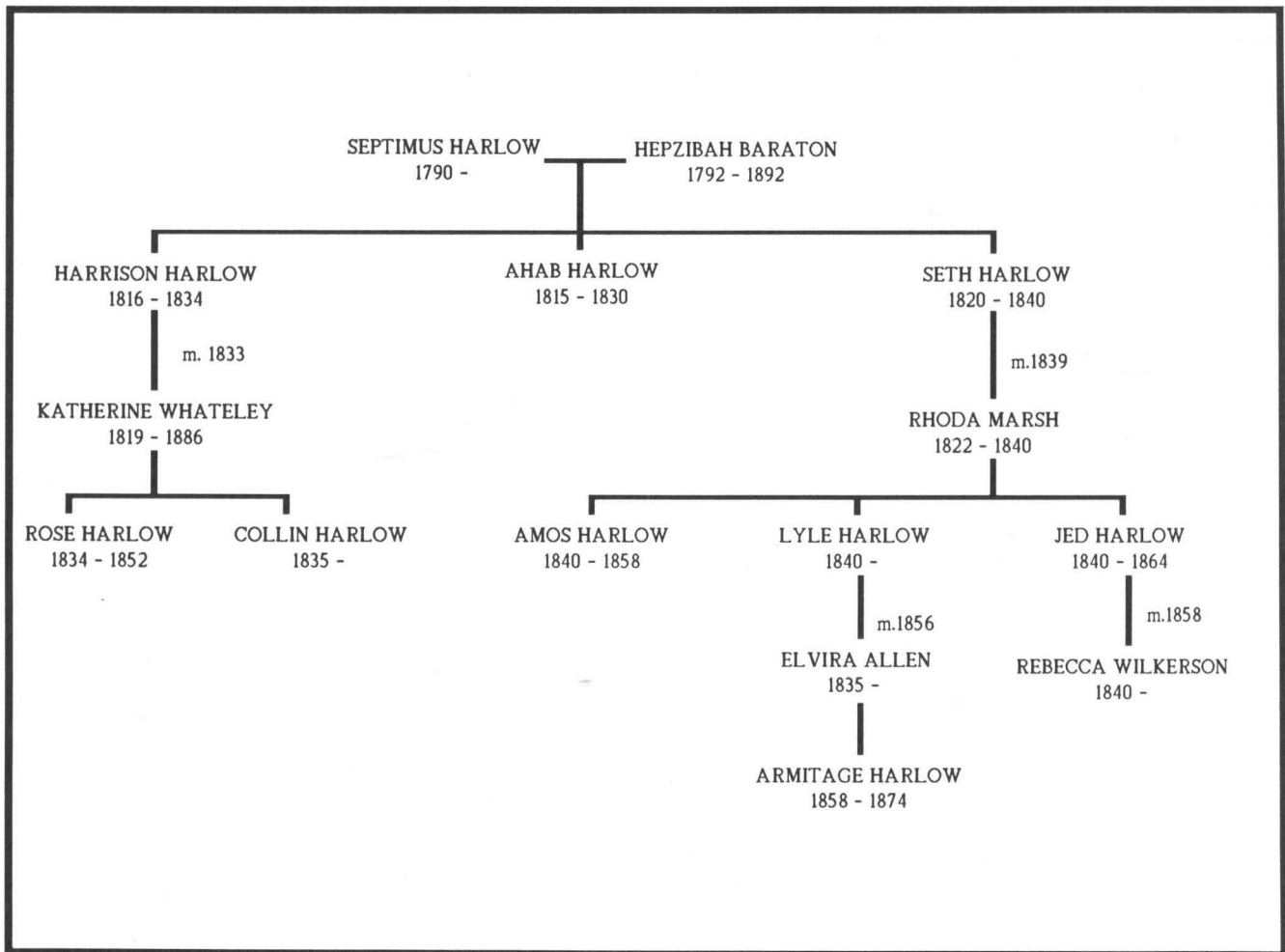
Priest: Praise our Keeper

Congregation: The Inhabitant of the Lake

Priest: Praise the Reaper of our Souls

Congregation: The Inhabitant of the Lake.

The Harlow Family Tree



THE HARLOW FAMILY HISTORY

Septimus and Hepzibah Harlow were born in 1790 and 1792, respectively. They moved from Dunwich, Mass. to the Florida Everglades in 1830 along with a dozen other families, taking with them their three sons; Ahab, Harrison, and Seth.

With the aid of a mysterious black man who called himself Papa Jobe, they drained some of the marshy land and raised a small town, which they called New Dunwich.

The Harlow's eldest son, Ahab, contracted a mysterious wasting disease and died in 1830 at the age of 15. In 1833, Harrison Harlow married Katherine Whateley at the age of 17; a year later Katherine gave birth to a daughter - Rose.

Early in 1835, the now-widowed Katherine gave birth to a son, whom she named Collin. In 1839 Seth, the last of the Harlow sons, married Rhoda Marsh who, in 1840, died giving birth to triplets: Amos, Lyle, and Jed. Distraught at the loss of his wife, Seth hanged himself on the day of the funeral, leaving his parents, Septimus and Hepzibah, to raise the children.

In 1856 Lyle Harlow married Elvira Allen, and in 1858 they had a son, Armitage. That same year saw the marriage of Jed Harlow and Rebecca Wilkerson.

In 1861 the Civil War began, and both Lyle and Jed Harlow took up arms to serve in the Confederate Army. In 1864 Jed was killed in battle, while Lyle returned home at the end of the war in 1865. In the year 1886, Katherine Harlow died at the age of 67. Hepzibah Harlow died in her sleep in 1892 - she was 100 years old at that time.

Player's Information: Newspaper articles found in Kramer House.

LOCAL BOY DISAPPEARS

Early last evening while walking with his girlfriend in Delaware Park, Matthew Kramer was abducted by an unknown assailant. A witness stated that at approximately 9:30 she saw a young man and his sweetheart strolling through the park. Moments later, the witness said, she heard a scream and the sounds of a struggle from the direction the young couple had taken.

Rushing to the site where the sounds originated, the witness states she observed nothing of the young couple, but stated that she saw a large truck speeding away from the scene.

Police later searched the area and discovered Miss Susan Derrow, Matthew Kramer's girlfriend, in a state of complete shock. She was about 300 yards from the spot where she and her boyfriend had last been observed. The boy was not found, nor has any trace of him been turned up, despite concerted efforts by the police.

Matthew Kramer is an honor student, and the captain of his highschool football team. The search for the young man continues, as does the investigation into the motives for his disappearance.

Though authorities refused to comment on the matter, this disappearance seems to be only one of several that have taken place in or around the Delaware Park area: police also refuse to speculate that these disappearances may be connected in some way.

KLOSS ANNOUNCES NEW PROPHECIES

While the world still mourns the death of our President, our own prophet Malachai Kloss reminds us that it was not a surprise, as he informed us back on July 10 that President Harding's assassination was sure to happen.

We are also firmly warned that there are rough waters ahead, and that we should look for a major political scandal early in 1924. Kloss also warns of a power struggle between the Barvarian government and the leader of Germany's Nazi Party early this November. Future fact or charlatan guesswork? Only time will tell.

Also of interest to fans of Malachai Kloss is the fact that he has recently announced plans for a second literary release, scheduled for publication early in 1924. Mr. Kloss promises more shocking revelations and predictions, as well as some new insights into the past.

Mr. Kloss tells us that the tentative title to the follow-up volume to "A Look To Tomorrow" will be "Ancient Predictions and Modern Revelations: The All In One".

BODY IDENTIFIED

The body of a young man discovered by Miss Lavinia Burrouhs early yesterday has been identified as that of William Meyers. The young man vanished on September 13 in Delaware Park. He was an honor student, and active in school sports.

Services will be held tomorrow at the Murphy-Campbell Funeral Parlor at 11:00 AM this Tuesday. Interment will take place at Forest Lawn Cemetery.

Exerpt from "Zeit" found in Celestial Eye Occult Shop

Exerpt from "Zeit!"

Early in the reign of Ramses I there lived a priest of Set named Nophru-Ka, who was considered to be the most evil man of his day, and must assuredly have been quite mad. So deep were his iniquities that, upon his death, all mention of his existence was expunged from the royal records. It is only through certain hidden and outlawed writings that we know anything at all about him, and what we know is not pleasant.

It was rumored that, shortly before his death, Nophru-Ka fashioned some sort of arcane device which, through the use of a secret incantation and the sacrifice of four sacrificial victims, allowed its operator to travel through time. It was further rumored that the effort required by the creation of this damnable machine so weakened Nophru-Ka that Ramses was at last able to have the mad priest assassinated.

This is a fine example of the creative myth-making of the ancient Egyptians, and shows that that culture had much in common with those which thrived in other portions of the world, particularly the over-dramatization of certain events. In all likelihood, the priest Nophru-Ka had merely earned the disfavor of Ramses, who ordered him slain. A "convincing" story was then concocted to rationalize the murder and absolve Ramses of any guilt.

Player's Information

Police Files

MISSING PERSONS LIST

December 29, 1922 - Kenneth Wilton, 17, last seen at 6:30 PM
December 30, 1922 - Robert Lyons, 20, last seen at 5:15 PM
January 1, 1923 - Simon Clive, 18, last seen at 8:35 PM
January 2, 1923 - Dean Morrison, 16, last seen at 7:13 PM
January 30, 1923 - Jason Hubbard, 20, last seen at 10:48 PM
February 2, 1923 - Corey Abbot, 17, last seen at 8:37 PM
February 7, 1923 - Kurt Smith, 16, last seen at 7:42 PM
February 8, 1923 - Richard Dover, 23, last seen at 5:07 AM
April 1, 1923 - Christopher WWhile, 21, last seen at 11:55 PM
April 2, 1923 - Warren Carver, 21, last seen at 11:40 PM
April 4, 1923 - Eugene Vance, 18, last seen at 10:10 PM
April 4, 1923 - Vincent LaRoux, 17, last seen at 11:15 PM
June 26, 1923 - David Aubon, 25, last seen at 12:45 AM
June 27, 1923 - Chris Kirkpatrick, 24, last seen at 11:30 PM
June 28, 1923 - Robert Eden, 19, last seen at 9:46 PM
June 28, 1923 - James Hoffman, 19, last seen at 10:12 PM
September 9, 1923 - Earl Barton, 20, last seen at 12:38 AM
September 12, 1923 - David Phillips, 25, last seen at 11:45 PM
September 12, 1923 - Danny Phillips, 18, last seen at 11:45 PM
September 13, 1923 - William Meyers, 18, last seen at 11:26 PM
September 19, 1923 - Matthew Kramer, 17, last seen at 9:30 PM

SPIRITUALIST PREDICTS CHANGES IN EUROPE

January 5, 1923

Malachai Kloss, a local spiritualist, has informed this reporter that he has foreseen a major union of territories in Asia soon that will create a powerful new nation. According to Mr. Kloss, Russia, Ukraine, Transcaucasia, and White Russia are about to confederate and establish the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. He has also predicted that Belgian and French troops will occupy the Ruhr district of Germany.

For those who believe in the supernatural, I say fine, but for those of us with the least bit of common sense say "Hogwash!"

KLOSS RELEASES NEW PREDICTIONS

April 7, 1923

Buffalo's own Malachai Kloss has again made his astounding predictions for our future. Since his rise to fame in February of this year, Mr. Kloss has become an international sensation among occult circles, where he is being hailed as the new Nostradamus.

In a recent interview, Mr. Kloss stated that "this is all very nice, but I am simply using my God-given talent to better the world by providing some advance warning of the shape of things to come."

Newspaper Articles found at Public Library

KLOSS PREDICTIONS COME TRUE

February 10, 1923

Malachai Kloss, spiritualist, psychic, and self-proclaimed prophet, has shocked the world with his startlingly accurate predictions of the future.

On January 5 of this year this reporter listed Mr. Kloss' predictions as given to me by him, and as we now know, history has proven him correct on all counts. When asked how he could make such astoundingly accurate predictions, Mr. Kloss simply replied, "I am on intimate terms with the spirit world".

There are those, of course, who are skeptical of Mr. Kloss' "spiritworld contacts", and insist that it was all simply good guesswork, coupled with a superior eye for world politics.

In any case, we will just have to wait and see if Malachai Kloss can give the world further proof of his prophetic insights. This reporter says it cannot be done again!

LOCAL PSYCHIC PUBLISHED

July 10, 1923

Our own Malachai Kloss has just released his first full-length literary work, "A Look to Tomorrow", which is a collection of prophecies and predictions of our future.

Mr. Kloss has become much in demand by occult organizations as well as several colleges and universities. He had spent most of March touring and giving lectures at universities in New York, and says that July and August will also be devoted to the lecture circuit.

Mr. Kloss' latest prediction is a depressing one. He tells us to expect the death of President Harding early this August. We can only hope that this time Mr. Kloss' gift will fail him.

INVESTIGATING OFFICER'S REPORT

CASE NO. 336-22

DIVISION 33

Investigating Officer: Sgt. Dan Chornak Date: June 10, 1923

Badge No. BPD 11427 Precinct 9

NAME OF DECEASED: Wilton, Kenneth J.

ADDRESS OF DECEASED: 7564 Tremont
Buffalo

SEX: M AGE: 17 RACE: Cauc. HEIGHT: 5' 9"
WEIGHT: 152 lbs HAIR: brn EYES: brn

CAUSE OF DEATH: UNKNOWN

REMARKS: Victim missing since December 29, 1922. Body found in
~~NIAGA~~ Niagara River. Body was badly decomposed and crushed.
No water in lungs.


AUTOPSY AUTHORIZED BY: FSB

NAME: Frank Wilton

ADDRESS: 7564 Tremont, Buffalo

RELATIONSHIP: Father

DATE OF AUTOPSY: June 10, 1923


Reporting Officer's Signature

INVESTIGATING OFFICER'S REPORT

CASE NO. 452-23

DIVISION 33

Investigating Officer: Sgt. William McCay Date: September 20, 1923

Badge No. BPD 34521 Precinct 7

NAME OF DECEASED: Myars, William A.

ADDRESS OF DECEASED: 9164 Belmont
Buffalo

SEX: M AGE: 18 RACE: Cauc. HEIGHT: 5' 8"

WEIGHT: 150 lbs HAIR: blk EYES: brn

CAUSE OF DEATH: UNKNOWN

REMARKS: Body found in Niagara River. Pulled out by dogs owned
by ~~LAVINIA~~ Lavinia Burough (313 Riverside). Body in poor condition.
No water in ~~LUNGS~~ lungs.

AUTOPSY AUTHORIZED BY: JLB

NAME: Steven Myars

ADDRESS: 9164 Belmont, Buffalo

RELATIONSHIP: Father

DATE OF AUTOPSY: September 20, 1923

Sgt. William McCay
Reporting Officer's Signature

UNIQUE ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN APPALACHIANS

August 19

Dr. Alistair Bromley, Professor of Anthropology at the Jasper Institute, announced today the discovery of a mass burial mound in a secluded valley to the east of the town of Hob's Gap, South Carolina.

At a small press conference given today at the Institute, Dr. Bromley stated that the site contained at best estimate over 50 individual remains, the size of a small settlement town of the early 1800's. Could plague have stricken this area?

"It is a possibility, but not probable," Dr. Bromley responded. "No trace of any settlement was found in Sorrow's Glen, and no record of any such plague or mass illness was ever recorded. However, considering the singularity of the event, the hypothesis cannot as yet be ruled out."

It was also announced during this press conference that the Jasper Institute will subsidize and mount an expedition to excavate the mound at Sorrow's Glen, and to catalog findings for future study.

"Examination of our findings may require years," Dr. Bromley remarked. "But the actual, initial expedition will begin in three days' time and continue through the fall until inclement weather forces us to close down for the winter."

The site in question is a mound roughly fifteen feet high and fifty feet in diameter at the center of a small, dead-end valley which remains in the same primal state in which the first settlers found it. The locals have known of the mound for generations, and have avoided the glade altogether, rarely speaking of it to outsiders.

Will the mystery of Sorrow's Glen be solved this fall, or will our questions remain unanswered for years to come? The answer to this question is uncertain, but in any event, the expedition is sure to produce a wealth of historical and anthropological information from the era of our country's founding.

WORKER AFFLICTED AT SORROW'S GLEN

August 31

Peter Iesenstien, a student of Anthropology, was removed today from the dig site at Sorrow's Glen, South Carolina, under mild sedation following a disturbing incident of sleepwalking.

Mr. Iesenstien, who joined the Jasper Institute dig to earn field credits towards his degree, was discovered missing from his cot by his tentmate, Lucas Brassel, who awoke at approximately three AM from what he described as "a particularly depressing dream," to find that Mr. Iesenstien had left the tent. When the young student had not returned after twenty minutes, Mr. Brassel became concerned and went looking for him.

Mr. Iesenstien was found at the curious burial mound which had originally drawn the Jasper Institute to this site, digging with a complete lack of caution into the center of the mound and using no tools except his bare hands. So intent was he on his work that he took no notice of Mr. Brassel's approach.

When Mr. Brassel attempted to gently restrain him, Mr. Iesenstien simply flung him aside with what is described as "uncharacteristic strength and violence," causing Mr. Brassel to sustain two bruised ribs. Thereafter, Iesenstien returned to his digging as though the incident had never occurred.

It required the combined efforts of three fellow students to restrain Mr. Iesenstien, who promptly slumped into unconsciousness, not awakening until nine AM this morning with no memory of the previous night's events.

When reached for comment, Dr. Alistair Bromley, senior anthropologist and head of the Sorrow's Glen project, told reporters that he was saddened and mystified by Mr. Iesenstien's sleepwalking episode, but assured that it would in no way adversely affect the operations at the dig.

Mr. Iesenstien is currently under observation at the Hobart Clinic in Columbia, where he remains on a voluntary basis.

LOCAL WITCH BLAMED FOR SLEEPWALKERS

September 2

Hot on the heels of the report of a triple sleepwalking episode at the Jasper Institute's dig at Sorrow's Glen comes the accusation of a local woman by a number of citizens of nearby Hob's Gap.

Mr. Robson Werts, 65, of Hob's Gap was the most outspoken of the accusers, and the one most willing to talk with this reporter. In his opinion, the sleepwalking incidents have been caused by "thet Witchy-Woman livin' up there on Satin Peak. She ain't nair ever done a sliver of good in all her born days, and like as not she's playing her mischief on them cityfolk for the pure ornery fun of it. Mark my words, it's Hazel Cobb you'll find at the bottom of this."

When asked for directions to Hazel Cobb's cabin, Mr. Werts reluctantly gave them, with the caution that, "no one with a licka sense goes up thetaway, not without expectin' t' feel the touch a' magic on 'em." More he would not say, and so this reporter set out to get the other side of the story.

Miss Hazel Cobb proved to be an attractive, middle-aged woman who lives alone in a secluded cabin atop Satin Peak. While she was obviously unhappy with the intrusion, she did agree to a brief interview on the front porch. "Robson Werts is a jackass with more mouth than brains," Miss Cobb commented. "Always ready to lay blame at my door, ever since he tried courtin' me a few years back an' I wouldn't have nair bit of 'im. Those cityboys just ain't used to traipsin' around in this clean country air an' doin' an honest day's labor, and it's showin' on 'em."

Concluding the interview, this reporter hiked back down to Hob's Gap, a journey of approximately one hour, to further question Mr. Werts on Miss Cobb's history and his relationship with her. Sadly, Mr. Werts had suffered a massive heart seizure some twenty minutes prior to this reporter's return, and is currently in critical condition at Columbia Memorial Hospital.

"ELVINY'S LETTER" FROM SORROW'S GLEN

My Dear Miss Pogue:

I was pleased to learn of your success in the matter of Hazel Cobb; Robson Werts was a classic piece of misdirection for which you are to be congratulated.

For my part, I have set our plan into motion by alerting a group of unsuspecting dupes who have dared to interfere with the plans of the Great Ones From Outside. It is justly fitting that ones such as these serve to bring about the triumph of Those whom we serve.

I shall not write again, nor communicate in any other fashion until such time as we meet again, when you bring the Icosahedron to me. Once the artifact is in my hands, the final stages of our plan can begin.

Once the Icosahedron is in your possession, you may contact my associate at 555-3639, and a rendezvous will be arranged, from whence you will be brought to me.

Exercise caution; do not deviate from the plan, and our success is assured - as is the power you seek.

Until we meet again

"ACHMED'S LETTER" FROM THE STARSHRINE

My Good Friend:

I am hopeful that this letter finds you well, and that you are planning a return to Cairo in the near future.

Much is happening here, much to the good. Yet there are other matters of which I am certain you are aware that are not so good, both for the country and the world.

It may be of these things that I write you now; I simply do not know. But I do know that this item which I have sent you will be of some interest to you. Whether or not it will prove of any value is in Allah's hands.

I came into possession of this particular item through one of the second cousins of my wife's brother - but then you know how these things go.

The fellow in question was a guide to the search party sent out to locate the unfortunate Mr. Sturgess. The expedition was met with failure, and I do not think the gentleman in question will ever be seen again.

However, while searching about in the half collapsed ravine near the Ran-am-re tomb, my distant relative came upon the notebook I have enclosed for your consideration. A prudent man, he remembered me, and thought that I could make far better use of it than the searchers. And as you see, he was correct.

Again, I hope that I will be seeing you soon, though it is to be hoped the reason for that meeting will be a joyous one.

May Allah smile upon you,

Achmed Al-Kadim

AN INTRIGUING STORY

You are reading your morning paper at the breakfast table and are well into your third slice of toast when an article on page three grabs your attention:

FINANCIER DISAPPEARS

- NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Alvin Wetzel, wealthy financier and sole owner of Wetzel Armaments International, was reported missing this morning by his wife Ingrid after he failed to return home last night from his corporate headquarters on Park Avenue.

Investigation revealed that Mr. Wetzel worked in his office until 6:30 PM, as usual, and was seen getting into his car and driving off some minutes later. No one has seen him since.

Mr. Wetzel's car was discovered in the airport parking lot early this afternoon, and sources report that no signs of violence were apparent. This has led the police to believe Mr. Wetzel was enroute to a highly sensitive - and secretive - meeting with some unknown government representatives.

When questioned by the press, however, Mrs. Wetzel indicated that her husband always informed her of his plans to travel, but that on this occasion he had not done so.

Police are treating it as a missing persons case, unless and until a ransom demand is received, in which case the FBI will be called in.

As you read this article, you realize that there is a ring of familiarity about it, that you seem to have read this same story before, or one very similar to it, only with different names. What can this mean? Does it mean anything at all?

Arbus Stock Plummets

Arbus manufacturing stock took a ten point plunge today, dropping to 107.25 on the New York Stock Exchange. This unprecedented drop is the direct result of the disappearance of Anton Arbus, President of the company.

Always a highly visible figure, Arbus dropped from sight late last week, and though it is assumed he is negotiating another highly profitable contract, speculation has driven Arbus stock to its lowest point in five years.

FAMED DIPLOMAT VANISHES

- LONDON

It was learned today the British diplomat Lord Byron Battlesby, who was instrumental in the successful outcome of last year's peace talks, has vanished without explanation.

Lord Byron has not been seen for the past three days, and callers at his home in Sussex found the family manor deserted, save for the housekeeping staff.

When questioned, the staff revealed that Lord Byron left the estate on Tuesday last, remarking that he expected to return in two days' time.

It is assumed that Lord Byron has entered into preliminary discussions which will precede this year's peace talks. This is a hopeful occurrence, for it indicates a continued willingness to participate in such discussions, and we look forward to this year's session of talks.

DALTON MISSING

- WASHINGTON

Sources in the Capital today reported the apparent disappearance of Senator Abe Dalton, a prominent figure in the recent series of peace talks.

The Senator cannot be reached at his office, and his co-members of the International Disarmament Committee have indicated that they have had no contact with the Senator for the past six days.

It has been suggested that Senator Dalton is taking part in a series of secret meetings to lay the groundwork for a second series of peace talks. Though no one will confirm this possibility, it is considered the most likely explanation in light of the Senator's overwhelming success in organizing the last summit.

A second series of Disarmament Committee talks could have far-reaching global effects, in that they could provide a tremendous stabilizing factor, which in turn could promote an increased interchange between our two countries.

Dr. Brockleman's Letter

My Dear Friend:

I apologize for not having written you sooner, but the demands of my position have kept me from my social responsibilities; and now that I do write, I am saddened to say it is to ask your assistance.

My friend and fellow professor here at the Miskatonic, Professor Zephram Draper, who recently returned from a geological expedition to the Arizona-New Mexico region, seems to have disappeared. I realize that this is a strong statement, but I do have some evidence to support my suspicions.

First, Zephram and I were to have met for dinner this last Friday, one week after his return -- but he never appeared at the restaurant, and I have not been able to raise him on the telephone since that time.

I have visited his home on several occasions and received no reply to my repeated knocking. The house was locked tighter than a drum, and remains completely dark even in the evening. I simply cannot believe that Zephram is inside.

Since my friend is known to indulge in brief, solitary expeditions into the wooded hills around Arkham, the local authorities see no reason to raise an alarm at this point. But this is different; Zephram would never leave on one of his jaunts without first telling me about it, and he would never, never fail to keep an appointment.

Knowing of your penchant for mystery, I knew you would be intrigued. Will you help me? I would not trouble you if I did not think Zephram to be in some difficulty. I am deeply concerned, and more than willing to reimburse you for any expenses you might incur as a result of your investigation.

I have taken the liberty of reserving a room for you at Crabb's Boarding House here in Arkham. You may call me from there when you arrive.

Please come, for I am at wit's end.

Your friend,
Hilbert Brockleman

Background Information on Prof. Brockleman

FOR PROFESSOR BROCKLEMAN'S FRIEND

You have known Hilbert Brockleman since your days in college, when the two of you spent a great deal of time together debating the issues of the day, studying, carousing, and getting into mischief. You had hit it off on your very first meeting, and quickly became fast friends.

Sadly, upon graduation you went your separate ways, yet you always managed to stay in touch by letter and phone, and met at least twice a year to catch up and have a night on the town to salute the good old days. The letter you have just received from your friend comes to you at the midpoint between your last meeting and the next.

Hilbert has a sound, scientific mind, and is not prone to flights of fancy. His expression of concern for his friend is genuine, with a basis in solid fact. This alone makes you seriously consider responding to Hilbert's request for assistance.

Also, you are concerned for your friend, and have been ever since he accepted the post of Astronomy Instructor at the legend-haunted Miskatonic University in shadow-shrouded Arkam, Mass. You have heard many strange tales told about that town and its environs, and what you have heard does not put you at ease where the safety of your somewhat too-trusting friend is concerned.

Better, perhaps, to make the journey and discover a false alarm than to do nothing and come to regret it later...

GEODES

A geode is a hollow, ball-shaped lump of common rock, but the hollow inside may contain fascinating crystalline formations or layers of minerals - or sometimes even both. Quartz, calcite, and dolomite are the most common minerals found inside such a geode.

Most geodes are formed as mineral rich water deposited materials in the cavities in the rock, or even in fossils and shells. Their size may vary drastically, from less than fist-sized to more than ten feet in diameter and over twenty feet long.

In the United States, geodes are most common in the limestone of the Ohio and Mississippi River valleys, but they do occur in other locations as well.

Should a piece of material inside the hollow of a geode become loose, this geode is then known as a Rattlestone because, when the rock is shaken, it will, as the name implies, rattle.

Should a geode become completely filled with mineral deposits, it can no longer be classified as a geode, though they are no less sought after by rock hounds and mineralogists.

Professor Draper's Papers

FROM: "Effects of Seismic Activity in the Area of the Peruvian Andes"

It is clear that, until recently, there had existed a subterranean cavity of some extent, this in a remote section of the Andean foothills roughly 50 miles south-west of Lima, Peru. It is also clear that this cavity collapsed upon itself for no apparent reason. This is one of the area's mysteries we intended to investigate closely for its ramifications on tectonic science.

FROM: "Effects of Seismic Activity in the Area of the Peruvian Andes"

It is now evident that the subsidence of the central cavity was caused not by seismic activity but by the force of a powerful explosive detonation which fractured already weakened support columns in the main cavern and generated tremendous stress loads on the entire roof of the chamber. The identities of the parties who set the blast and the reason it was set is a puzzle that may never be solved.

FROM: "Effects of Seismic Activity in the Area of the Peruvian Andes"

This expedition has proven to be a great success. We were especially fortunate to obtain so many interesting geologic specimens. Most outstanding of the lot is the peculiar fused and extremely dense bedrock material we were able to excavate from the upper tunnels of the cave system. It possesses many of the properties of the type of material one would expect to find in a volcanic flue, yet surveys of the surrounding area clearly indicate that there has never been such violent activity within a radius of 100 miles. This gives us much cause for speculation, and will continue to do so for some time to come.

FROM: "Anatomy of a Sub-strata"

Extrapolating from current data in the field, it is reasonable to assume that the entire upper surface of the world rests upon a mantle of molten magma, and that these strata of solidified material are in painfully slow but constant motion.

FROM: "Anatomy of a Sub-strata"

Vast portions of the Earth's crust are sectioned off, and these sections sometimes move in opposing directions at their point of contact. Eventually, something must give, something must shift, and it is this very shifting which causes earthquakes. Shrewsbury, of course, attributes certain of these seismic incidents to another cause, but his data remains unproved, and so cannot be considered at this time.

FROM: "Anatomy of a Sub-strata"

The Earth on whose surface we live holds many oddities within its depths, and many mysteries we have yet to explain. One such oddity is the occurrence of volcanic flues or lateral blow holes discovered at varying depths in some of the deepest coal mines of the Appalachians and several extensive diamond mines in Africa. There is no certain explanation for these perfectly cylindrical, tunnel-like cavities, some of which run for miles before plunging into the fiery depths of the Earth's core. It is only through careful, unrelenting study and research that such mysteries shall ever be solved.

FROM: "Unique and Typical Formations of the Central-Western United States"

Sandstone predominates the surface strata of this region, though in the nether strata there are quite common and frequent occurrences of limestone, whose water-erosion which is most typified by New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns, which presents us with a veritable museum of geological data. Much of this region is dotted with such caves and caverns, though on a much smaller scale, to be sure.

FROM: "Unique and Typical Formations of the Central-Western United States"

By careful study and application of the scientific method, we were able to locate no less than three heretofore undiscovered caves in the area of northern New Mexico and southern Arizona. Each was in some way unique, offering us classic examples of curtain, falls and grape cluster formations, as well as the typical stalactite/stalagmite/column formations common to all such subterranean cavities.

FROM: "Unique and Typical Formations of the Central-Western United States"

It was in the third cave that we discovered the largest of the geodes, measuring two feet, two and one-half inches in diameter, and weighing in at some twenty pounds in excess of what previous experience had led us to expect. We have since attempted to split this specimen using a variety of tools, but to no avail. We shall have to wait until we return to the Miskatonic to conduct a more extensive examination.

College Couple Elope

Unice Carp and Tommy Sturgeon, both of Arkham, were reported missing by their parents, who filed separate reports with the Arkham Police late this morning and early this afternoon.

Both missing youths were attending Miskatonic University as freshmen, having both attended high school together. It was widely known that Unice and Tommy were engaged, though without the approval of their parents.

For this reason, it is suspected that the couple eloped to avoid a confrontation, though the search will continue on the slim chance of foul play.

When questioned about the supposed elopement, Tommy's father, Larry Sturgeon, is quoted as saying "I told him to wait, at least until they were done with school. They're just too young to be getting married."

Local Youths Sought in Robbery/Murder

Irwin Salmon and Orville Minnow, both of Arkham, are being sought in connection with the break-in at Sharkey's Fish Market late last evening, and the disappearance of shopkeeper Knute Sharkey.

The two boys, known delinquents and local trouble makers, were seen loitering at the corner near Mr. Sharkey's market on the day he vanished.

Customers entering the unlocked store this morning found the shop in a shambles, with fish and money from the register scattered all about, but no trace was found of Mr. Sharkey.

Sergeant Arlo Troutman of the Arkham Police suspects the youths forced their way into the store, and when Mr. Sharkey resisted the attempted robbery he was killed, his body buried to conceal the crime. This theory is supported by the fact that neither boy can be located for questioning.

Anyone having information as to the whereabouts of either suspect is encouraged to contact Sergeant Troutman at the Arkham Police Station.

MONSTER SIGHTED IN MISKATONIC RIVER

Late last evening, Mr. Irwin Whales burst into the Arkham police station, claiming that he had just observed "a hideous creature" swimming in the waters of the Miskatonic River.

Accompanied by two officers, Mr. Whales returned to the river, where several minutes' searching uncovered the beast - a partially submerged log onto which some unknown prankster had attached a moth-eaten moose head.

Mr. Whales was embarrassed - the officers were amused.

The owner of the moose head may claim it at the Arkham police station during normal business hours.

NATE PIKE TELLS ANOTHER TALE

Nathaniel Pike, erstwhile resident of Arkham, once more brought to town a chilling tale of the evil which he claims haunts the wooded hills around our fair city.

According to Mr. Pike, while hunting squirrels in the woods near his shack late yesterday afternoon, he stumbled upon and was pursued by a large animal or animals - he was not certain which, but he was certain that he had glimpsed a badger, a snake and a cat as he fled for the protection of his shack.

"It were a sight big for any critter like a' that," Mr. Pike told this reporter. "An' I nair onct seen three suchins a' goin' about all together, 'cause each be powerful enemies of t'others. I nair reckoned suchlike in my born days. An' they wuz commin' after me like they had smarts enuf t' know whatall they was chasin', an' what they wuz fixin' t' do if'n they caught me."

Mr. Pike claims the animal/animals chased him right to his door and attempted to gain access to the shack at intervals throughout the night, until it was apparently driven off by the coming of dawn.

When informed of these events Sergeant Arlo Troutman, spokesman for the Arkham Police, responded with the comment that Mr. Pike was known to be involved in the sale of illegal moonshine in the Arkham area, and dismissed the tale as an effort on Mr. Pike's part to prevent the accidental discovery of his hidden still by some hiker in the vicinity of his cabin.

STRANGE LIGHTS SIGHTED IN WOODS

Early this morning Abner Fisher of Arkham reported sighting weird and unnatural lights in the woods north of town.

Mr. Fisher, who was out for an evening walk, reports that at approximately 9:15 PM he noticed what at first he thought to be a campfire some 50 yards ahead of him.

As he drew near, however, Mr. Fisher insists that the light grew steadily more intense, until at times he was quite nearly blinded.

At a distance of 20 yards, it became clear that this was no campfire. The light was apparently given off by what Mr. Fisher described as "floating balls of weird light bobbing and twirling about" in a small clearing that was illuminated as clear as day.

Mr. Fisher states that he observed this phenomenon for several minutes until he was frightened off when a number of the glowing spheres approached his hiding place.

Upon returning to the clearing this morning with friends, Mr. Fisher could find no trace of the previous night's events.

Among those accompanying Mr. Fisher was Professor Norton Gar of the Miskatonic University.

While there remains no evidence to support Mr. Fisher's claims, Professor Gar informed this reporter that any number of rare but natural occurrences could account for the phenomena.

St. Elmo's Fire was cited as one explanation but, according to Professor Gar, the loamy consistency of the soil in the clearing and its proximity to a small bog leads him to believe the phenomenon was triggered by a combination of swamp gases.

Further research of the incident is planned, but the Miskatonic has set no date for the investigation to take place.

These Being Notes for the

Preparation of

Report # 1333-9

BROXTON UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF GEOLOGICAL STUDIES

PRIMARY DATA

Clipping - Cairo Daily Mail (5 Oct.)

Report of moderate tremor (3.9R) of short duration epicentered 1 kilometer NW of Wadi Ahl Kazir. Confirmation by Institute Nationale du Geographie, Paris.

Clipping - CDM (10 Oct.)

Another minor tremor (2.1R) epicentered 105 kilometers SW of Cairo. Confirmation by 1 N du G.

Clipping - CDM (18 Oct.)

Report of a large sinkhole in Baraa, 25 kilometers South of Cairo. One injured, one missing and presumed dead. No tremor mentioned as cause.

Clipping - CDM (21 Oct.)

Report of a contaminated well in Daqshair, approx. 22 kilometers north of Cairo. Contaminant unspecified: "The water had been rendered undrinkable." Possible connection to localized seismic activity?

Excerpt from a report submitted by Professor Jaques Marchand of Society Archeologique du Paris from the Ram-ahn-re site, dated 24 October, detailing the loss of several diggers in a freak accident. Description of the accident seems to resemble a localized tremor. No confirmation available.

Clipping - CDM (7 Nov.)

Severe tremor (6.9R) epicentered Ram-ahn-re site. Several casualties, major setback to the dig schedule. Tremor confirmed by 1 N du G, Royal Geophysical Institute, and most precisely by the Sprague Foundation. (Despite its accuracy, the Sprague report was labeled inadmissible) ???

SECONDARY DATA

Reports (CDM, The European Reader, and the Cairo English Gazette) dated 30 Oct. - 25 Nov., of strange animal behavior within a rough 1,500 kilometer radius of Cairo, though reports thin out as one progresses farther North from the city. (Animals are known to behave strangely just before an earth tremor.)

Reports (the Marchand party and all three English language papers) of no less than four freak storms in the desert.

The first, on or near the 10th of November, was a dust storm of cyclonic proportions, accompanied by tremendous displays of lightning. Reported by Professor Jacques Marchand.

The second, around 14 Nov., seems to have been an extremely localized dust storm, and quite violent, digging out a vast pit in the desert, location undisclosed. (This story unconfirmed.)

The third may be a drug-induced version of the 14 Nov. storm. One witness, raving - perhaps drunk or more likely an addict. If there was a storm at this time, it must have been frighteningly awesome, for the drunken wretch raved of "demons riding the wind." (Probably useless.)

The fourth storm, on 22 Nov., struck the vicinity of the Ram-ahn-re dig, putting paid to the expedition there. The most violent of all the storms - brilliant flashes of lightning, earth-shaking detonations of thunder, and winds which blew away entire buildings.

Must talk with Marchand.

28 November

Arrived in Cairo, obtained lodgings and made an appointment to see Professor Marchand on the 30th, just before he leaves for Paris. Reviewed newspaper clippings from 8 Nov. to the present. Found four more reports of minor tremors out in the desert; will cable Broxton in the morning for a confirmation.

From what little I've been able to gather from various sources, the event at Wadi Ahl Kazar was more in the nature of an explosion, and a hell of a big

one, at that! What caused the detonation is anyone's guess, but as far as I can determine it was the trigger for these unprecedented and highly irregular tremors.

I am making arrangements to visit Wadi Ahl Kazir on the 31st. From there I plan to stop at Daqshair, probably on my way back to Cairo. Baraq will just have to wait.

No luck on the "storm nut" yet, but that really doesn't pertain to my investigations.

29 November

Checked into the bizarre animal behavior. A bit too bizarre for my liking. The animals did indeed behave strangely before a tremor, but from what I can learn, it began three days before the events occurred, and persisted for three days after the events occurred! Obviously these phenomena must be attributable to another cause.

But then again this entire affair has the air of the unnatural about it. Who the duce ever heard of earth tremors of such force in the Arabian desert? Clearly, some important slippage of the Earth's crust has occurred in this area, probably triggered by the Wadi Ahl Kazir blast - another damnable mystery! What is it with this country these days anyway?

Reread the Marchand report and the Sprague Foundation document. The first was most helpful, the second comparable to a work of high fiction - no wonder it was rejected out of hand. I sent it off home, perhaps to start a cozy fire on a chilly winter's evening.

30 November

Talked with Marchand today. Couldn't help feeling sorry for the old fellow, losing his chance at the dig like that, but even he admitted the site had become dangerous, being in loose shale as it is. Yet I couldn't help but feel that the good Professor thought - and still thinks - that his expedition was in some way sabotaged. Can't say as I blame him, the way things turned out.

He could add little to his report - the violence of the tremor was worse because of the shale, but that doesn't explain the presence of the odour Marchand told me about (sulphur pockets?). I'll look into that when I visit the site.

I have a feeling Marchand took this setback harder than anyone thought. As I was leaving, the Professor let slip a strange remark concerning the trees in the desert. Right.

1 December

Today I visited Wadi Ahl Kazir. What a hell of a mess! The size of the crater! If someone had detonated 20 cases of dynamite on that spot, it wouldn't have made a depression half the size; and there used to be some sort of battle standing on that spot!

There was a house about a half kilometer away from the blast site - abandoned now - where I hear some men of learning had taken up residence for a time. Could the fools have been experimenting with something that got out of control?

The people of that town are a vague lot, though generous and kind. They were unable to tell me anything about the incident, even though it occurred right in their back yard, so to speak. Whatever those unknown experimentors attempted out there, it will forever remain a mystery.

But as that vindictive Sahara sun blasted down on me with its infamous lack of mercy, a realization was borne home to me, one which had been starting me in the face from the pages of my Primary Data. For all its power, the Wadi Ahl Kazir blast could not have triggered this series of abnormal tremors.

The desert town lies 50 kilometers north and 100 kilometers west of Cairo, well into the desert. The first reported tremor occurred 105 kilometers south - west of Cairo, and each successive tremor followed a line approaching the blast site rather than radiating outward from it. The existing body of knowledge in the field of seismology totally refutes this, and yet that is exactly what actually occurred. But was it part of the pattern, or merely a tragic coincidence?

On the way home (Cairo) tomorrow, I'll stop off at Daqshair and check out that contaminated well - weather permitting. Seems to be a real blow working itself up out in the desert, lightening and all. Ah, well, the people here are friendly enough, and I've stayed in worse places.

2:30 AM

Awoke in a sweat that wasn't caused by the heat. I seem to remember a dream - nightmare, really - but even now as I try to recall it, my memory of it fades. Hope I'm not coming down with something.

2 December

Got stranded in Daqshair today, though the storm held off long enough for me to take a look at that contaminated well. I took three separate samples of the water, and was packing it away when the storm struck. The villagers have been boiling the water and collecting the condensation for their use - very clever arrangement they've worked out, I must say. I've ventured a sip of the

leave. Something holds me here and I cannot escape it, at least in a physical sense. When I have finished this entry I will use my pistol one last time, to thwart those unholy horrors who strive for me hungrily. I

The ground has begun to tremble again - very severe. The walls of the ravine are crumbling, rocks falling all around me, but I cannot move. My God it's coming! Must get my gun

Alien thoughts pouring into my brain, setting it afire

the ground is bulging, bursting open thick ropey members stretching reaching for me

oh God where is my gun

stand now at the entrance of a huge cavern, large enough to hold a fair-sized village. But is it a natural cavern?

It is spherical in shape, its walls smoothly polished and gleaming with an unnatural, unwholesome sheen. In the center of the floor rises a pyramid unlike any I have ever seen before, this perhaps three hundred feet tall.

Around it are stationed four pillars of faintly glowing crystals, each more than fifty meters thick, rising from the floor and penetrating the high domed ceiling perhaps a thousand meters above my head.

There are a number of smoothly-bored openings in the wall of the sphere at the level of the floor; these I know all too well, and I will not dare to even approach one of them. There is the unmistakable roar of water coming from a source across this vast chamber; I will attempt to investigate as I search for another way out, though I know in my soul what I will find.

I was right. A vast cavern hearn from the bedrock by a force not native to the earth. A tremendous gully, filling with water gushing from a gargantuan waterfall fifty meters high. It will fill the gully eventually, forming a lake of sizeable extent - a lake of sea water!

The entire cavern is alive with light, though I cannot determine its source. There is a feel of expectancy to this place, of an ancient and terrible waiting soon to be rewarded.

I do not know what this place is or the nature of its purpose, but I do know I am getting out of here before I am noticed.

I was too late. Something shapeless with countless eyes and mouths vomiting foul ichor shambled out of the black crystal forest as I passed by, pulling itself along by obscene members which were both horribly boneless yet incredibly powerful.

I fled, but it still follows, and does not appear to be tiring. By a damnable stroke of luck I have stumbled down the same corridor through which I first entered this nighted place, and I am now fleeing back up to the tomb and whatever awaits me there. I am finished now, no way out.

A reprieve, but only a short one I would think. Whatever was scratching at the secret door was gone when I returned there. With superhuman haste I searched for and located the trip mechanism for the door, closing it behind me in the very nick of time as that - thing - slurped and bubbled up the corridor close on my heels.

I kept running, all the way to the surface, where the tremor has ceased and the storm has retreated for now. A deathly calm has settled over the ravine, a silence which waits for my death. That will come soon now, I think.

I attempted to run, to flee into the desert, but I find that I simply cannot

unboiled water, finding it very briny, almost like seawater.

Could these tremors have allowed the artesian waters to flow through a salt deposit?

This storm is a bad one, the worst in local history, so I'm told; trust my luck to put me in the middle of it. The whole of this adobe structure trembles with the force of the storm, the stout wooden shutters on the windows rattle furiously, as though something out there were hammering on them, demanding entry along with all this cursed sand.

Funny, even the thunder sounds uncannily regular, like the footfalls of a giant - many giants - abroad in the howling, dust-choked night.

3 December

My little expedition seems to be jinxed. Thanks to last night's storm, the contaminated well - and a goodly portion of Daqahair as well - lies now beneath some 20 feet of sand, completely obliterated. I am thwarted here, so it's back to Cairo, where I shall continue these notes.

3:30 PM

Did I say jinxed? Cursed is the word I was searching for! We were attacked on the road from Daqshair to Cairo, our vehicle crashed and burned, my driver seriously injured, and myself with a bullet graze across my right arm.

By the time I was able to drag my driver to the nearest town on a makeshift travois, the bandits had long since vanished into the trackless wastes of the Sahara.

But - funny thing about those bandits. I would almost swear they weren't Arabs. That's crazy, though, because if they weren't Arabs, who the devil would they have been?

4 December

Had nothing better to do while recuperating in Cairo, so I looked into that storm of 14 November, including that sand brain's story about demons riding the wind. I couldn't find any further information concerning the storm itself, but I found the one supposed witness exactly where I expected - in the local loony bin.

At first the director of the place, Dr. Rachid, was reluctant to let me speak with the wretch, but I'm afraid I was in a poor mood because of my wound and my lack of progress, so I became rather insistent, and so he reluctantly agreed to the briefest of interviews.

When the doctor, my translator, and myself entered the room we found the

wretched excuse for a human being moaning and babbling incoherently on a loose-ridden pullet in an ill-lit, melodramatic cubicle that would have made a poor playstage.

He watched us enter with the wide-eyed terror of a cornered rat. Faced with this pitiful remnant of a man, I was taken at a loss for words. I seem to recall saying something to my translator about asking the poor devil about what happened to him out in the desert.

The resultant explosion of words hit us like a tidal wave, and the next thing I knew, my ashen-faced translator and I were being ushered out of the room by Dr. Rachid.

Later, when I asked my translator what the Lunatic had said, the fellow was rather reluctant to tell me. When pressed, he told me the poor devil had spoken of the night of 14 November, when he and seven companions were caught by that sudden storm, which had come without a breath of warning.

They had struggled against the 100 kilometer per hour winds, searching for some form of shelter against the terrible blasting of the sands. Through a noon as dark as midnight they slogged on, desperate for sanctuary. Without warning, they came upon - something.

Before them, a great pillar of sand roared upward into the rolling sky, as though the desert were being siphoned off by some terrible god of turmoil.

And at the base of that swirling pillar, there opened a great bowl in the desert, ripped from the very heart of the Sahara; and at the base of that bowl there appeared a - structure.

But before that structure could be identified, three of their group who were nearest the rim of the bowl were sucked into the pillar and drawn screaming into the sand-choked void!

Those who survived fled heedlessly into the storm, but the way was blocked by trees, great towering trees which shambled after them, catching all but one in their hideous limbs and drawing them up to a horrible death. That one was, of course, the wretch who had cringed before us in that filthy little chamber.

What could I make of all this? What do I make of it? That poor fool must have been drugged to the eyeballs when the storm hit. Perhaps that drove him over the edge of sanity, spurring him to murder his companions and leave the bodies to the mercies of the desert.

It was a mistake to go to that place, for the experience has sucked me dry of spirit.

not water in which thrived abominations not meant for human eyes to see. Other caverns ended at ponderous neither pits which gnawed at the very heart of the planet, from which emerged an outre fluting and a chanting not of human tongues, nor sane ones.

The caverns were riddled with the openings of tunnels such as the one I traversed beneath the Baraq sinhrade - and I think I saw what made them.

Enormous, black - horrid burrows whose alien minds sought my own, piercing it with lances of abominable thought and robbing me of volition.

Cyclonic winds buffeted me, and upon those terrible currents rode the smell of the sea - not the free salt air of the surface, but the foul miasma of the deep sea bed, where fragile man may never venture.

Something vast and black and loathsome poured up out of a bottomless pit, all mouths and tentacles, reaching for me, ensnaring me and pulling me toward itself.....

I awoke screaming, half mad for knowing the truth of what I have seen.

What actually woke me was a violent trembling of the earth, a tremor of considerable magnitude which caused a rain of small debris to pelt down upon me. The floor was buckling, my footing uncertain as I scrambled for the questionable protection offered by my supplies. I had just reached those bundles when the earth shuddered violently, throwing me roughly forward.

I expected to crack my head on the wall as I flew into it, but there was a faint grinding sound and I just kept staggering forward. I fell to the floor of still another room, beyond any I had yet discovered; I do not think Marchand knows about what lies beyond that concealed door - otherwise he would willingly have abandoned this cursed dig.

I was in a circular-shaped corridor which seemed to curve inward at a gentle downward slope, with a number of branching passages barely visible in the near total underground darkness.

When I turned to find the doorway through which I had just passed it was gone, and a good thing too, for from the other side of the wall, where I had lay asleep just moments before, came the sound of talons scratching, digging into the very rock. Though I had my .45 with me I did not relish the prospect of meeting whatever was trying to get at me. Taking my lantern, I set off down the corridor and deeper into the earth.

I have been walking for almost an hour now, passing by several side passages out of fear of getting irrevocably lost. There is something up ahead, and I wanted to get all this down just in case....

I know where I am, God help me. Cold, so cold! There were other chambers before this, but I will not speak of them, or of the things they contained. I

What I have seen today has changed me forever, and not for the good. How can I go back to my chosen profession, my way of life, after what I have seen?

Now that my nerves are steady - as steady as they can be - I am getting in the truck and driving the devil away from this place and all its impossibilities. Braxton can take their job and jolly well stuff it - I am taking an early retirement.

I will drive through the night, and tomorrow as well; I want human company as soon as I can have it. It will be a long time before I go out alone into

Trapped! My truck is destroyed and I am stranded out here with some unnatural horror beyond my worst imaginings - and it knows I am here!

I can hear the storm moving in on the ravine, bearing with it those shambling monstrosities and that incredible, unrelenting cold. I cannot take that, not again.

The only thing I can do is retreat into the Ram-ahn-re tomb and pray they won't find me down here.

It is night now. The storm fair chased me down into the tomb. There is a chance that terrible wind will drift sand over the entrance, but I would almost prefer that. I would then be hidden, and I could wait in relative safety for someone to come out and check up on me.

Just to be safe, I have taken myself down to the lowest level of the tomb, in the chamber beyond the collapsed wall. I have laid out my sleeping bag, and I will try to get some much needed sleep, though I doubt sleep will come to me in this horrid place.

3:15 AM

Awoke screaming from a nightmare so realistic I know it was more than a sleeping phantasm. I believe something communicated with me through my dreams, and my message was foul and inimical.

I know now that I will not live to present this tale to a disbelieving world, but I will continue with this record in the faint hope that it will survive me, to serve as a warning to those who may be aware of such things - may God help them.

In my dream I was impressed with the fact that something of eldritch and startling magnitude is impending upon the Earth, and that my presence was a threat - although a small one - to the outcome. Whatever may be happening, it must be thwarted, or I fear humanity is doomed.

I dreamed of yawning caverns cradling viscous lakes of something that was

5 December

Received a letter from Ferenczy at the Sprague Foundation today. What does this man take me for, a fool?

In his latest work of fiction, Ferenczy contends that the Wadi Ahl Kazir blast was indeed related to the series of tremors I am investigating; indeed, he claims it to be a direct cause of those quakes, even though science dictates that this cannot be.

How a man of such obvious intelligence champion so patently ludicrous a theory is beyond me. I mean, he actually contends that the blast attracted those quakes! This entire case seems to attract insanity; I cannot say I'll be sad to see it all over and done with.

6 December

Hobbled down to Baraq to take a look at that sinkhole. What a whopper! 65.7 meters across, it measures. You could hide a blimp in that bugger and no one would ever know it! And at the bottom of it is a hole, about 5.5 meters round, my guess.

It's too late to do anything about it today, but in the morning I'm going to go down for a little spelunking.

7 December

I'm writing this as I travel.

Early this morning I gathered my gear together and lowered myself gingerly down into the sinkhole and through the opening at the bottom. Expecting to find myself in a ragged fissure of the earth, I was surprised - no, shocked - to discover a tunnel.

Round, it was, and quite perfectly formed, the walls smooth as glass, though on testing I found it to be considerably denser.

The tunnel ran in an almost straight line running roughly north-south beyond the limits of my lantern. I wasn't prepared for this, so it took me some time to formulate a plan of action.

I have decided to go south for a time, until I come to a curve, or the tunnel plays out.

The going is easy - far easier than I had expected. I am making excellent progress, though I am making it a point to stay with the main tunnel - for I have been passing many side routes along the way, but I don't find them of any interest at this time.

Approximately four kilometers brings me to the southernmost extremity of

my journey. I stand here now, the way before me blocked, though I feel certain the tunnel goes on. At this point, the flawless tunnel floor takes a moderately steep downward slope, vanishing into a pool of water which, after testing, I discovered to be salt water, of the same sort as I found in the Daqshair well.

But there is something floating in the water which forces me to a strange but irrefutable conclusion. There is seaweed in the water, and yet the nearest sea is hundreds of kilometers distant.

Does this tunnel connect with that far-away sea, and if so, how did it come to be? Try as I might I am unable to escape the artificial quality of this passageway. But who could have constructed such a thing, and why?

Moving north now, past the entrance at Baraq. The side tunnels are numerous here, and like those to the south they slant steeply upward. Between their slope and the smoothness of their surfaces, I don't think it would be possible for me to negotiate them.

Two kilometers north and slightly west of Baraq now, by my compass. The passage took a slight turn a mile back; had it not, I calculate the tunnel would have extended directly under Cairo. Perhaps it actually does.

Three kilometers north - west of Baraq, and the tunnel continues in a perfectly straight line.

This place gives me the creeps. Caught here in this gloomy isolation, one could almost believe Ferenczy's assertions. I'll go on a bit more, but it's getting late.

Five kilometers from Baraq, and time to turn around. I've confirmed the straight-line path of this tunnel, and if need be I should be able to relocate it north - west of Cairo. Just as well I turn back now; there is an unpleasant odour growing stronger as I move north - I'd rather not breathe it for too long.

Almost back to the Baraq sinkhole, and none too soon. Though I know it's impossible, I have the uncanny feeling I'm being followed down here.

8 December

That trip to Baraq really tired me out - I must be getting old! I was going to carry my investigation to the Ram-ahn-re site today, but I'm so washed out and tired I think I'll rest up here in Cairo and get a fresh start in the morning.

Thinking I might have use of him, I tried to locate my translator, Hakiem; but he was nowhere to be found. Suppose I'll have to make do without him.

A disturbing report in the Cairo English Gazette today. That mad wretch I visited the other day turned suddenly violent and made good his escape from

After lunch I'll explore the ravine and set up a few instruments.

I'm looking down at the ravine now. I've planted several seismic devices around the area; if another tremor strikes now, I'll be able to pinpoint the epicenter exactly. Once I have that, I can examine the area thoroughly for some explanation for these freak incidents. Then I can go home.

To the north - west I can detect a disturbance of some sort out in the desert. It could be a dust storm, so I'll be starting down to batter the hatches. Unless I miss my guess, this is going to be another of those monster storms.

Whatever that disturbance is out in the desert, it is not a storm - or at least not a natural one.

I've been observing the phenomenon for the past hour, and damndest thing, it hasn't moved an inch from its original position. Think I'll go out there and investigate.

There's something going on out here that is far beyond me, and it - frightens me.

I am standing at the edge of the storm - and I mean at the very edge! Where I stand, all is calm and the desert lies silent about me. But at arm's length the air is choked with rolling sand blown about by winds of near-tornadoic velocity. I can hear the roar of it, but I stand unaffected by it all.

And to compound this unnaturalness, that region that is within the 'storm' is cold, colder than the deepest, frozen wastes of the Antarctic. After but a few seconds' exposure to that frigid blast, my questing hand fell victim to minor frostbite. I don't understand this - impossibility.

There are shapes within that swirling morass - yet I dare not go in there, dressed as I am for the desert. And even then I don't think I would enter that enigma under any circumstances.

The shapes are spires, I think, four or five perhaps. It's difficult to tell with all this blowing sand. Something else. Other forms - domes, and other structures I can't quite identify; they're just - not quite right.

Something is moving in there; I can't quite see

My God the Arab was right!! Not mad, at least not until after! Trees, walking trees in the desert towering above me, moving towards me through that hellstorm. I could feel the earth tremble with its footfalls as it came after me! And there may have been more than one. What insanity have I stumbled upon here?

Two hours and a bottle of cheap whiskey later. I wish to God I could say I imagined the whole thing - but I cannot. Damn this sweltering hole to the vilest pit of hell!

a roughly north-west/south-east course.

I would have followed them, but the dangers of traveling in the desert at night are too great - besides, I have more than enough to keep me occupied, and this curious oddity would have to wait.

That flicker of movement I caught during the tremor causes me to suspect that I am not alone here.

Explored the dig today - with rifle and .45 my constant companions. For my own information, I include this rough map:



The secret door is open; apparently it was known to Marchand.

Of course the place was stripped of artifacts, whether by Marchand or tomb robbers I don't know. Both, I suspect.

I did find an interesting glyph on the wall of the last chamber, something I'll have to ask Marchand about. It looked like this:



the ruthouse - can't say I blame him for wanting to be free of that place!

Well, at least it goes to prove me correct about the true fate of the fellow's missing companions.

9 December

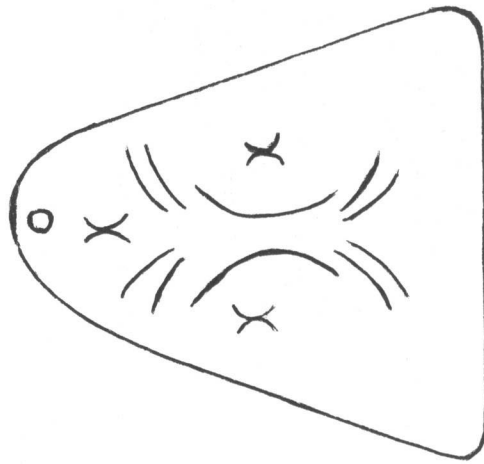
Someone tried to rob me last night! At least, that's the only explanation I can find for this breaking into my room and attacking me with that extremely sharp knife.

Unfortunately for the little swine I'm stronger than I look - perhaps a bit too strong for my own good, for in our struggles I managed to turn the knife away from myself, and when we tumbled to the floor my assailant fell upon his own weapon, dying instantly.

Shaken, I awoke the manager of the hotel, who in turn summoned the authorities. My burglar turned out to be a local rogue wanted for any number of low and dastardly crimes, thus clearing me of any suspicions the local authorities might've held against me.

When the police had gone with their gruesome burden, I was offered a new room and I accepted. As I was packing I spotted something on the floor, torn, I assume, from the robber's neck as we struggled.

It is an amulet of some sort, though the design it bears on its face is strange to me. Though I'm no artist, this is about what it looks like:



This is the exact size of the amulet. The thing is made of a black, soapy stone which for some reason I find particularly repugnant. Lord knows why I'm keeping it!

Needless to say, this was another lost day.

10 December

Set out for the Ram-ahn-re site today, in a dark mood of frustration. I've been in the area since the 28th of November and I'm no closer to solving the mystery of the tremors than the day I first arrived - for all that's befallen me in the interim!

Left word with the British Consulate as to my whereabouts for the next few days - this is a hostile country, especially for a man alone in the desert.

It will take me two days to reach the site, and I've provisioned myself for a full week's stay at that location. If all goes well, I could be back in Cairo by the 20th.

11 December

Making good time; may arrive earlier than I had expected.

Something struck me as I drove through the sweltering afternoon. If I extended the line which I think represents the Baraq tunnel's continued route, it passes within close proximity of the Ram-ahn-re site.

I can't believe the whode of his claim, but could Ferenczy have hit upon some small grain of truth in his ravings? No, that would stretch credulity to its farthest limits.

12 December

Reached the Ram-ahn-re site late this evening, and plan to just stretch out in the truck for the night.

The tomb itself is located at the back of a narrow ravine of steep-walled shale. A ample protection from the wind here, but I can see what a disaster those tremors must've represented to Marchand and his party.

Don't know what I'll find tomorrow, but I feel somehow certain the answers I seek are to be found here.

2:30 AM

I don't know why I'm writing this down; it has nothing to do with my task here. Still...

I had another nightmare. I was down in that damned tunnel again, and

this time there was something down there with me, something huge and hostile and God-awful smelling. I tried to run but I couldn't move at all, not to save my soul.

And then I heard it coming down the tunnel - such a noise, the sound of utter horror. It welled up out of the blackness before me, a writhing mass of worms which engulfed me in an acid burning which drove me to wakefulness. The sounds of my screams were still echoing off the walls of the ravine when I awoke, drenched in sweat but shivering uncontrollably.

I don't think I could stand to have too many of that sort of dream.

13 December

My first day at the site was marked by a tremor of no small proportions.

I was awakened in the early hours of the morning by a series of loud clunking noises on the roof of my truck - caused, I discovered, by falling shale dislodged by the quake. Thinking it safest to get out of the ravine, I gunned the truck to life and tore off back the way I'd come last night.

And a good thing I did, for the severity of the tremor increased in the next few seconds, triggering a rain of stones large enough to have crushed my truck flat.

As I roared through that deadly gauntlet which the ravine had become, I felt certain I caught a flicker of movement off to my right, but when I looked there, I could see nothing.

Then my attention was recalled to my predicament by a ponderous crash from the bed of the truck, which sent the vehicle bouncing, skidding out of control.

I played the wheel, fighting to regain control as I burst out of the ravine and into open desert. I had just gotten the truck to behave when a new obstacle loomed before me.

There in the road ahead of me was a large pit, large enough to swallow the truck whole unless I could evade it. Which I did, throwing the vehicle off the road and skidding to a halt in the heaving sand.

A moment later the tremor ceased and I was able to step out onto a more or less stable terrain. After assessing the damage to the truck, the first thing I did was examine that pit, or crater, for I knew it hadn't been there the previous night.

It was obvious at first glance that the crater was not a subsidence, but rather an indent, as though some enormously heavy object had come to rest there for a time. And when I examined my surroundings I discovered an entire series of such depressions running off into the desert on either side of the road, following



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